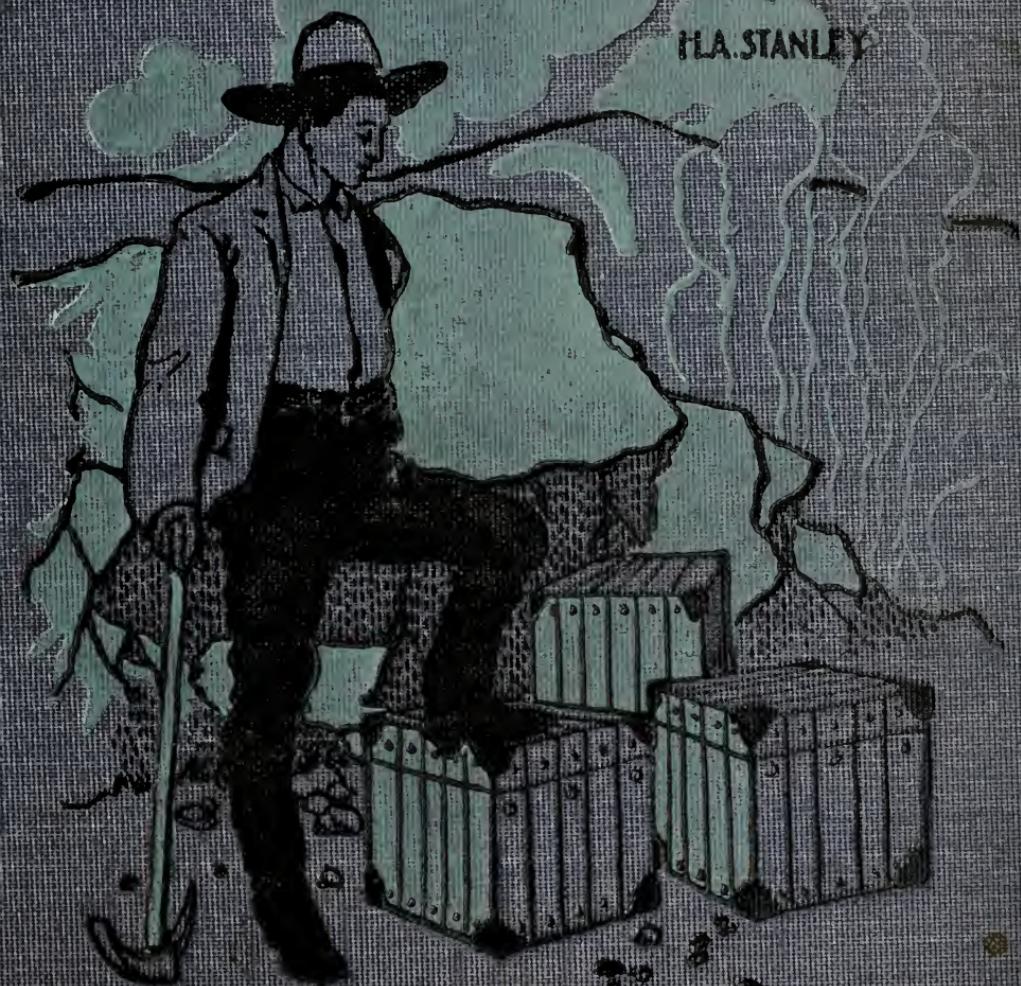


RBX'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE OLYMPICS

F. A. STANLEY



ILLUSTRATED



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To Hall
with Best
wishes
from
"The Bewles"

Christmas 1912



REX'S ADVENTURES

AMONG THE OLYMPICS

A THRILLING TREASURE HUNT

BY

H. A. STANLEY

ILLUSTRATED

"He loved excitement and adventure."
—Macaulay.



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Dedication.

TO THE MOTHERS OF OUR LAND,

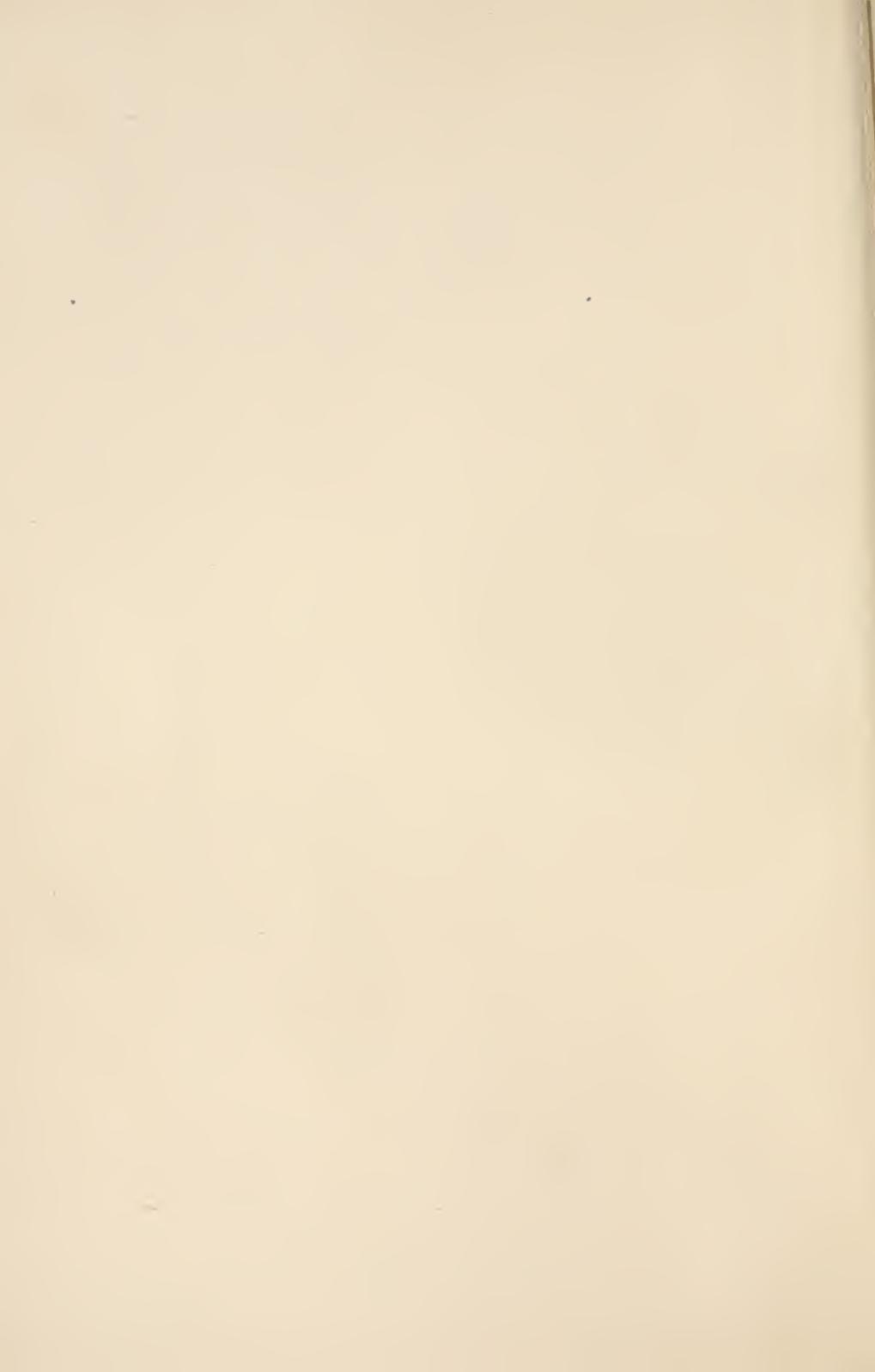
WHO ARE WHAT THE MOTHER OF MY SONS IS;

TO THE SONS,

WHO ARE AS MANLY, SELF-RELIANT AND MOTHER-LOV-
ING AS I HOPE MY BOYS WILL EVER BE, THIS PLAIN
STORY IS REVERENTLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED. THAT IT MAY MAKE STRONGER
THE BOND OF AFFECTION AND RE-
SPECT, BETWEEN MOTHER AND
SON EVERYWHERE, IS THE
DESIRE AND AIM OF

THE AUTHOR.

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REX'S ADVENTURES AMONG THE OLYMPICS

CHAPTER I

FROM FROST TO FLOWERS—THE WAYLANDS
AND A WEB-FOOT

"Hi, dere! You boy Rex! Wake up! Yer fadder—de Kunnel—done sent me back ter rout you out o' dis. He nearly ready fer his breakfuss. Mus' be you done fergot 'bout de green grass in de winter time you was a-gwine ter see when we got down dis side o' de Cascades. Hear me now? Start yose'f! We be at Puyallup 'fore ye know it."

Rex opened his eyes with a start and was at once wide-awake. Eagerly he pulled the curtains aside from the window of his berth and beheld, in the gray, smoky light, green patches of grass flitting by, as the heavy Northern Pacific Overland pursued its flight down grade toward Puget Sound. The sight was a novel one, for in all his fifteen years he had never before seen green fields on New Year's morning. "And so far north, too," he thought, as he groped about for his clothes,

"A happy New Year, mother!" he sang out, as Mrs. Wayland emerged from the ladies' toilet room, where she had combed her hair as carefully as when at home.

"Thank you, Rex; and may it be a happy one for you, too. Have you looked out this morning?"

"Oh, yes, mother. I took a peep before I commenced dressing. The fields are green—just as the porter said they would be, aren't they? How wonderful, and we six hundred miles farther north than at home! I thought last night when he was telling us, he was fooling—we've been joking him, you know, all the way from St. Paul west; and once in the night, about one o'clock, I think, I awoke and looked out to see from six to eight feet of snow."

"Yes, and so did I. I saw snow as late as 2:30 this morning, but I knew that when we got down out of the mountains there would be much less of it. I confess I had doubts of Cæsar's story, that only once in the five years he has run over this road has he seen snow within fifteen miles of the Sound. The Japan current must have more influence on this Sôund country than people east generally suspect. But hurry up, Rex, and get ready for breakfast. We change cars at Puyallup in forty minutes. This train goes from there on to Tacoma and Portland."

While at breakfast, the Colonel, Mrs. Wayland and Rex could scarcely believe their eyes, for, instead of the snow that surrounded them at night-fall, they now saw the greenest of fields and swept

past bright glancing waters. Breakfast over, they began hastily to gather up the small belongings that had served to while away the hours of the long cold journey westward, over the frozen plains of North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and eastern Washington. As they stepped out on the long platform at Puyallup, to await the train north for Seattle, they were even more greatly surprised at the balmy air and apparent springtime all about them. Roses bloomed in a little garden over across the way, the station hands were working about in their shirt sleeves, and it seemed much like a rainy June morning in New York. As they boarded the train for the thirty-one mile run down to Seattle, they struck up a conversation with an old gentleman in the next seat, who seemed only too happy to talk about the country. He was apparently in love with it, and warmed up as he proceeded.

"Yes, the Sound country's a leetle wet. In fact, the folks over east of the mountains call us web-feet over here, but we don't mind that. We jest paddle 'round, contented as ye please. Now, this 'ere is one of our nice winter mornin's. It don't happen to rain, but I persoom 'twill 'fore night. Ye ain't seen Rainier yet, have ye?"

"Rain here?" said Mrs. Wayland, innocently, "Why no. We've but just come and it hasn't rained—"

"He means *Mount Rainier*, mother," broke in Rex, who was quite tickled by his mother's blunder.

"Yes, ma'am. I mean our big mountain over to the south. It's the highest peak in this region,



A FIRST VIEW OF MT. RAINIER.

being 14,444 feet. The next curve we make you just look out, and I think you kin ketch a glimpse of it. The air is purty clear this mornin', although it may not be twenty minutes from now."

As he spoke, a curve was rounded, and to the southeast, apparently three or four miles distant, the Wayland family first beheld that immense dome of ice and snow they were later to see so many times and never find twice the same. As they looked, that morning, the first rays of the rising sun were gilding its alabaster sides, changing them in places from pure white to pink and green. The view was only fleeting, but all drew a long breath of wonder as the train, again taking the straight line, shut off this grand sight.

"Wasn't that glorious?—and so near!" exclaimed Mrs. Wayland.

"Not so very near, ma'am. That mountain is nearly sixty miles away. There are mornings in spring when it looks even nearer. I saw a bank of clouds coming up just then, and, I persoom, in half an hour you won't see it at all."

The train was now rapidly nearing Seattle, and the blue waters of the great Sound stretched away to the left. The Wayland family were charmed by the novel, yet familiar expanse, for though living all their lives in an inland town, they had occasionally journeyed to the sea-shore, and had learned to love the changing views the sea affords. As they ran out past the mouth of the Duwamish River and abreast of Duwamish Head, the broad expanse of not only Elliott Bay, but the main roadstead, stretched away

to the west, the waters suggesting bronze, so smooth and unruffled were they. Nearer in, several steamers ploughed their way, while out toward the main Sound two or three sailing-vessels, every stitch of canvas set, were striving to beat in against the light shore breeze which invariably blows clear night and morning. Fourteen or fifteen miles to the westward was seen a vast black cloud, like the smoke of some great conflagration, and this, their new friend informed them, rose from the fires of the Blakely Mill, the largest lumber mill in the world. "It is on Bainbridge Island," he pursued, "and its fires never die out. It runs night and day. That point of land to the left there, coming out around Duwamish Head, is Vashon Island. Hello! There's a squall blowin' up from the sou'west, rollin' right up across Vashon and in toward Magnolia Head. Now watch them fellows take in sail."

He was right. A squall was coming, swifter in its flight than even their train, and already the white caps began to appear, while a rapidly approaching circle of blackness preceded them, along the erstwhile quiet bosom of the great bay. In a breath the scene had changed. The sailboats, but a few seconds before so erect and stately, were now bent far forward, while their crews hastily took in canvas, and prepared to run before the blast. Those nearest Duwamish Head took the wind right abeam, and rounding the head were soon safe in Seattle Harbor, while others farther out scudded away up the sound, beyond Magnolia Bluff, Four Mile Rock, and so on behind West Point.

"Mighty ketchy weather here in winter," remarked the self-styled web-foot, as the train rolled into the station, "and as that squall hes brought my rain, ye may as well hist yer umberell, fer here's Seattle, where we git out."

CHAPTER II

A MOTLEY THRONG—STRANGE SCENES IN STORM AND SUNSHINE

Everybody in Seattle seemed prepared for the rain. Mackintoshes were more in evidence than umbrellas, and old and young wore not only these, but rubber boots and overshoes. There was one exception—the logger, who strolled about the wharves in picturesque flannel blouse and leather boots with enormously thick soles. These soles were either hob-nailed or calked with sharp steel spikes from half to three-fourths of an inch in length, that the wearer might more easily maintain his footing on slippery logs, afloat or ashore. The legs of these boots, soft and pliable, were laced in front from instep to knee, and half-way down at the back and on either side. A motley group it was that stood about the station and wharves of Seattle—a group the like of which can be found nowhere else in the world. The ubiquitous hackman, bawling loudly; the soberly-clad immigration agent; the smartly-dressed real estate boomer, from under whose elegant cape-mackintosh flashed diamonds of the first water; the phlegmatic, white-haired Swede; the sandy Norwegian; the Maine man, or down easter, who takes quite naturally to logging; the Chinaman whose long cue is coiled up under a sou'wester and over whose flowing garments hangs a rubber coat, a

mackintosh or a slicker; the alert little Jap in natty business suit, standing as expectant as a terrier at a rat-hole; the fashionably attired lady or gentleman, jostled by the shivering Kanaka; the Italian salmon fisherman, who, standing with folded arms, flashes his glittering black eyes, or his gleaming teeth, at some fellow countryman among the new-comers. And last but not least, the flat-nosed, broad-mouthed, thick-lipped Siwash, who stolidly views all new-comers as if unaware that they are eventually to drive him from his beloved beach, "spouting" clam and "logy" dog-salmon.

Yes; it would be indeed difficult to find anywhere in the world such a mixed crowd as is always to be seen on the wharves over which all railways run their trains on entering or leaving Seattle. Though a city of 75,000 population, there is here wharf-room for a city of half a million, and being built of wood on piles, these wharves seem almost unsafe. They are occupied not only by "wharfingers" and seamen, but by boat-builders, mill-owners, shops, stores and even residences. The wealth of the fish display is something remarkable, even at the holiday season. Open canneries and packing houses put up tons and tons of salmon and other fish. On all sides are booths and stalls for the sale of smelt, cod, mackerel and almost every other variety of fish, there being ninety-five varieties of food fish in Puget Sound alone. Here is a game market in which is offered for sale every variety of duck, goose, partridge, grouse, quail, deer, bear, mountain goat, sheep, and others of the innumerable bird and beast

tribes of this wonderful region. Everything in the line of fruit or vegetables from both temperate and tropical zones is here displayed or seen in transit. Gunny-sacks, baskets, bales and hampers, largely take the place of boxes and barrels used in other portions of the world. One of the striking sights of these wharves is the immense sticks of timber ready for shipment, some of them one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet in length, and squaring from two to three feet. Great square piles of cedar shingles in bunches are also ranged beside larger lumber piles. In short, there is always a wealth of remarkable objects on these wharves, and such novel sights were greatly enjoyed by the Waylands, who, like the majority of the people of the Union, had never before visited this corner of Uncle Sam's domains. Astonished and pleased as they were by the bustle of business on all sides, they could not but note the cheap character of the wharves and adjacent buildings, and were conscious of dissatisfaction at the crude appearance of everything as compared with cities of their older coast.

"What d'ye think of it?" was the query of the old gentleman who volunteered to show Rex and his mother about a bit, while the Colonel looked after the baggage. Rex said nothing, but his mother, with an evident desire to please the kind old man, returned:

"Why, I presume the rain renders everything more forlorn than it otherwise would be, but it all looks so new and rough to us."

"That's what everybody says, ma'am, an' it is

new an' rough, but if people will congregate in such numbers and do so much business in such surroundin's, it proves this must be a nateral center an' a productive one as well, don't it?" Mrs. Wayland assented, and he went on: "When ye climb the hill yonder, on some o' these street cars, ye'll see a city a-stretchin' away on all sides, nine miles long by three wide, coverin' more groun' it's true than it needs at present, an' more than it can well cover, but all showin' the faith o' the people. Yes'm, ye see here the rough blockin' out of a city that'll yit be to this entire coast what New York or Boston be to that coast—a city that'll hev a population of half a million in thirty year. As fer this unsightly water front, it stretches along in a half-circle fer five or six mile, round the finest harbor in the world; a harbor which, like all this vast sound, with its two thousand mile o' coast-line, is jest jam full o' the finest fish. Right over behind that range of hill yonder, only two mile away, is a fresh-water lake, twenty-seven mile long, five hundred foot deep, an' the purtiest body o' fresh water ye ever see, 'cept Lake Union, which lays out north, over this first little ridge, not more'n a mile away. Jest think of it—a city with salt water in front, fresh water at the rear, an' that Lake Washington is an inland sea if ever there was one, an' a fresh-water lake in its very center. No other city in the world was ever so blessed."

"Yes; no doubt; and there seems to be still more water coming down," remarked Mrs. Wayland, with a look of dissatisfaction on her expressive face.



"AND THERE SEEMS TO BE STILL MORE WATER COMING DOWN."

"But is the city all built of this coarse, rough lumber? Why, the very streets seem paved with these huge wooden planks."

"Oh, that's only down 'long shore. You go up a block an' you'll find as fine brick an' stone buildin's as ye ever see, an' brick pavement. Oh, you ain't seen Seattle yit. Wait a week!" And the old man turned away just as the Colonel came up with an expressman for their luggage, which must go to a furnished house they had rented before starting from the east. This man declared it would be easier riding by cable car than cab, and so they took the first car-line and were soon being whisked toward the top of one of the high hills. This they mounted and made a dive into a depression.

Mrs. Wayland clutched at her seat ejaculating—"I have heard that Rome was built on seven hills, but I believe Seattle is on at least seventy." As she spoke, she lost her hold and slid helplessly along the smooth seat, the car rounding corners and curves, up one hill and down another and crossing other lines on all of which were other rapidly-moving cars.

"I see very few horses here, mother," laughed Rex. "It must be that cars are popular."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "I understand they have a hundred miles of car-line in this small city. Hey, there! The sun is smiling on us again." As he spoke, the rain ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and everything, for everything was wet, glistened in the soft sunlight. They had now mounted a higher hill, and away to the west stretched the beautiful bay and sound with its wooded islands

darkly green, the lighter green waters between, yet showing white caps, traces of the recent squall.

"Did you ever see anything more beautiful than that sound?" exclaimed Rex, enthusiastically.

"No; I never did," admitted his mother, her eyes shining as she took in the view.

CHAPTER III

THE WAYLANDS' NEW HOME—AN HONEST SWEDE

From the end of the cable-line it was but a short walk to their new home, and the Waylands pressed forward with eagerness to obtain their first view of “a house all furnished for tenants.” Out east in the small town they had always lived in, such a thing as renting a house furnished was unheard of, and just how much or how little they were now to find, all felt curious to know.

“Here’s the number, mother—1424, and as the window shades are down, this must be the place.” The Colonel paused, took a photograph from his pocket, and after looking at it, walked up to the rustic gate and lifted the rope which held it to the post. At the front door he looked over his shoulder with a smile as he remarked: “Guess I’ll push the bell before I try the key in the door.” No one answered the bell, and whipping out his key, he applied it and the three entered one of the prettiest of tastefully-carpeted halls, against the walls of which were hat-racks, an umbrella receptacle, and in a corner a neat stand with a silken spread. “If first impressions are significant, this house ought to suit you, my dear. Neat as wax, isn’t it?”

“Yes, indeed! and only see the rose vines climbing about this porch and out over the fence. I verily



THE WAYLANDS ENTER THEIR NEW HOME.

believe there's a hundred roses in sight. One could hardly realize this was New Year's Day."

"And that the snow was whirling before the keen wind across the common opposite our house back east," chimed in Rex. Mrs. Wayland said nothing, but at the mention of their old home a shadow crossed her face. It had been their home for many years and a very happy one too. There Rex had been born; there his little sister had come to stay but a few short years. With that look of sadness on the mother's face came tears, but even as the sun had just chased the storm clouds, so now a pleasant smile shone through the moist eyes, as the Colonel opened a door to the left and drew her into a pretty little parlor, neatly furnished and with a grate beneath the mantel. In this grate were wood and shavings, and Rex, who dearly loved an open fire, darted forward, applied a match and flames went roaring up the chimney. "I'm at home!" he sang out as he threw himself into a chair. "You may explore. I'll wait here."

"Bless the boy! How he does make the best of everything," remarked his mother as she patted his cheek.

"That's the way, mother, isn't it?" he shouted as he caught her hand, sprang to his feet, and, with his arm about her waist, waltzed her through the open door. Their inspection of the house pleased the Waylands very much, and made them feel quite at home, for it contained everything desirable. The dining-room, kitchen and pantry were especially well furnished, and at the back of the house were a

pretty lawn and a vegetable garden. Beyond these were sheds for wood and tools, comprising everything needful about such a place. The air was unusually clear again, and as they stood on the rear piazza they could see the magnificent Cascades pushing up from among the fleeting clouds, their snow-covered sides sparkling in the rays of the sun.

"What a mighty wall of snow, ice and rock! See it stretch along. It must be a hundred miles from that grand old Rainier at the south to that tall snow-covered mountain at the north. What mountain is that, father?"

"Mount Baker, Rex. Go round in front of the house and see if the Olympics show up from here." Rex did so and a shout attracted his father and mother to the spot, where, with him, they enjoyed the weirdly rugged landscape from which the clouds were slowly lifting.

"There you see the most wonderful promontory in the world; a region one hundred by one hundred and fifty miles without a human inhabitant, white or red, except along its coasts. It is almost surrounded by water, and has never been explored. But I must go to the nearest market and order something for dinner."

"For lunch you mean," drawled a voice just over the fence, behind the rose bushes. "You must be from the east," continued the voice, and its owner, a big, good-natured looking man, in overalls and hip boots, came forward and leaned over their gate. "We hev breakfast, lunch at noon and dinner at night out here. Now ain't that somethin' I kin do fer ye or

sell ye? Tim! Oh, Tim! Trot the kyuse 'long up here, till I sell this gentleman some vegetables or fish. Here ye air, sir. Nice fresh spuds—taters they call 'em out east—celery, onyuns, caroots, squash, reddishes, turnups, beets—anything you want. I come to yer door every Tuesday, Thursday an' Saturday. I allers pack every kind o' fresh fish. Fetch 'em to ye a-kickin', too. No stale fish in *my* pack. Then I kin haul yer coal or wood—anythin' ye want. How air ye off fer soft coal, er kindlin', er bark, er hard wood fer yer grate? Got any baggige? I draw—”

“Everything but your breath,” laughed the Colonel. “My friend, excuse me, but we've just come and don't know what we do want yet. Is everybody out here as enterprising as you are?”

“Jest come? Don't know what ye want? Well! Rustle round an' find out. Lucky I struck ye first. Why, 'fore ye've ben here a half-hour, some o' them darned Swedes 'll be 'round hittin' ye fer a 'yob.' Ye kin allus tell a Swede. They got big white eyes, an' they can't pernounce 'j' ter save their scalp. Ye jest better deal with a white man. I'm honest, I be, an'—”

“So be's I yonest. I sale yo' goot feesh en spuds en carroots en cabbygees. Yaas, I more yonest dan dis faeller. I do yo' yob great lot less moanee. What yo' want doan, sir? I do yo' yob. I work cheep. Veree cheep,” and in ahead of the stranger, who turned away in evident disgust, stepped a big Swede, his eagerness ludicrous to the Waylands, who were unused to this style of enterprise.

"I guess I won't have anything to-day," laughed the Colonel. "When I want anything, I'll come round and hunt you fellows up."

"All right, sor. You hunt *me* up. I veree yonest. I *more yonest* dan dot faeller. I do yo' yob for less moanee. Yo save mooth as four bit on *me*." Here he stood and stared at them, occasionally exclaiming, "Yaas!" until they went in, shutting the door in his face.

And thus life began for the Waylands in their new home. The weather, the greater portion of the time, was so rainy that one could not venture out without an umbrella or storm clothes, but almost every day came a period of sunlight that was charming. In March, these days became more frequent, and with May came the finest weather they had ever known. The air was so clear that the far-away mountains looked very near, and the mountain torrents, fifty miles distant, flashed like mirrors in the sunlight. The grass was everywhere taking on a newer and richer shade of green; the roses and other hardy flowers which had bloomed all the winter, seemed bound to bloom still more profusely; humming-birds darted here, there and everywhere; the great bay and the lakes to the east looked all day like molten metal, and on no day did fresh, reviving breezes fail to sweep across from the snow-capped mountains. As the Waylands declared, they had found a country where it was never hot nor even cold, and where sudden extremes were unknown. The Colonel enjoyed his travels about the sound region, where his duties as insurance-adjuster

called him. Rex liked his school, and Mrs. Wayland the society of the ladies who called on her. All the family liked the church they attended and its minister, and it seemed as if the lengthening days brought only enjoyment. Thus passed the first summer and the succeeding winter. In fact, the fall stretched so far into winter that it almost touched the spring that soon came.

CHAPTER IV

SPORTS ON PUGET SOUND — WICKED BUTCHERY OF SALMON

Rex will never forget that first summer on Puget Sound. There had been beautiful days during the winter, and he had greatly enjoyed sundry trips to the beach and one or two excursions up the sound with his father. So much did he love the salt air and the wild play of the waves, he even enjoyed the storms, but when the spring and summer came, then his joy was unadulterated, and greater than he had ever experienced before. There were days of perfect sunshine, when the few clouds floated lazily along, half-way up the lofty mountains, here and there turning like stray sheep from the main herd and scudding up some narrow valley; other days when the soft breezes swept steadily across the wide waters laden with spicy odors of fir, balsam and cedar, or with the seductively soothing scent of the wild-flowers, which were blooming everywhere. And of these wild-flowers what an abundance! In the early spring the laurel showed its wonderful great pink blossoms on every mountain side. Later the more brilliant wild rhododendron unfolded its wealth of color and fragrance. Every berry-bush, and there were many varieties, seemed to produce a fragrant blossom. Then there were the brakes and ferns. These had mainly thrived right through the

mild winter, and now added another foot or two to their enormous stature, already five or six times taller than any east of the Cascades.

Rex had never in his life caught a fish that weighed much more than a pound, yet he was an enthusiastic and expert fisherman, and when he bore home from Elliott Bay his first twenty-pound salmon, which he had gaffed only after a long, hard fight, he was the proudest lad in the state of Washington.

"Only see, mother! He's nearly as long as I am—thirty-nine inches—and he was all I wanted to carry home. See his beautiful silver sides! Isn't he a beauty? Why, they were leaping all round me down there off Four Mile Rock this afternoon, and I saw an Italian gang make one haul of not less than twelve thousand pounds."

"Oh, my boy! my boy! You must be more careful in your statements. The idea! You mean twelve hundred pounds, and even that's a big story."

"I tell you, mother, I know what I'm talking about, and it's no exaggeration when I say they drew a seine with twelve thousand pounds in it. I'm told that they sometimes take twenty thousand pounds. It was in this way: I had just landed this fellow and was sitting in the boat admiring him, when I noticed the Italians were excited. The big fellow with the longest and blackest mustache, who stands up in the front of the head boat, as dignified as the Doge of Venice during the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic, lost his dignity enough to unfold his arms and point ahead, at the same time speaking rapidly to his crew of ten. Then you



REX TAKES A TWENTY-POUND SALMON.

dought to have seen those fellows bend to those long sweeps, like the galley slaves Mr. Wallace describes in Ben Hur. The big head boat began to move rapidly through the water, and the scow laden with nets and things followed unwillingly, like the old Swede's cow led by a rope. Suddenly Italiano Capitano Mustachio pointed again and this time the rowers bent fairly double, for each over his shoulder saw what the captain and I had seen—a back fin here and there breaking through the water, while a shadow, wide-spread and apparently almost black, seemed in possession of the water underneath; all the surrounding water looked light green and clear as the ocean water looks out here, but under those black back fins it was opaque. The boat and scow had now reached the school or were close to it, when three of the crew stopped rowing and sprang to that great heap of net. How they did pay it out, the cork buoys making a wide and slowly closing circle about the school, which moved slowly along! Finally the circle was complete and the rowers shipped their oars and began to haul in on certain ropes as if for dear life. The circle of buoys grew smaller and the more active fish began darting about. A big fellow, a regular old whale, came up six or eight feet into the air and shot fifteen feet along the water, landing just inside the line of corks. If he'd been ten feet nearer the line, he'd made it, but one of the Italians put a gaff into him and then the fight began. That fish would weigh all of fifty pounds, and he was limber as an eel. The gaff held and soon the Italian, a powerful fellow, tossed him

into the scow. By this time the boats had been brought together, while the circle of buoys had decreased to the size of this house. Then the gaffing began. The gaff for close work is a sharp steel blade, about six inches long, fastened to a wooden handle of the same length. From this runs a strap around the wrist of the gaffer. He reaches over—‘chuck!’ goes the gaff, and with a jerk he throws a fifteen or twenty pound salmon into the scow. Before that has struck, another is after it, and thus they follow, about one every two seconds. As there are four or five men at the gaffs, you can believe it don’t take long to put in a ton of salmon. I don’t think those fellows were over fifteen minutes putting in one thousand five hundred fish, and as at a low estimate those fish would average eight pounds each, you can readily figure out twelve thousand pounds for the catch. While the gaffers were working, three men hauled at the seine, another manned the blood pump in the scow, and others threw back the fish. I tell you I was excited. I wish the people back east could see such a sight as that.”

“It can’t be very pleasant even to a sportsman, Rex. How long are fish going to last if taken in that way?”

“I’m sure I don’t know, mother. There are probably fifty crews in the sound to-day, and every rancher, boy and Siwash, along shore is out after salmon, just as they have been and will be for a season of three months. Talk about butchery—Armour’s pig-sticking establishment isn’t a comparison. From what I can hear, this Sound and the

Frazer and Columbia rivers must furnish millions of pounds annually. Down on the Columbia, they have big stern-wheel boats anchored where the current will revolve the wheel. The salmon run up on the wheel and are thrown into the boat. It is claimed that some of these boats get twenty thousand pounds in a few hours, and as high as fifty tons a day."

"Well, it's a shame! Your father can tell you how, when he was in the regular army, they used to kill buffalo by thousands, just for sport, or at most for their tongues and hides; but now there is not a buffalo to be found anywhere except in captivity. The sin of those cruel butchers is visited on subsequent generations."

"Why, mother, you take the same view of it an old gentleman did down along shore. I was trudging along, that fish over my shoulder, proud as a king, when I met him. He stopped. 'Wall, young man! you be a sportsman,' says he; 'you caught that feller by fa'r an' squar' means. I was a-settin' out on the coal bunkers a-fishin' fer rock cod, an' I saw ye. Ye landed him like an old hand, an' ye airned him; but them Dagoes' (here he made a face) 'an' the fellers employin' of 'em, they orter be shet off. See 'em go now. They've histed a coat on a oar, a tug has gone out, and they're bound fer the cannery with not less'n ten ton o' beautiful fish, the third load to-day. There's a dozen crews right here in sight. There's more all over the sound. Who's a-makin' money outen this waste? Is the laborin' man a-gittin' rich? No; it's these blarsted

canneries. Some on 'em clean up a half-a-million dollars in a successful season. My lad, I've seen the day when sammun an' other fish was even thicker'n they be now, an' 'fore you're as old as I am you'll see the day there won't be skurcely any. I've heerd my grandfather say, near fifty year ago, that when he was a boy, an' that couldn't a ben more'n sixty year afore, sammun was so thick on the coast o' Maine and Massachusetts as to be a staple o' food. In fact, the old state laws o' those states hed a pervision to the effect, thet scholars in boardin' schools shouldn't be asked to eat sammun more'n twict a week. Where be them sammun now? They's a few o' what they call land-locked in the back streams, but sammun, like the dodo, is extinct, so fur as that part o' the world is concerned, an' so 'twill be here, if this state don't pass a law doin' away with them infarnal sanes!"

"That old man is right, Rex, and if he isn't a sportsman, he has the instincts of one."

CHAPTER V

ICHABOD BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ESTUS—A TRUE SPORTSMAN

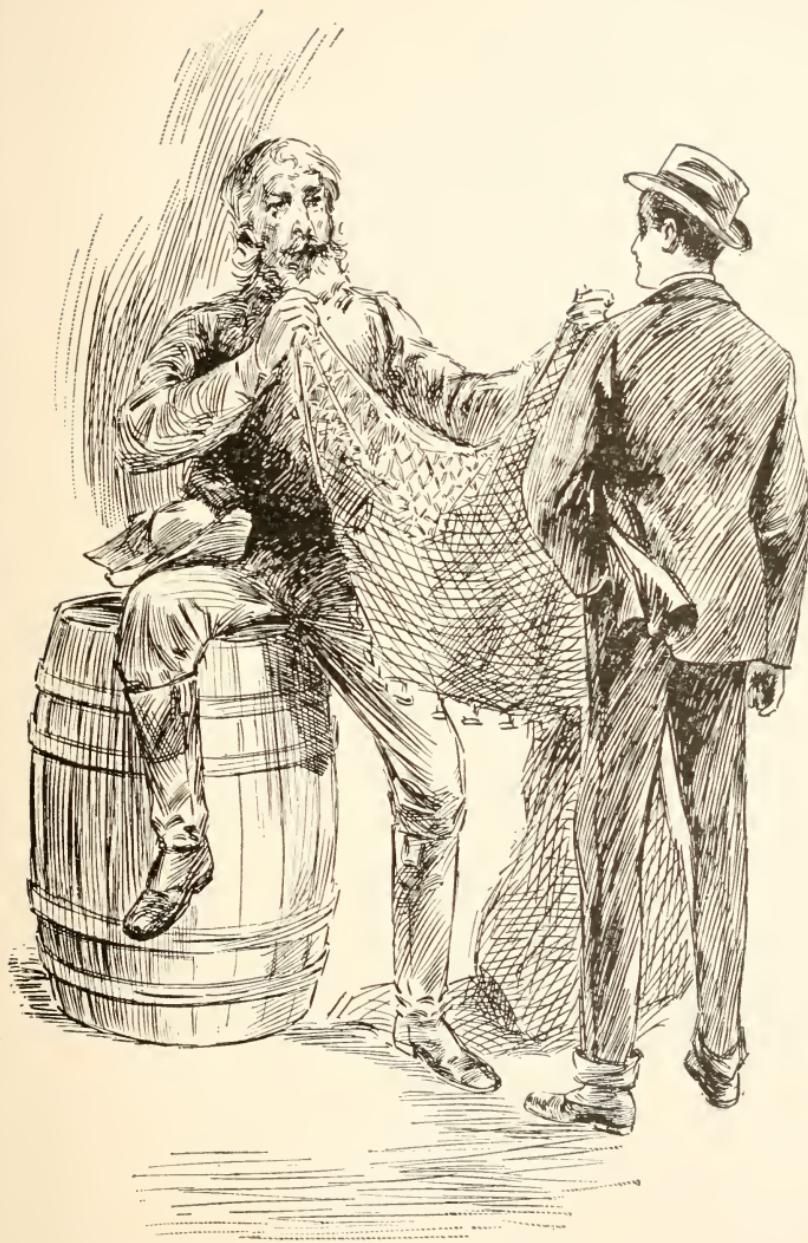
Rex soon learned that his mother's opinion of the old man was correct, for if ever there was an all-round sportsman, it was Uncle Festus.

"My real name is Ichabod Benjamin Franklin Estus," the old man was wont to say in an explanatory way, "but when I kin out here, along arter the war, I brung along a hair trunk, on top o' which in big brass letters was 'I. B. F. ESTUS.' When I landed, ole man Yesler was down at the wharf an' heerd one o' the fellers ask me my name. 'Why, there ain't any use o' askin'," sez he. 'Bein' a man o' few words, he's put it on his trunk so't all kin read—I be Festus. Then he shook my han' an' interduced me to ole Chief Seattle, who stood back o' him, as Mr. Festus. I was purty young thirty year ago, but soon they got to callin' me Uncle, an' now, as everybody, from Siwash to Governor McGraw, calls me Uncle Festus, you may as well Wanter go fishin' 'long o' me some day?"

Of course Rex wanted to go. In September, he and the old man bought a "grub stake," made up packs and tramped away up into the Cascades, where they killed any quantity of grouse, partridge, quail, three deer, and got a shot at a bear, which they didn't get. The old man did not seem to care so much about losing the bear as he did for "woundin'

one o' God's critters an' leavin' it to wander roun' an' suffer." He was very tender-hearted and always put fish, fowl or game of any kind "out o' its mizzery" as soon as he could. He would not catch more fish nor kill more game than he could eat or sell, and was constantly lamenting the waste all about him. Christmas day of 1894, a Swede named Ole Oleson shot down twenty-one elk and five deer, which he chased through the deep snow over near the Ducquebush River in the Olympic mountains, and was chased out of the country by the irate settlers. This news rendered the old man almost sick, and while usually very mild, he declared, "That there durned Swede orter a ben lynched, jest fer the purtection er the game God hez gin us."

Uncle Festus, from long practice, was very expert in fishing and hunting; also in all the arts which go to make up the successful fisherman and huntsman. He could not make as good a canoe as a Siwash could, for no white man can, nor could he make many other things these people make, but he could build a boat, web a net, whittle out, wind and joint a fishing-rod, put up a pack, cook, clean fish or dress meat, tan hides, mould bullets, reload cartridges, handle a cayuse or pack-horse, pick a trail, manage a sail-boat, build a cabin, split "shakes," or do whatever else was needed in a country where a man may become a sportsman of wide experience. He was an expert logger, and could have earned good money at this calling, but as he expressed it, he enjoyed himself best "a-putterin' round," and so he did "putter" most of his time. He drew a pension



REX MAKES FRIENDS WITH "UNCLE FESTUS."

from the government, which bought his tobacco and "grub," and sold enough fish and game to keep himself in clothes and spending money, with something over. His shanty down on the beach opposite North Seattle was like many others there—comfortable in that climate, although in a colder one it would not have sufficed. It was neat as wax, even if it did smell of dog-fish oil, bear's greese and hides, and many a good meal did Rex and other young people eat there. The old man had one peculiar fad, which rendered him very conspicuous. He was a great admirer of the many beautiful crystals to be found on the beach about the sound and was constantly collecting them. Some few of the most gaudily colored he had, with patient labor, ground down and polished, and these he had mounted in gold at the end of short gold chains, which chains were in turn gathered in a bunch and fastened to a heavy gold watch chain, which he wore only on state occasions. The effect was somewhat novel, for no other ornament exactly like this had ever been seen in Seattle nor yet in the South Sea islands. Uncle Festus liked it, "'cause 'twas odd." Certainly no better reason could have been furnished, for it was not a thing of beauty. However, it was one of the old man's most cherished treasures, and was worn on every dress occasion.

Among other accomplishments of Uncle Festus was the Chinook jargon, which he talked with the genuine guttural gurgle of a native. It must be understood that this jargon, which for more than a hundred years has been in use by all the three hun-

dred tribes of Indians from Alaska south to the Columbia, is like many others of the cruder languages or jargons, one of few characters. Indeed, the Chinook has, with all its analogous dialects, exactly four hundred and eighty characters, and were it not for sundry gestures, inflections and emphases, could scarcely suffice to express the limited ideas of the Siwash. Considering its brevity, however, the range of expression is something remarkable, and to watch Uncle Festus and hear him, as with hands, head and tongue he carried on a bit of gossip with some bow-legged, broad-mouthed, flat-nosed wanderer along shore, one would have thought him a past master and worthy of holding down a seat of instruction in some college where the Chinook was a part of the curriculum.

"It's a purty handy trick," was Uncle Festus comment when Rex begged him to teach him; but he made no other answer. Rex noticed, however, that on all their numerous trips thereafter, the old man always took pains to give the Chinook name or meaning for all they saw, used, or heard. For instance, "Pull up the canim a leetle thar, boy? The tide's risin," by which Rex would know that "canim" was Chinook for boat or canoe. Again, "Were jest havin' skookum luck to-day," and thereafter Rex knew that "skookum" was Chinook for good, prime, excellent, or their synonyms. In this way he soon learned that "cultus" was bad, or as Uncle Festus put it, no good; that "hyak" meant hurry up; "hyas," great or large; "ehkanam," a story; "calipun," a rifle; "capo," a coat; "chitlo,"

an oyster; "chetwoot," a black bear; "klietan," an arrow or bullet; "knitan," a horse; "snass," rain; "kull-snass," hail; "t'kope-snass," snow, etc., etc. It took but a few weeks of this training to give Rex a tolerable knowledge of the language, and the old man then began to put easy phrases as questions. If Rex answered incorrectly, he carefully explained every word, impressing the lesson by homely but apt illustration. The old man was evidently greatly pleased with the progress of his pupil in all the arts he had taught him, and well he might be, for Rex was a bright boy, and took great interest in anything he attempted. He had expanded wonderfully, both in a physical and mental way, since coming to the Sound country, and found it easier than ever before to accomplish tasks. It will be found that the more healthy and well-trained physically a person becomes, the more active the powers of comprehension will grow. Overtraining, of course, is as bad as none at all; in this, as in everything else, good judgment should always rule, though in the case of a strong, healthy boy of sixteen, there is little danger of overdoing in a physical way, especially when six or eight hours of five days per week are put into study, as was the case with Rex. His studies he never neglected, and so well had he progressed that he hoped to enter the new State University, in the northeast suburbs of Seattle, as soon as he was eighteen years of age. His numerous trips with Uncle Festus had been made Saturdays or during vacations, and not an hour had he taken from school. In fact, had he proposed neglecting

school, he would have met with a stern reprimand from Uncle Festus, so much did the old man respect learning. "It's all well enough to larn all ye kin 'bout animals an' fish, their habits an' how to trap 'em, but don't neglect yer 'rithmetic, yer grammatics, jogerfy an' sich. No, boy; don't neglect yer schoolin', fer ye kin fish an' hunt when ye air too old to go to school. Fill up thet thar magerzine o' yourn with cattridges o' larnin' while yer young. Ye can't ketch on after yer whiskers git gray."

Thus admonished, Rex studied hard. It seemed a wonder he did not mix his Greek and Latin with his Chinook, but he never did, and one day, late in the fall of '94, after a lengthy conversation with Uncle Festus in Chinook, at which time Rex had deported himself to the old man's great satisfaction, the latter said: "Wall, I declar' for it, you've picked up thet jargon quicker'n I did, by a long shot. I didn't do much else fer a time neither. You're a reg'lar young Siwash. Did ye know it? I think I'll hev ter take ye down ter see an Injun gal o' mine. How'd you like to make up to a Siwash princess?"

"Is she good-looking, Uncle?"

"Hansum as a picter—of her," replied the old man, with a twinkle in his eye. "Did ye ever see the Princess Angyline?"

"What! That awful-looking little old woman who has a shanty down below Bell Town?"

"She's the charmer," rejoined the old man grimly.

"No; I never saw her at close quarters; a view at a distance is enough for me. Why, she has the homeliest face I ever saw on a human being! I see

her picture everywhere out here—in the store windows, on bric-a-brac, and once I saw it in a magazine out east."

"Oh, she's a noted beauty, boy. People make fun o' her looks, an' I'll allow she ain't as hansum as your mother and some o' the other ladies on Queen Anne Hill, but she's good, an' once ye know her, ye'll respect her, even if she is a Siwash. I think you an' I better call on her and chat with her a leetle while to-morrer arternoon; kin ye git away to-morrer?"

"Oh, yes; it's Saturday, and I would really like to pay my respects to the Princess."

"Wall, come 'long down by my shack, then. Ye needn't put on yer best cloes, even if ye air goin' to call on a princess. There's nothin' stuck-up about Angyline."

CHAPTER VI

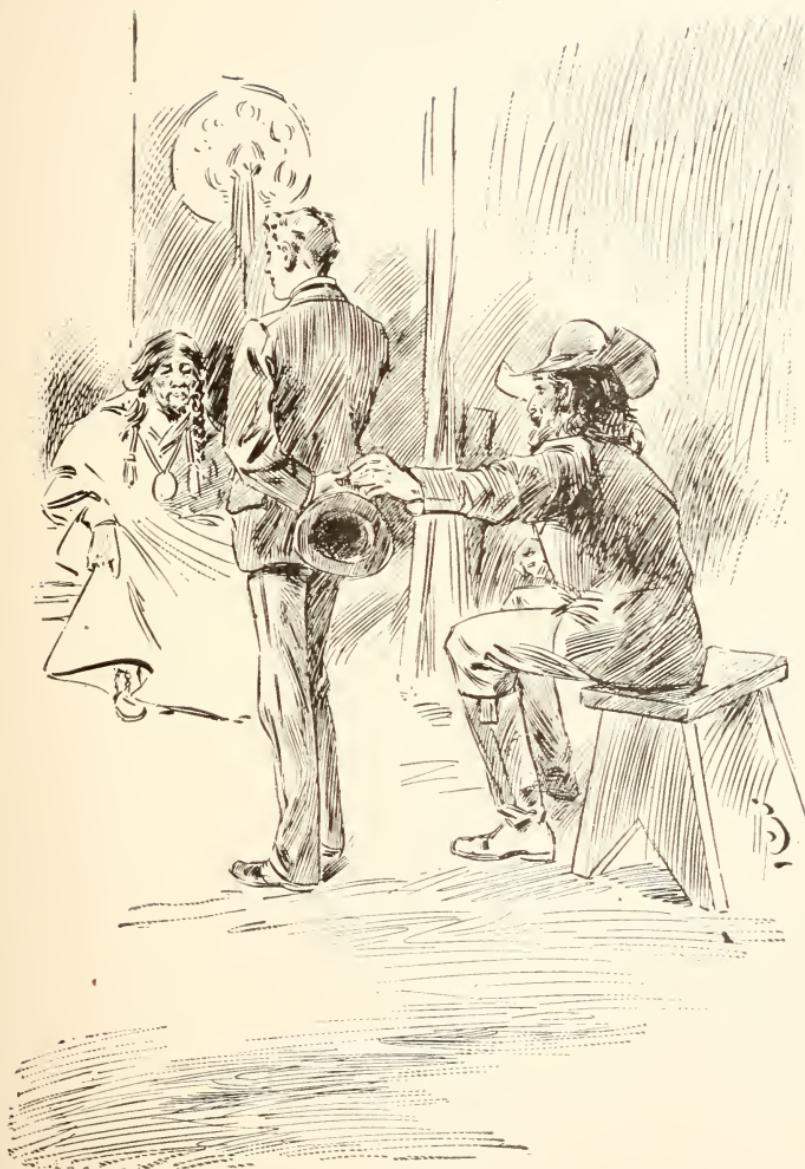
THE PRINCESS ANGELINE RECEIVES GUESTS

The Princess Angeline has been for the past twenty-five years the most noted Indian woman in the United States, or Canada. And why? Was she a beauty? Was she of brilliant intellect or strong mind? Was she even a ruler over many Indians?

"No" answers all these questions. So far as features were concerned, hers was the most grotesque phiz ever seen on paper; and in the northwest it is seen everywhere. No album or collection of pictures, no cabinet of curios is complete without a picture of Angeline; but not because of her beauty. No; Angeline was probably the possessor of the homeliest face ever grown on the front side of a human head. In figure, she was far from stately or graceful, even if she was a princess royal of the Siwash blood and of the dynasty of Seattle. She was, when in her prime, about fifty inches in height, but during the last fifteen years of her life, seemed to shrink a little more each year, like a piece of buckskin that is first wet and then dried, just as Angeline was by the alternate wet and dry seasons of her native Sound. The shape of her figure was never known, for her clothes never fitted. They hung loosely from her stooped shoulders, and for convenience were tied round near the hips, with a string. Her shoes were of the coarsest description,

and she had a habit of untying them, to rest her feet, while making one of her numerous calls. As to intellect, if Angeline had any, few people knew of it, for she rarely deigned to air even her scant knowledge of the English or Boston "langlang" or language. During the last twenty years of her life, she was generally looked upon as an imbecile, and on account of her great age was childish. However, Angeline was never a fool, and those who understood Chinook and talked with her, or in her native language, for she was pure Siwash (Duwamish), will testify that she was in many ways remarkable. Like many another old person, her recollection of events of fifty years or more ago, was perfect, and while she was an Indian woman and knew nothing of the outside world of the early portion of the present century, she knew much of the Indian history of Puget Sound, and it is a pity her knowledge was never recorded, where it might have been of use to future generations.

On account of the general reverence and respect for her kingly father, Chief Sealth or Seattle, whom many residents of the northwest remember, and that with high regard, and also on account of her own good qualities, Angeline was a favorite with all Seattle and vicinity. No store or business place was too grand to refuse her a seat, if she chose to call; and had she cared to cultivate English, she might daily have held conversation with the most stylish ladies of the city. As it was, she generally said no more than "klahowya" (How are you), or "kla-howya six" (Good-morning, sir), unless she happened



REX MEETS PRINCESS ANGELINE,

to meet with some master or mistress of Chinook. Then she would brighten up and chatter like a monkey. Especially did she value old friends and love to chat with them. It was for this reason that Rex could not have chosen a better mediator than Uncle Festus for presentation to this royal dame.

The afternoon chosen for the call was windy and disagreeable, and the Princess was basking in the warmth of a fire of the driftwood, with which her foster-son kept her supplied, when they entered the rude cabin down near the water front. As Angeline saw the good-natured face of Uncle Festus, she brightened up, and her "klahowya" was in every sense a welcome. The presentation of Rex was a simple ceremony, and coming under such patronage he was well received. Especially so when he began to chat with his hostess in very guttural Chinook. He had been given a hint by Uncle Festus, and took pains to inform her that he had learned Chinook jargon for the purpose of being able to talk with her. This information and a gift of fruit put Angeline in high feather, and she was as gracious as she knew how to be. It must have been a happy evening to the old woman, probably one of the most enjoyable of her later life, for here was her old friend of thirty years on the one hand, and on the other a Boston lad who called her "Kwal'k" (Aunty), and who "kum-tux Chinook" (understood Chinook). They talked of the "kultus smoke" (bad weather), and the Princess declared she had been "hyas kwass" (very much frightened) at the beating of the waves and the roaring of the winds the night

before. Gradually they drifted to other topics, and among them, Chief Sealth or Seattle, the illustrious sire of their hostess. Uncle Festus remembered the old chief very well, and truly admired him for his sterling qualities, for he was one of the greatest Indians that ever lived. His statesmanship, by means of which he was able to consolidate the six tribes, and make himself their ruler, his respect for good white men, his intercourse through representatives with the "hy as tyee" (great father, or president) at Washington City, his hatred of heathenish sacrifices and other bad practices, his final death and grand funeral at "Old Man House" (Port Madison), fifteen miles across the Sound from Seattle, were all discussed that evening, and it is but truth to state that Rex had never been more interestingly entertained.

About nine o'clock, however, the aged Princess began to grow very drowsy, and her callers, seeing she had become weary and might doze off in her chair, or for that matter retire to her royal couch before their very eyes, arose to take their departure. It is customary with the Siwash to allow guests to depart without invitation to call again, but the Princess hobbled to her door, bade them good-bye, and urged "Clapootchus Hintipso" and "Bebe Ack" (Long Beard and her Dear Nephew) to come often.

"I never knowed you was quite such a ladies' man," remarked Uncle Festus as they made their way along the beach in the darkness toward North Seattle. "Most fellers lookin' at us, in ordinary, everyday cloes, wouldn't think we'd jest had an

audience with a princess. Why didn't ye wear yer claw-hammer anyway this evenin'? I s'posed you Queen Anne sassiety men put on more style."

"Nevertheless I pleased the Princess, Uncle Festus. Did you hear her call me 'Bebe Ack,' her dear nephew? I didn't hear her address you by any such loving title."

"No; she an' I air old 'tillacums' (loving friends), but purty keerful how we show our affection 'fore folks. But, say! I'm reel glad she took to you so. I hev an' objic' in interdoocin' you. If we kin git her a-goin' some night, when she feels jest right, she'll tell you somethin' she tolle me once; an' if she does, yer eyes'll stick out some, I tell ye!"

"What is it, Uncle? Tell me now."

"No-o! Don't think I will," said the old man, slowly. "I will say, though, it's a secret o' them there mountains. Look off to the west, boy, at the Olympics, an' see 'em rearin' up there all white an' cold as the toom of a "hy as tyee" long dead. The secrets o' them great white mountains, God only knows, fer though they're not fifty mile away, as the eagle flies, no man, white ner red, lies ever explored 'em. They've ben explored at, but not explored. The secret I've got an inklin' of concerns them, an' I'd like to know the truth on it. Good-night! Trot 'long home now," and he entered his cabin door, leaving Rex outside, staring at the snow-covered crags and peaks which in the flood of moonlight now freshly showered across from the Cascades, looked like vast icebergs rising out of the waters of the Sound.

CHAPTER VII

THE PRINCESS SEES A VISION, AND IS GREATLY SHOCKED

*It was nearly a month before Rex could again persuade Uncle Festus to call upon Angeline, and he was himself kept from her cabin by the old man's stern injunction: "Let the old girl alone. Go to her door if ye want to; leave some fruit er some change maybe, a two-bit piece now an' then is mighty acceptable—but don't ye go to pumpin' her, for if ye do—she's a Siwash—she'll pull her head into her shell an' ye won't git her confidence agin fer a year. The best way to find anything out of a Siwash is to git 'em a-tellin' yarns—to boastin'—an' then they'll spit out somethin' thet all the tortures imaginable couldn't a-made 'em gin up. Keep good friends with yer aunty when ye meet her in the street, fire some Chinook at her, in a off-hand way, but don't go to pryin' into her family affairs. I've got my reasons, as you'll see."

Rex promised to use great caution, and patiently awaited Uncle Festus' motion. He returned from school one evening to find Uncle Festus at the gate awaiting him.

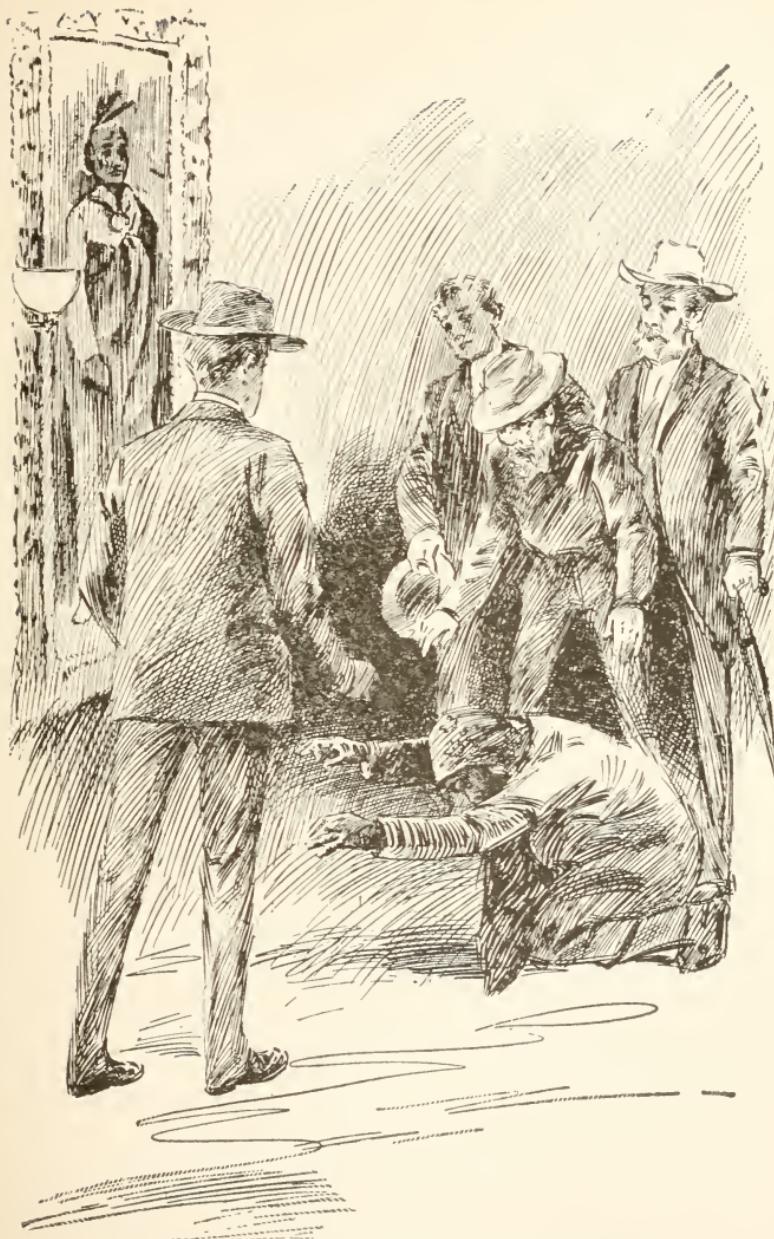
"Got any engagement fer this evenin'?" enquired the old man.

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"I want ye. Come down to my shack about six o'clock." Rex was on hand at the time agreed, and

found the old man sitting meditatively over a bottle.

"Say, boyee! ef I didn't consider it a darned mean trick, I'd take some o' thet stuff down an' dope the Princess. It's whiskey—that stuff is, an' while it's good of its kind an' useful in its place, I don't think much on it. I never drunk any to speak on, an' I'll be jiggered if I'll give it to that ole Siwash. It'd loosen her tongue, and she'd tell all she know'd mebbe, but I won't do it. No, sir! We'll put it up in thet there cubbard where it's set fer the last ten year," and up it went. "Ye see, Angeline never was no hand fer drink, but sometimes she takes a leetle to ease her of her rumatiz, an' when she does, she's chattery as thunder. She's ben purty well stirred up to-day. That young artist feller, Ralph Coombs, ole Sam Coombs' boy, has all unknown to most on us ben paintin' a picter of old Sealth. It's no ideal picter, but a copy of a photygraph old man Denny got of Sealth, years and years ago. Ye see there ain't any other original picter. The ole chief, much as he liked the white men, an' good Catholic as he was, had lots of Injun superstition in him. He hed a holy horror of havin' his picter took, though old man Denny an' all of us was a-continually tryin' to get him to hev one took. He allus refused, fer the reason, as his interpreter said, he was 'fraid we'd steal his spirit outen his body an' he'd hev no spirit to be resurrected when the Hy as Tyee got ready to raise folks. One day he was over here—he was livin' at Old Man House then—and after he'd concluded business, Denny an' some o' the rest got him to pledge 'em in a glass



THE PRINCESS SEES SEATTLE'S PORTRAIT.

o' rum. The ole feller liked it—we could see that—and as he never drunk much, it was quick about affectin' him. Wall, we all purtended to be jealous, an' we all got him to pledge us—there was seven on us, I think—an' we got seven drinks inter his ole hide. Then he wanted to go down to his canim an' start fer home, but on some excuse or ruther we got him up inter the only dugerrytype shop there was in the town. There he stood, stubbo'n an' bracin', his ole big Hudson's Bay blanket wrapped 'round him, as dignified as ye please, for the drunker he got the more dignified he was. While he was talkin' or listenin' to our talk which was translated to him by his interpreter—fer if he did know Chinook or Boston talk, he wouldn't never let on he knew anythin' but pure Duwamish—the artist jest cut loose his machine on him an' we had a picter. Wall, ole man Denny has allus preserved that picter. From that, young Ralph Coombs has made a big paintin' in oil fer the Chamber of Commerce, an' to-day his father Sam, me, an' several more ole timers, took Angeline in to pass judgment on it. The ole chief's ben dead nigh onto thirty year; he died in June o' '66 I think, an' of course Angeline hain't never hed any picter of him, as white folks hev o' their people. We thought we'd see if she remembered him. First along, she didn't want to go in, but we finally persuaded of her an' round a corner she walks right plum afore ole Seattle, a-standin' up thar life-size, the ole gray Hudson's Bay blanket with the blue border wrapped round him. She jumped, then looked fer a full minute, when her leetle ole dried-up

face turned a yaller-white. Then the tears begin to run, an' down on her knees she flopped, whinin' like a she bear an' takin' on like all possessed."

"Thet's a picter of yer father, Angeline," says Coombs; "jest a picter. Thet's all!" "

"Utchidah! Utchidah! Nika Papa! Hias klosh!" (Wonderful! Wonderful! Great or good picture of my dear father!)

"This she said over a dozen times, and every leetle while this arternoon she's ben 'round to look at thet picter an' cry. I think someun hez gin her a leetle rum, jest to quiet her, fer she acted like she was goin' into hysterics. If she's got any likker aboard, we'll find her very stupid or very talkative to-night. Let's hurry up an' git down thar 'fore her bed-time. It's lucky I hed you over to Port Madison to see what's left o' Old Man House an' have a talk with ole Bill Deshaw the other day. You kin git her a-talkin' on thet an' if she wants to talk, why let her."

CHAPTER VIII

WONDERFUL OLD MAN HOUSE—SIWASH HISTORY, RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION

Old Man House was probably the most remarkable Indian palace in the new world in its day, not even excepting the caves of the cliff-dwellers in the south. Little trace of it now remains, but from "old Bill Deshaw," a sub-Indian agent and trader at Port Madison, Rex and Uncle Festus had obtained a very good description and history of it, in substance as follows:

Old Man House was built about 1750, by one of the six tribes afterward forming the Duwamish confederation. It stood on the beach of Agate Passage, near what is now known as Port Madison, about sixteen miles northwest of Seattle. It was one immense building of logs and "shakes,"—boards or planks split from cedar; its dimensions somewhat in excess of one thousand by sixty feet. No other portion of the United States than Puget Sound could have furnished its timbers, for while California has groves of sequoia and redwood, some trees of which are larger, no state save Washington has forests averaging such a size, so near tide-water.

Those who saw this house standing in a state of partial decay in 1859, say its front was upheld by posts from six to eight feet in diameter and twenty-five or thirty feet high. These were notched at the

top, and from each notch, running back to the bluff some sixty or eighty feet, were timbers from five to seven feet in diameter. The rear ends of these were imbedded in the bluff. The sides and roof were of very wide "shakes," lapped and pinned fast. The finish of the interior was from time to time changed to suit the occupants, and a whole tribe or certain highly favored representatives of the six tribes lived in it at times. The roll call of this royal household was never less than seven hundred, and at times exceeded one thousand. It was this palace Sealth or Seattle took possession of after his successful consolidation of the six tribes into the powerful Duwamish confederacy, and the palace was from that time known as the Tsu-suc-cub. Eight chiefs and their retinues occupied it. These chiefs were: Sealth or Seattle the Great; his aged father, Sealth the First, who, on account of his relationship, ranked second; Chief Kitsap, whose great strength and prowess in battle made him third; Tsulucub fourth; Beck-kl-lus fifth; Steachecum sixth; Ocub seventh; Lache-masub eighth. Seattle the Great, or Second, as he was sometimes called, was hy as tyee, or superior chief, and all the others were merely tyees, or tenas tyees—little, or lesser chiefs. There were three tribes to the south and east, who paid tribute to Sealth the Great and sent hostages to serve in his palace. These were élite tyees, or chiefs in slavery. The Old Man House tribe, before the confederacy, was the dominant tribe of all that section, and as such compelled all other tribes to send hostages for service,



HOME OF SEALTH, OR "SEATTLE THE GREAT."

As this story will show, Sealth or Seattle the First was one of these hostages, and it is highly probable that these serving men often became meat for the sacrificial fires which these heathen prior to 1850 were more or less publicly offering to appease their Tamahnawis, or, as some authorities have it, their Klail Tamahnawis, or evil spirit. They never bothered themselves to appease the good spirit, for he, they reasoned, would never harm them, but the evil spirit was to be feared, and he was the fellow to keep on the right side of by frequent gifts and sacrifices. This Klail Tamahnawis was looked upon as the Saghalic Tyee, or supreme being of all, showing that they believed the bad predominated; and one of the chief aids of this all-powerful evil spirit was the "Thunderbird," an immense animal partaking of the characteristics of the bird, fish and dragon.

This terror made its abode in the highest mountains, notably Mount Olympus, some seventy miles northwest of Seattle, and from this lofty eyrie he descended at times with great din and sulphurous fumes, to feed on whales, which he caught in the sea with his immense talons and bore away to his lair. If he was propitiated by sundry precious gifts and sacrifices, he was quite unlikely to sally forth, often sleeping in his den years at a time, but if such gifts were forgotten, he might come forth two or three times in a single season.

Just what form of gift or sacrifice best pleased him none but the wise men knew, and as he was a finical and capricious sort of ogre, these wise men were often put to their wits' end to select a bill of fare

sufficiently varied. It should be understood that whenever this ogre set forth on a whaling trip, dire disaster visited all the tribes of the Puget Sound region, for not only were all the fish, seal and other amphibious game frightened from these waters, but all the game of the forests was driven away.

It is related that at one descent he literally killed off all the game on land between Mount Baker at the north and Mount Rainier at the south, and that for a lifetime thereafter, no Siwash could catch or kill a living thing on the Sound or any of its tributary waters, nor yet upon the land drained thereby. At another time still anterior to this epoch, he took up his abode in Rainier, while a rival spirit of equal dimensions took up his residence in Mount St. Helens, in northern Oregon near the mouth of the great Columbia. From these lofty eyries the rival Thunderbirds set forth to wage fierce battle in mid air, and death and devastation followed. Every living thing between these two mountains and all the way up the Sound to the straits of Antoine, now Juan de Fuca, perished. This fight lasted several days, and at one time centred about what is now Mount Baker, at the north end of the Sound. The unhappy Siwash strove to make their way out of the Sound and Columbia River region, but the breath of the awful combatants, the flames from their red hot shields, the smoke, dust and fire from their clashing weapons, all combined to make such a kultus-smoke (fog or bad weather), such flight was next to impossible. The straits, the only outlet from the Sound, literally boiled, and steam and sulphurous fumes obliterated

every form of animal and vegetable life. At the same time the waters of the Columbia were dammed by the shower of rocks that fell, and a great flood was the result.

The icy waters from the snow-covered mountains swept down to boil against the huge dam of red-hot rocks and earth, and the steam and rise of fog was something so tremendous, confusing and terrifying as to shut off all exit in that direction. At last a Moses of his people, a brave, strong-hearted Siwash, led them south via the present Olympia flats to the coast near Gray's Harbor, where the surviving members of the many tribes lived for a long period under his rule, to later scatter north, south and east and again people the Sound and its tributary territory. One region, however, the Olympic peninsula, that wonderfully mountainous promontory between the straits of Juan de Fuca on the north, the Pacific Ocean on the west, and Puget Sound on the east, they have ever since shunned. That is, they have never pushed settlements far into the interior of this rough and mysterious country, but have confined themselves to its shores and beaches, ready at any time to take to the water.

They believe that while the fiercest combat raged in the vicinity of the Columbia, in Northern Oregon, the combatants did not retire to the nearest peaks, but that one of them was driven along to the far north, the other in hot pursuit; that the pursuer finally came back across the straits and flew to the brow of Mount Olympus, from which perch he surveyed the desolated country and awaited a return of

any rival that might dare show himself; that finally not seeing or hearing any, he ensconced himself in a deep pit or crater in a hidden pass between Olympus and Mount Constance, and there abides to this day.

That he has never since come forth is owing to the fact that no rival Thunderbird, no Siwash and few if any white men have disturbed him; also that he was so greatly propitiated about one hundred years ago by a magnificent gift, or potlatch, of gold and precious articles, that he became friendly to the Siwash of the Sound, and has not since descended on them or their territory.

Those immense pointed rocks or needles, such a source of wonder to the tourist up over the Union Pacific thirty or forty miles east of Portland, are believed by the Siwash to be the arrow and spear heads of these mighty Thunderbirds.

It is claimed that in this vicinity the battle raged fiercest, and that these needle-like rocks, many of which are one thousand feet high, are the arrows and spear-heads which shot against the shields of these mighty adversaries, dropped down to stick up in the ground.

The explanation of all this tradition and actual Siwash belief is, that at some far distant period these great peaks were in active eruption; that Mount St. Helens, Mount Rainier, Mount Olympus and Mount Baker were active at one and the same time; that the land was overhung with smoke and sulphurous fumes, and that the waters were boiled by the descent of great quantities of heated lava and ashes. Mount Baker has never been climbed, but it is

believed that it was once a volcano. Mount Rainier has been climbed, and yet steams. It was a volcano. Mount St. Helens was also a volcano. Little is known of Mount Olympus. Its height even is variously given at from nine thousand to twelve thousand feet. It is so beset with difficulties and dangers that few people have ever cared to risk their lives in its vicinity.

For fear of this Thunderbird and because fearful of meeting some of its victims—"stick Injuns" or Siwash ghosts—no real Siwash can be induced to go far back from the coast into this region. It is probable that this mountain was longest in eruption, and that about its brow longest hung the peculiar smoke which always precedes and follows such a phenomenon, and seeing this at a great distance, the survivors of that awful holocaust naturally imagined the (to them) awful Thunderbird had settled there. It is but reasonable to suppose that they looked on this almost inaccessible territory as holy ground, and have ever since avoided it, except at such times as expeditions were organized to bear gifts to the Thunderbird.

Some tribes, notably the Old Man House tribe, were bolder in these incursions. Some, notably the Twana or Skokomish, were very timid, and can never be induced even to this day to go into the interior. This latter tribe worshipped symbols of the Thunderbird, and laid gifts before these symbols, being idolaters pure and simple. This they do in secret to this day. They have a reservation of about six thousand acres at the mouth of the Skokomish River

on Hood's Canal, not far from the city of Olympia, and there the remnant of a once large tribe exists. They formerly occupied all the beach from Port Townsend to Olympia and the comparatively low lands south of and around Lake Cushman. They absorbed two other tribes, the Duklaylips and Tuilcenes, and for many generations kept up publicly, even as now secretly, their symbolic form of worship. Images of the Thunderbird, some of them four or five feet in length and of horrible aspect, recently have been found in the woods of this region.

Thus will the reader better understand the Siwash and his religion, which is a spiritual superstition of the most hideous description, calling at times for bloody deeds of sacrifice, although the Siwash, when not fired by this belief, was naturally jolly, harmless and inclined to make friends of the white race. It was the last of the royal house of Sealth or Seattle of the Duwamish dynasty that old Festus and young Rex were now about to visit. As the story unfolds, a better understanding of it will be gained by those who have most carefully read this chapter.

CHAPTER IX

THE PRINCESS IN A TRANCE—A WEIRD POTLATCH OR FEAST SONG—ASTONISHING REVELATIONS

When our two friends reached the shack of Princess Angeline, they were admitted by her grandson. Through an open door, in an adjoining room, the Princess could be seen in her ordinary street costume—heavy shoes, an old skirt under which a flannel or blanket petticoat showed, and a heavy shawl or blanket about her shoulders and over her head. From under this, her grizzled locks protruded, and her poor old face looked unusually haggard. She was sitting Siwash or tailor fashion on a low bench, and, with eyes half-shut and glittering in the dim light, swayed herself slowly backward and forward, monotonously crooning in her own dialect, her manner suggestive of communion with spirits. No doubt the events of the day had considerably shocked the poor old creature, and her excitement, though deadened to a certain extent by the liquor some one had with the kindest intention given her, was not liable to soon pass away.

Uncle Festus seemed unwilling to intrude, but Rex walked in and, with a cheery salutation, squatted down not far from her, extending his hand, in which was a bag of assorted fruits and confections. Without seeming to know what she was doing, Angeline took the parcel and set it near her. Then,

without salutation, she resumed her crooning. Rex grasped the situation, and taking the knotty old hand, inquired in Chinook: "Did Angeline see her father to-day?"

The only reply was, "Utzidah! Utzidah! Nika Papa! Hias Klosh!" a free translation of which is, "Wonderful! Wonderful! A perfect picture of my dear father." She repeated this many times, occasionally emitting a deep moan. Suddenly her expression of stupid sorrow changed to one of joyous elation, and in Chinook she began chanting praise of her ancestry, more particularly of her father and grandfather. This chant, if translated into English, would lose even the grandeur intended by its authors. It was evidently a savage folk or feast song, used perhaps hundreds of times at the various family or tribal potlatches or gift feasts. It recited how old Sealth or Seattle the First had come to the tribe of Old Man House, as did Joseph to the Pharaohs—a menial; how he had risen by his merit to become chief among the servants of the royal household, and had thereby incurred the envy of his fellows from other tribes; how he had finally become an interpreter of the visions of the priests, or Tamahnawis men, and was in a fair way to supplant the greatest of them, when they conspired to send this formidable rival away. Thereat he had retired, and communing with the Tamahnawis or Thunderbird in the high mountains, had received a revelation to the effect that the Thunderbird was about to descend, but that a certain gift laid at his door would appease the impending



THE PRINCESS UNWITTINGLY REVEALS A SECRET.

wrath. This gift Seattle soon secured. It was a pair of elk horns of a size incredible; the tallest man of the tribe when standing between the branches with uplifted hand could scarcely touch the base or crotch of these horns. Seattle the First transported these with great care up into the lofty mountains, and with the aid of certain inferior slaves hung them up before the cavern or crater from which the Thunderbird was expected to issue. The intent was that they should catch the eye of the ogre as he came forth, and he, being thereby appeased, would either re-enter or sail out across the wide waters to commit his depredations in some other portion of the earth. Having accomplished this, Seattle the First had returned in triumphant peace, and as no attacks from the Thunderbird followed, his wise forethought and daring greatly elevated him in the estimation of his masters and fellows. Active in war and foremost in pursuit of game and fish, he invented many new ways of curing fish and game and also devised canims or canoes, as well as paddles, greatly superior to any before known.

While chanting this triumphant episode in the career of her ancestor, the aged princess apparently renewed her youth. Her voice gathered in volume and intensity of utterance until it thrilled the two listeners. Suddenly she stopped, and pulling her shawl over her face, bent low before the fire. For full five minutes she sat thus and her visitors believed her asleep until, with a quick motion, she became partially erect again, and with eyes brighter than they had ever seen them, commenced

a series of passes with her crooked old hands. Sometimes her motion was from right to left, with hands outstretched as far as she could reach. Again she shrank to one side, putting up her hands as if to protect her head, while from between the withered lips came a sibilant, bird-like cry. No ventriloquist could have thrown voice or whistle with more startling effect; at times the notes, plaintive and piping as those of a newly-hatched fledgling, came from the farthest corner of the room, or from beneath the boards of the floor; again from the rafters, and again from underneath the chair where Uncle Festus sat.

Even as these notes quivered on the air, there came a whirring sound, clear and sharp, like the scream of an eagle descending on its prey; and this changed to a louder and shriller note that threatened to pierce the ear-drums. This was followed by a succession of snarls, like those of an angry cat, and while these sounded in their ears, that far-away look came into the poor old eyes, the withered lips began to move and the chanting was resumed.

While the other chant had been of triumph, this was of fear and apprehension. It recited the fact that Seattle the First had become hy as tyee and a father. Later it introduced Sealth the Second, or Seattle the Great, as a child. It told of his prestige as a prince. Occasionally this chant was interrupted by the angry notes of a far-away bird, and at each interruption these notes waxed yet more strident and angry, whereby her audience understood the Thunderbird was making threats and becoming very

angry, because proper gifts and sacrifices had not been left at his cavern.

Here were suddenly introduced into the chant, two white people, a man and a woman, and three mysterious metal chests, or boxes. These had apparently been long in the palace, where they were looked upon as great treasures, and it was because they had not been sacrificed to the Thunderbird that his anger had been aroused.

How long the palace had possessed these treasures the chant did not recite definitely, for the Siwash in his loftiest flights of bravado or his most plain statements rarely expresses definite idea of time. The anger of the Thunderbird was increasing, and threatening cries were more frequently interjected. But now a council was in session—a council of the wise men and chiefs, or tyees, during which the Thunderbird grew very vociferous. This council decided that a potlatch, or gift of the two white slaves and the three bright chests must be made. As soon as that decision was arrived at, the notes of the Thunderbird began to grow softer, and finally ceased, while the chant proceeded.

Here Sealth the Great, or Seattle the Second, figured more prominently and loud was the acclaim when he stepped into the council and offered to head an expedition that should bear this magnificent offering to the cave of the Thunderbird. Then followed a tender parting between Sealth First and Second, which was succeeded by the terrors of a march over crags and peaks, through snow and along icy glaciers, until at last the crater was reached. Here

the gifts were presented in proper form, after which came the journey home. Much was made of this expedition, and the sufferings of the chosen band were described at great length. The arrival at the coast, the meeting of father and son, the acclaims of the people, all made a really pretty description, much more vivid than could be expected in the Chinook. It had to be aided by certain interjections in Duwamish, which Uncle Festus translated to Rex. As the chant ceased, the old woman swooned and lay in the dim light, her limbs twitching, her face convulsed. Her visitors, becoming alarmed, were about to lift her up, when she straightened out and awakened as if from a sleep.

"Klahowyah! Bebe Ack! Klahowyah! Clapoot-chus Hintipso!" The old woman looked pleased, and wearily arose.

"Been asleep, aunty?" questioned Rex. She looked puzzled, but finally answered by a vigorous nod. She then turned her attention to the fruit, and was as sociable as she had ever been. The conversation was mainly between Rex and the Princess. Uncle Festus sat in deep thought. Even after they had left the cabin and were strolling homeward he was still silent and moody.

"What's the matter, Uncle Festus? Did the Princess' catnip fit affect you? Why don't you say something?"

The old man made no direct answer, but taking Rex's arm said: "What's the use o' stumblin' along up this beach? Let's go up on Second street an' walk home in the light. The tide's a-comin' in, too.

Come on." Here they walked in silence for some distance, when Rex finally remarked:

"Say, Uncle Festus! What do you really think of that yarn of hers? Was she in a trance and telling the truth, or was that heathen theatrical performance invented just to impress us?"

"My boy," said the old man solemnly, "I've heerd all that afore, not as a chant or Siwash rhapsodee, but in plain Duwamish without trimmins from old man Seattle himself. Thar's more to it than you think, an' even more'n he knew, as he admitted to me. This here's another thing I don't want ye to say anythin' about. What time is it?"

"Only a little after nine, Uncle."

"An' we're purty near my shack. D'ye s'pose yer ma'd be worried about ye, if ye kim in fer a half hour? I'll tell ye the rest an' chance it. That is, if ye'll promise to keep it secret. But sho! What's the use o' askin' ye? I know ye will. Come 'long in."

CHAPTER X

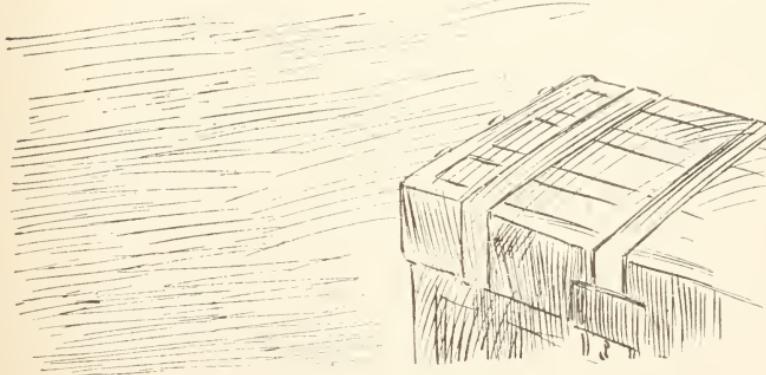
UNCLE FESTUS TELLS WHAT THEY MEAN

"Now this is a short story," remarked Uncle Festus as seating himself on his bunk he lighted his pipe; "but it strikes me as corroboratin' jest what we've heerd to-night. To tell the truth, boy, I didn't expect to hear exactly what we did. I expected a leetle more o' Nika Papa's doin's an' a leetle more definite information concernin' the location of that there blarsted crater. As 'twas, we got more glory and less real solid information than I wanted. This information is what I've ben arter fer thirty year, an' it's what I'll hev yet, too, or my name ain't Ichabod Benjamin Franklin Estus.

"But to begin with. I kim here in June of '64, jest two year afore old Seattle died, as you'll find by consultin' his grave-stun over there in the Injun cemetery at Port Madison. I'd ben wounded an' a prisoner, as ye know, in the rebel prisons, an' I hed the scurvy so as to be purty well run down. The voyage hed helped me some, but I wasn't strong enough to work, an' so all the first summer I loafed. I got acquainted with ole Bill Deshaw, a squaw man an' a sub-Injun agent, over to Port Madison. He come three year afore I did, an' is livin' over there with a passel o' his half-breeds yit, a-runnin' a small store. Wall, Bill allus has been a sociable feller, an' I liked to hang 'round his place, which I did.

There I met all the Siwash, an' there I learned the language. I was only about twenty-five year old in them days, an' as I begun to git better, I was quite chipper. Now, if there's anybody a Siwash likes, it's a chipper, off-hand sort o' feller. They may not have much to say to him, mebbe hardly speak, but if he handles 'em 'bout right, an' don't play no jokes on 'em, they'll hang 'round an' listen to his stories like a lot o' children. Old Sealth an' some o' the other chiefs 'ud jest hang 'round me fer hours listenin'. Old Sealth 'ud never laugh, but I knowed by his eyes he understood, an' I think now he allus understood both English an' Chinook. He purtended, however, he didn't know nothin' but Duwamish, an' it was jest to flatter him that I larned that jargon, which is nearer a language than any other on 'em 'round here. Ole Bill Deshaw married one o' the granddarters o' the ole chief, an' possible they thought I was goin' to marry another, which is some-thin' the Injuns all seem to desire 'round here, but I never was much on the marry, an' ef I was, a plain white womern 'ud suit me better'n even a Siwash princess.

"Wall, I stood in well. Angyline at that time uster come an' go. Part o' the time she was livin' over here in Seattle, an' part the time over there. She was a widow then, an' a purty good-lookin' sort of a klootchman. Ole Bill Deshaw he was a rank copperhead an' a red hot pro-slavery man. I was on t'other side an' hed fit in the war. Bill hadn't, an' when we hed our discussions, I uster poke it inter him that he run away up here to avoid



FESTUS AND REX DISCUSS THE SIWASH TREASURE.

the war. I'm sure ole Seattle uster understan', an' as he hed a great respect fer a warrior, even though he was a lover o' peace, I think he liked me better fer it. At any rate, when he was in his last sickness he wanted to see me an' I went back over from Seattle an' was with him in his last hours, even more'n Deshaw an' the rest.

"One night the ole feller felt a little stronger an' in Duwamish he told me all about that trip up into the mountains, an' declared that that crater, where he an' the rest put the white couple an' their gold chists—fer I allus shall believe them chists was treasure chists—was in a squar' peak atween Mount Constance an' Mount Olympus. He said there was a little lake there, one o' them old craters filled up with water, an' that the Thunderbird uster kim up through that lake, which hadn't no bottom. The ole feller never explained to me how the water stayed in when it hed no bottom, an' I never ast him. You must remember that the ole man was only 'bout sixteen year old when he went up there on that expedition, an' he was 'bout eighty-five when he died in '66. So I calculate they must a put them people in there about 1790 to 1795. An' now comes the part Angyline didn't tell, but which the ole man did:

"Ole Sealth First, or Chief Sealth's father, got them two white people about twenty-five year afore they finally sacrificed 'em, which I'm led to believe by certain other things he dropped. This man an' womern—fer they was a man an' womern—I kalkerate was some o' them Spaniards what uster kim up

here 'fore Vancoover or Juan de Fuca or any o' the rest o' the early French, Spanish or English explorers. These two folks kim in a small ship an' seven others with 'em. They was a-tradin' along down the Sound, exchangin' gew-gaws an' frippery an' blankets an' sich with the Injuns fer gold an' otter skins. They wanted nothin' but gold an' sea-otter skins, an' they must a got lots o' dust, all of which, I'm satisfied, went inter them three bright boxes. These people kim in 'bout three or four year afore Sealth or Seattle the Great was born. That's the reason I'm able to kalkerate how long they was held as slaves. It seemed Seattle the First didn't hev nerve enough or wasn't mean enough to wanter slaughter 'em, but some o' the other chiefs per-swaded him to give his consent to the job.

"The time it happened they was anchored off Old Man House right near Agate Passage, an' by some hocus-pocus six on 'em was enticed on shore. Well, these six was set on an' murdered, an' then another band o' Siwash started out in canims to git the other three an' all the gew-gaws an' the ship an' the gold, an' I dunno what all. Ye see, they never knowed the value o' gold afore, an' they argued that if it was worth so much an' any other white man kim along with more gew-gaws they'd be in position fer trade.

"The three aboard the schooner see 'em comin' an' blazed away with some blunderbusses, at the same time histin' sail, an' away they went out toward Point No Point, leavin' a lot o' dead an' howlin' Siwash in a lot o' partly wrecked canims. It so

happened that there was a storm out on the straits that night, an' the schooner was driv in an' stuck in the mud o' Useless Bay over near Skagit Head. I've allus thought the wind mebbe driv 'em back an' they wan't wrecked, but went in there at high tide without takin' soundin's, an' when the tide went out was stuck an' listed over, fer ye know that Useless Bay is a terror that way to this day—not like Holmes Harbor or any o' the bights 'long up t'other side o' Whidby. Anyway, there they was an' there ole Skagit found 'em, an' they was inclined to help 'em out, when 'round the other side o' the island comes a messenger from ole Sealth, sayin' the prisoners was his an' he wanted 'em.

"Now, Skagit was a dependent o' Sealth's, an' he hed to give in. Therefore, while pertendin' to help 'em, he reely took 'em to shore an' later Sealth called 'round and got 'em. How it was I don't know, but when he comes fer 'em there wasn't but two, where he'd expected three—the clapootchus hintipso, or long-beard, havin' mysteriously disappeared. This kim near bringin' on a war atween Skagit an' Sealth, but they finally patched up a peace, Skagit givin' one o' his darters to Sealth. That darter was the mother o' Seattle the Great.

"She was an imperious young squaw an' an imperious old one, an' she allus insisted the white klootchman belonged to her an' kep' her roun' her. When, finally, after many threats from the Thunderbird, it was decided that the man an' womern must be sacrificed, she raised Cain. She never forgave young Sealth fer actin' ez head man in the expedi-

tion what took 'em up, an' the last thing she ever did was to steal from Sealth a diary, or book full o' writin', which the white man had kept, an' that diary she allus hid, givin' it in turn, as Sealth believed, to Angyline, his darter an' her granddarter. That diary I've no doubt Angyline's got to this blessed day. That was what I was hopin' she'd a gin out to-night, but she didn't, an' I dunno's she ever will. I know Sealth repented o' that deed arterward, for when other Spaniards come, arter ole Sealth was dead, he was converted to a Catholic, an' I think wouldhev trusted a priest fur enough to hev let him translate that diary if it hed been in Spanish, which I persoom 'twas.

"However, he didn't care to make much of a row about the book, fer old as he was when he died, an' good Catholic as he was, he allus hed a sneakin' regard fer the Thunderbird. I dunno but that was what made him so durned cautious 'bout givin' up the exact location o' that crater—he never would draw a map to go by—feard we'd rob the Thunderbird, ye know, an' it 'ud all kim back on him. But I do know he tole me considerable more durin' his last sickness than he ever hed afore, an' more, I think, than he ever tole any one else. Wall, we know more about this bizness than we did afore, an' I guess you'd better putter on toward home. Of course they ain't no need o' my tellin' ye to keep yer jaw on this matter. You wanter keep yer eye peeled, too, an' if ye do see or hear anythin' that sets ye a-guessin', jest come to me an' we'll guess together."

CHAPTER XI

A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT—REX HAS STRANGE DREAMS

Rex went home from Uncle Festus' cabin that night more filled with wonder than ever before in all the seventeen years of his life. It seemed to him as if he were walking along in a dream, and do what he would, he could hardly understand that he was in the flesh. As he reached the highest point of Queen Anne Hill, the clouds, which had all the evening hung low in the south and west, were swept north by a strong, quick wind, and the glorious moon shed its full effulgence far over the sheeny water, here and there still tossing and shooting up phosphorescent gleams toward the pale queen of night. He turned and stood, long gazing out toward the snow-clad mountains, which, as the air cleared, seemed rising up through the mellow radiance. To the left, mighty Rainier proudly reared its majestic crest clean to the vault of heaven, and seemingly extended its base down through the mists and fogs of the Duwamish flats out to the city of Seattle, which lay at his feet with its myriad electric lights twinkling like fire-flies. To the right and far out across the bay loomed up the broken, irregular Olympics, their sharp crags and perpendicular peaks cropping out from underneath the gleaming snow like a mighty monster of the deep, whose gaunt form was fast losing its scales of silver. On these he looked

longest, and then turned in at the gate to find his mother sitting beneath the rose vines on the porch.

"Have I kept you up, mother? I'm sorry. I forgot it was so late and wasted a deal of time moon-gazing out here on the brow of the hill. Was anything ever more beautiful than this night, mother?"

"No, Rex; I have been waiting for you for some time, but such waiting with such a view is not a waste of time. I don't know where I ever saw anything more beautiful than some nights out here. Sit down a moment and let us enjoy it together."

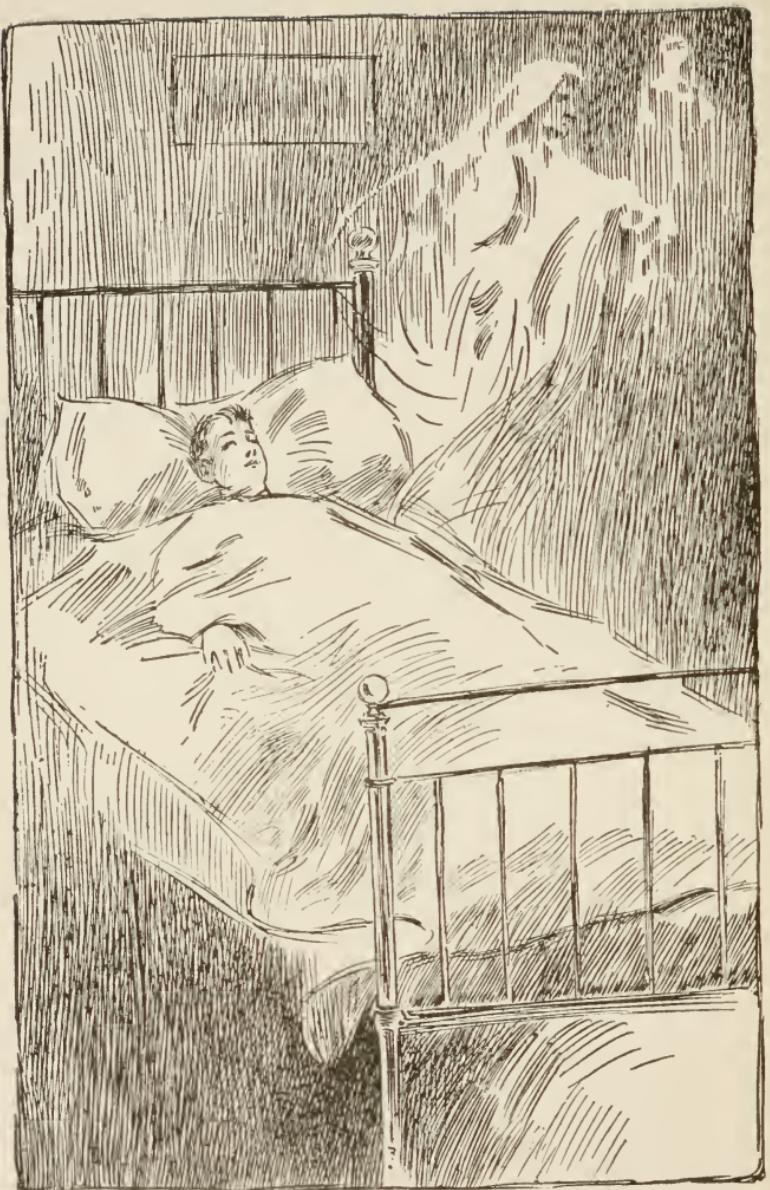
"As the Irishman said: 'Be jabbers! It's nice to be alone whin yer swateheart's wid ye,'" remarked Rex as he sat down beside her and put his arm about her waist.

"Yes, Rex; so it is," returned the happy little woman, as she nestled beside him. "I wonder where your father is to-night?"

"Oh! he's down the coast toward 'Frisco somewhere. He'll doubtless come in on the morning train." Then they sat silent awhile, watching the moon as it settled down behind one of the tallest peaks of the Olympics. It had grown very red as it descended, and just as its upper disk went out of sight a red gleam shot up from behind and apparently out of the peak.

"Oh, Rex! Do you see that? How much it looks like a volcano in eruption! My gracious! I hope nothing of that kind will ever happen around here."

"It will never happen again, mother; none of these peaks have been volcanoes for hundreds of years, although 'tis said that rumblings were heard



REX DREAMS OF THE PRINCESS ANGELINE.

in that very mountain ninety-five years or more ago. That, however, was probably the last kick of the Thunderbird."

"'Thunderbird' is a good name for it," shuddered Mrs. Wayland. "What a horrible event an earthquake and the eruption of such lofty mountains must be!"

Soon after they retired, Rex to dream of Spanish galleons, chests of glittering gold, swoops and screams of a mighty Thunderbird, whose wings darkened the heavens and from whose awful beak came flames that lighted up the weird, troubled face of poor old Angeline as she seemed to be walking out across the waters, from somewhere at the back of Bainbridge Island. "Must be she was returning from a trip over to Old Man House," mused Rex, as he lay awake the next morning.

All that day her face haunted him, and although he went to church and looked fixedly at the minister throughout the sermon, he could not for the life of him have told the text.

CHAPTER XII

"THE BOOK! THE BOOK! THE SPANISH DIARY IS MINE!"

The next Saturday Rex was deprived of the company of Uncle Festus, who had gone over to Olympia on pension business. The old man started Friday afternoon, and Rex accompanied him as far as Blakely, where the latter went ashore to take a skiff and shoot along up to the north end of the island. He reached Dog Fish Bay—an indentation of the peninsula, just opposite the north end of Bainbridge—about twilight, and hiding his skiff there, strolled along up to Agate Passage. This passage is a beautiful spot. The channel between the mainland and the island is never, even at high tide, more than a thousand feet wide, and the contour of the shores is such that the view from all directions is one of enchantment. Near the site of famous Old Man House and the little village Rex sat down to deliberate. He must soon seek a shelter for the night. Supper he did not care for, as he had brought that with him, eating as he came along, and was not at all hungry now. It was a considerable distance across to Port Madison if he went back for his boat. If not, he could not cross to Deshaw's store. Suddenly he noticed a Siwash canoe round the point and come rapidly up along shore. From where he sat he could not be seen, but could see. The canoe was yet a mile or more away, but there was something about it that looked

familiar. As it came nearer, he saw another figure beside the paddler, and that, too, looked familiar. It was Angeline. The paddler was her grandson.

The sun had kissed the small cross on the Catholic church a fond good-night just as Rex came up, and, as he sat there, he had noted the stars coming out one by one. It was now nearly dark even on the water, and quite dark in the shadow of the shore. He would go down to the beach and as the boat came along, hail it and ask to be put across. But why was Angeline so far from home? Where was she going? The canoe was coming in toward shore. What were the two about? He would not show himself until he found out. He crept stealthily toward the beach. He would hail them if they kept out and went through the passage. But no. It was coming in. It was almost at the beach directly before the ruins of Old Man House. Angeline was climbing out. Now was the time to ask to be put across. No. He would not. He would see what she was up to. As her heavy shoes rattled on the pebbles of the beach, she turned, and giving the canoe a push out, said something in Chinook which sounded like: "I will be ready when you return." Of this he was not sure, but he might as well wait until then anyway, and parting the bushes with his gun barrel, he watched her as she came directly toward him. She held something to her shrunken bosom, and was mumbling as she tottered along. As she reached the deeper shadow, she prostrated herself and lay there for a long time moaning. Just as the moon appeared over the trees on the opposite shore she



REX FINDS THE SPANISH DIARY.

arose to her knees and stretched her arms out toward it. She had shifted her position a little while lying down, and her face was now not only upturned to the moon, but in full view of Rex, who, while well concealed, was not fifteen feet from her. He noted how gray and ghastly she looked. The eyes sometimes so keen and glittering were now half-shut and apparently swollen. They had no expression save that of dull pain, or semi-consciousness.

Thus she knelt, looking long at the moon through her half-closed eyes, in which tear-drops began presently to sparkle. Then the tears gushed forth, and with a cry of “Nika Papa! Nika Papa!” she sank down again. As she once again raised her face she extended her hands, and in them was seen a flat box of highly polished cedar. As she held this up she kept wailing in subdued tones: “Nika Papa! Kakii-Silma klahowyum. Kum tux nika? Kum tux nika?” (My father, Kakii-Silma very wretched. Do you understand me? Do you understand me?) This she repeated many times, and finally casting herself prone on the ground again, wailed: “Nika sheen! Nika sheen!” (I am ashamed! I am ashamed!) This she kept up for a long time, occasionally rising to her knees, gazing earnestly at the moon, and then going down again to mutter and grovel before its impassive face.

Finally she became calmer, and picking up the box staggered along the beach a few yards to the base of what looked like a tall stub, broken over toward the bluff. Here she delved frantically with her bare hands, all the time whining, crying

and moaning. The depth of the pit seemed finally to satisfy her, and arising, she held up the box to the moonlight, at the same time gabbling excitedly in Duwamish, a language Rex could hardly understand, but from which he gathered that she was telling how she was returning the box to the place from whence it was taken. This she did, and carefully scraped in the earth, smoothing off the cache with the most exquisite nicety and throwing on top some larger stones to hide the traces of the recent disturbance.

Then she tottered out along the beach to another stub, which Rex recognized as a totem pole. This she clasped, and then backing off prostrated herself before it. As she lay there on the ground, Rex heard first a faint chirp and then others, some apparently from the brush where he was hiding. These chirpings increased in volume until the gloomy woods seemed full of small birds, and he half expected to see them issue out in the moonlight, but none appeared, and gradually the sounds grew fainter and finally died away. At the last faint note the Princess arose, and, stretching her arms out toward the moon once more, waved her hands as if to show their emptiness, while her face looked almost beautified. She was at last at peace. Restitution had been made for some theft of former years, and her heathen mind was satisfied that her father's spirit looked down and gave her absolution. Finally she tottered to the place where she had landed, and squatted down. The tide was at its full, and the wavelets lapped the pebbles at her feet with a soothing sound. Her head settled lower and lower, and soon she fell asleep.

Rex did not care to sit there all night watching her. Neither did he dare make his presence known. He finally decided to steal through the bushes along the beach to the small village, where he hoped to obtain a night's lodging, and was about to set out, when he heard a sharp whistle from the canoe headed straight to the place where the old woman sat asleep. As the boat came nearer, the grandson called out, but Angeline slept on. The young man got out of the canoe, and walking up to her, shook her. The hands unclasped from about the knees and Angeline fell oversidewise, but did not awaken. The young man bent down, gathered her up in his strong arms, laid her in the canoe, spread an old slicker over her, and taking up his paddle moved away, even more silently than he had come.

For a long time Rex lay there in the moonlight, but heard no sound save the leaping salmon in the water, the moan of the night wind in the trees, and theplash of the wavelets on the broadening beach, for the tide was going out fast. Could any one else have seen this mysterious performance? He was quite sure not, but he would wait longer, and wait he did for nearly an hour. Once he heard the dogs over at Deshaw's give vociferous tongue, but soon this disturbance ceased, and he resolved to investigate that cache. He crept along, and removing the coarser gravel from the top, began to dig with scarce less feverish haste than the Princess had shown. Soon his fingers touched the box, and laying it aside, he carefully filled in the hole. Then catching up the box, he fled like a guilty thief to the deeper shadow

of the brush. He dared not build a fire nor light a match to survey his treasure. What was it? He half guessed, but could not be sure. He examined it as best he could in the moonlight and found it to be a neatly-made box with no visible nails or screws, thus looking more like a block of cedar than a box. Its corners were rounded, and it was some twelve inches in length by about eight in width and four in depth. A small, notched peg protruded from one side. This he pulled, but it did not give. He pushed it, and it went in but sprang out again. He pushed it once more and the lid of the box came off in his hands. Before him was a book of some ancient leather binding, with leaves of vellum or sheepskin. These leaves were thick and closely written with ink of a reddish tinge. It was not light enough to read this writing or to judge whether it was English, Spanish or German. He must wait for the light. He put the precious volume in the capacious pocket of his hunting-coat, and snapping the box shut by pushing the cover past the spring or peg, he crept to the standard and reburied it. Then he sneaked back into the shadow and curling down among the bushes, lay there shaking and shivering from nervousness, all the time repeating to himself: "The book! The book! The Spaniard's diary is mine! I'll get that gold yet! That's what I'll do, and all the Siwash this side of Jordan can't prevent it. Let 'em try! Let 'em try!" It was not until near morning that he fell asleep. His bed was a cold one, and his slumber was troubled.

CHAPTER XIII

UNCLE FESTUS SAYS: "RETURN THE BOOK"

Rex was awakened at dawn by the hoarse whistle of an incoming tug, and sprang to his feet like a fugitive. The volume in his pocket swung heavily against him, and he glanced nervously about in the faint light as if fearful that some one was bent upon taking his treasure from him. He was hungry and very cold, and longed to go out to a cabin along shore, but he dared not. He must not be seen near Old Man House. Some one might suspect something. He must be far away from there before daylight. He ran back along the beach, stumbling over the boulders, bruising his shins and hands. A logging road led back into the woods, and into this he darted, running faster as the light came on. In a short time he had reached a clearing and saw a ranch-house, out of the chimney of which the smoke of an early fir-wood fire was rolling in a dense volume. Some one was up. He would make a strike for breakfast. Luckily he was unknown to the rancher, and while he sat at breakfast told a plausible story of getting belated in the woods and lying out all night. The rancher, who was "baching it," was full of pity, and it was with great difficulty that Rex persuaded him to take a two-bit piece for the meal. To satisfy his conscience for this extortion, as he viewed it, the rancher insisted on Rex filling

his pockets with bread, meat and apples, sufficient for noon lunch and evening meal.

Having agreed to meet Uncle Festus at the lower end of the island on his return, and having hidden his skiff in Dog Fish Bay that he might row down Rex was obliged to make his way once more to the beach and go up as near the Indian village and Old Man House as Dog Fish Bay. This he dreaded, but there was no help for it. He met no one, and, securing his skiff, rowed boldly out to the south, hunting along shore and reaching Blakely about 10 a.m. He had never visited the great mills there, and under ordinary circumstances would have improved the opportunity, but as it was, he felt loath to speak to any one or to be seen. He therefore rowed out toward Vashon, and lay there awaiting the appearance of the steamer which would bring Uncle Festus. He was a mile or more from land. Why would not this be a good opportunity to look at the book? He pulled it forth, but put it hastily back as he fancied he saw some one on shore with a long glass leveled at him. At this instant a puff of smoke and later a report proved the supposed telescope to be a fowling-piece, and the supposed watcher some strolling hunter along the north end of Vashon. At any other time Rex would have laughed at his foolish fears, but now he could not see the comic side of things, and with a sigh slowly pulled forth the book again, holding it low in the boat while examining it.

It was indeed a quaint volume. Its sides or covers were of elk-hide, two or three thicknesses being glued together to secure the necessary rigidity of case. The



"I HOPE YE AIN'T BEEN STEALIN'."

edges had been rubbed and polished with dog-fish skin or some other rude sandpaper to clear them of traces of glue, but as the glue had been of Siwash manufacture from deer hoofs, it was thick and plainly showed the several layers of elk-hide. The proportions of the case or covers were good, and the backing was put on quite neatly for so rough a job. The vellum leaves were evidently of deer-skin, tanned, and while as thin as it was possible to make them with rough tools, were still much thicker than sheep or lamb skin would have been. The sewing of these leaves, all of which were double, was similar to the sewing in of sections of any book and a very creditable job when we consider that deer-sinews were the thread, and the needle, without doubt, a thorn or sharp bone. A strong cord of twisted deer-sinews was carried back and forth across the gathered leaves, and to this the sewing of the leaves or sections was tied. In turn, these cross-pieces were also sewed through to the backbone of the volume. It was a rude but a very strong job of primitive binding, and probably no book was every made that would stand wear better. In fact, it would have been almost impossible to tear one of its leaves, and as for its covers, the elk-hide had dried and shrunk so hard that a keen knife-edge would have been turned by it. The volume was about two inches thick, about eight by ten inches in size, and opened quite flat. Every page but four had been written on both sides with some rude stylus or pen, dipped in the dark red juice of some berry or root. This ink had not run nor was it blurred when rubbed by Rex's moist

finger. The ink-maker had evidently chosen some indelible color, and had put down his chirography with a steady, firm hand, for there was not a blot or false stroke from cover to cover. The title-page contained only the name, "Andres Tenorio," and the words, "Hombre de un libro" (a man of one book), also the dates 1749-1793. The name occupied the first or upper line, the quotation another line, and the dates a third. All were embraced by a graceful scroll, evidently the work of an adept in penmanship. The body of the book was closely written in Spanish, the only words Rex could understand the meaning of being "Seville," "Hispaniola America," "Sealth," "Skagitius," "Kakii-Silma" and other proper names. In the center of the last page or fly-leaf was the Latin quotation: "Culpam poena premit comes" (punishment surely follows, or follows close upon crime). Immediately under this quotation and a little to the right was again the name, "Andres Tenorio."

Had the book been entirely in Latin Rex could have made himself master of its contents, but now, study as he would, he could only conjecture that it was a record, diary, or autobiography of one Andres or Andrew Tenorio, a Spaniard who lived from 1749 to 1793, and who, born in Seville, died or was compelled to part company with his book about 1793. That it was the diary of the man or men sacrificed to the Thunderbird, Tamahnawis, he had little doubt, and he anxiously awaited the coming of his old friend that he might show him this wonderful find. He carefully replaced the book in the pocket of his coat,

and taking up the oars began to row back toward Blakely. Before he reached it the steamer plying from Tacoma, where Uncle Festus was to have made the change if on time, came in sight around Vashon, and headed toward Blakely. He then knew that Uncle Festus must be aboard, and before the steamer touched wharf was sure of it, for the old man stood on the upper deck waving his arms at him.

"Wall, youngster! What luck? Whar's yer game?"

"Not a thing, Uncle. I shot a hell-diver and a brant, but the brant had been wounded before, and was not good, so I threw him away. Climb in here. Quick! I've got something else you'll want to see—something I can't show here," he added in a low voice. The old man, gun in hand, clambered into the boat, while Rex pulled rapidly out into the channel again. Around the point and well out of earshot of everybody, he bent forward and whispered to his astonished companion: "I've got that Spaniard's diary. Angeline had it and she does n't know I've got it. Oh, I worked the thing slick. No one will ever know where it's gone, for no one saw me near there."

"I hope ye ain't been stealin'," said the old man, gravely.

"Not exactly that; you can call it what you've a mind to. I took it from where it had been left. Wait until we get out here a piece and I'll tell you all about it and show it to you." The old man looked dubious, but sat silent, while Rex plied his

oars until he deemed the boat a safe distance from land. Then drawing forth the book he handed it to the old man, who silently inspected it, while the story of its finding was told him. Rex did not neglect one detail, and, as he finished, evidently expected some approving comment. Uncle Festus sat, however, in silent meditation, his eyes fastened on the book in his hand. Rex was somewhat astonished at this attitude, and finally burst forth rather impatiently:

"Well! What do you think? Didn't I do it up brown?"

"What d'ye mean? The stealin'?"

"You don't call that stealing, do you?"

"I sartainly do."

"The taking of a book, under those circumstances?"

"What else is it but stealin'?"

"Why! She left it there, and either she or some one else stole it from Sealth in the first place."

"She never stole it. 'Twas her mother or grandmother, ole Skagit's darter an' Sealth's first wife. I persoom Angyline was told on it when this Kakii Silma or mother o' hern was about to die. Perhaps she took it with a promise to ole Kakii Silma to gin it up to Sealth arter a while. I persoom ole Kakii Silma, even on her death-bed, didn't care to face the ole feller an' confess. And now ye see, as Angyline nears her end, she, too, is in trouble. I tell ye, boy, even some Siwash has consciences."

"Yes; but whose book is it? Is it Angeline's?"

"Yes; in one way 'tis, an' another 'tain't. But

'tain't your's ner mine unless we kin git Angyline to sell or give it to us."

"What shall I do with it, then?"

"I'd put it back where I found it."

"You would?"

"I most sartainly would."

Rex looked at the old man in the greatest astonishment. Uncle Festus slowly and deliberately laid the book down, drew forth his pipe and tobacco pouch and lighted up. Then from the clouds of fragrant smoke came his judicial opinion, remarkable for its quaintness and for its demonstration of the analogy between law and common sense.

"I ain't had time to consider this matter right well, but to the best o' my jedgment, you're a thief if you keep that air book. It's jest in this way: you're takin' from some one somethin' they know they've got an' you ain't givin' 'em any sort o' a return. Even if you'd a bought that book fer a trifle and later found the treasure it's a key to, I should think ye bound to make the ole woman a han'some present, but if ye take it an' rob her of what's her'n an' her father's before her, ye're committin' a theft. I don't think you thought o' that, but you can't deny it jest the same. Old Sealth's first wife, I think it was, as Sealth told me an' believed, stole that book; an' while he might not have wanted her to hev it, a theft from husband by wife, 'specially when both is Siwashes, is a point too fine to take up. Now Angyline was the ole man's pride, an' if any one was to benefit from that book after he was gone, it's my opinion he would want it

to be her. I don't think the ole man, if he was alive to-day, would blame her very much if he knowed all the sarcumstances as we do. The actual value o' that there book is only s'posable. It may be wuth a hunderd thousand dollars, or it may not be wuth any more'n one o' these historical sassities 'ud give up fer it. However, it's wuth all it'll fetch, an' them proceeds, if Angyline wants 'em, belongs to her. They ain't yourn ner mine. Your father didn't acquire that book by conquest or in war of any kind, as ole Stealth an' his father did. If he hed an' hed died, your mother never stole it fer you, as Kakii Silma did fer Angyline, whose Injun name, by the way, happens to be Kakii Silma, too. As fer her grandson, he ain't no claim on that book, only through ole Angyline, an' he ain't no right to it until arter she's gone. He don't support her. She's allus supported him an' does yet. His right in the book is only small an' so durned small this court fails ter see it. Now the only righteous way o' your acquirin' that book is fer you an' I to go to Angyline an' buy it. If she won't sell, we must wait until she's dead. I've an idee you couldn't buy that book of Angyline. Too much Tamahnawis about it. She'd be afraid to sell it. If you offer ter buy it she'll probably hide it summers else. Then we might not find it. Thar ye air. Ye can't safely say anythin' about the book; ye can't righteously keep it, an' it's gotter go back. Set over here an' I'll row up."

Rex was dumfounded. He yielded up the oars and sadly sat down to ponder. It was plain to him

that the old man was right, but he felt indignant that such a strict interpretation of the law of the rights of property should be applied to him and his find. However, it was no use to object. He knew the old man's firmness and he also knew the old man was right. In his own eagerness he had forgotten that Angeline was human and had rights of property. Whether or not she meant to hide this book and retain possession of it he did not know. The old man gave her the benefit of the doubt, and on that basis would return the book. Rex had looked upon her act as a manifestation of a desire to cast the book from her; to get rid of it; to banish it from her sight forever. The only way to determine that was to put the book back and await her death. If she did not devise or bequeath it, if she never again disturbed it, he and Uncle Festus would be justified in considering it something she had cast away, and no matter what its value to them, to her it had been of no value, and they were then entitled to the advantage of it by right of discovery.

This was Uncle Festus' reasoning, and he had made it so clear that Rex said no more, but sat silent with a very sober face until Agate Passage was reached.

"Uncle Festus, what are you going to do after you've returned this book?"

"Row across home. We won't git in till midnight, nuther. We've been four hours comin' up, where we ought to a come up in less'n two, talk an' all. I'm no more anxious 'an what you air to hev any one else know about this book. I'll put yer ashore, row out

in the middle o' the passage, whar I kin see if any one's watchin' ye, an' if I whistle ye kin know it's all right an' go ahead. If I whistle twict, ye must postpone yer buryin'." The book was replaced without any one appearing, and as Rex was picked up, Uncle Festus again bent to the oars. They rowed about the passage for a time, and shot their guns at birds along shore to avoid the appearance of stealth, and finally, late in the afternoon, struck out toward the open Sound and across home. As Rex took his turn at the oars, the old man resumed his outline of the plan he had in mind.

"When I git time we'll stroll down to Angyline's shack an' I'll tell her what her father told me about that book, an' I'll ask her if she's got it. I'll tell her I wanter buy the book an' will give her \$10 fer it. If she won't sell, I'll let'er go an' all my spare time I'll spend huntin' 'round over on them Olympics fer the crater, with the big elk's horns a-hangin' over it. Mebbe we kin find the treasure without her ole book—it's all writ in Spanish, anyway."

"Yes; but we could get it translated."

"You could, an' give away the hull secret. Not ef we know ourselves. The only way that book will ever be translated, if we do git it, is by you. I'm too old to larn Spanish, but you ain't."

"I suppose, Uncle Festus, if we find the treasure, Angeline owns it," said Rex a little bitterly.

"No; not any more'n the rest of her tribe. It's my opinion that if we made her declinin' years comfortable an' founded a Siwash horspittle or orphan asylum, we'd be a-doin' the fair thing."

"In other words, you'd take property they've cast away, which they stole from white people, and waste it on the descendants of these savages?"

"No; by jing! I wouldn't. I wouldn't go so fur as that. I wanter be honest an' I can't reconcile my mind to take that book from Angyline until I know whether or not she's throwed it away. If she ever dies an' leaves it, I'll say go ahead an' use it. You might commence to study Spanish at once, fer she can't last long."

"She may last forty years yet, Uncle. You're too honest. My heart's broken," replied Rex, half seriously. "But here we are. It's after ten o'clock, and I've got to climb Queen Anne hill yet. Good-night!"

When Rex reached home he was very tired, and so discouraged that he felt like crying himself to sleep. However, he fell asleep quicker than he had anticipated, and it seemed to him he had hardly closed his eyes when he was aroused by a scream from his mother, and springing from his bed, dashed down-stairs.

CHAPTER XIV

COLONEL WAYLAND'S SUDDEN DEATH

It was in reality nearly six o'clock when Rex was awakened that morning. His sleep had been so profound and dreamless, the short autumn days made the house so dark at this hour, and the awakening had been so sudden, that he at first thought it hardly midnight. To his confused mind, as he rushed down-stairs, came thoughts of burglars, fire and what not, but not an inkling of the terrible blow he was about to receive. Some philosopher has said it is the unexpected that always happens, and so it was in this case, for how could either Rex or his mother, even if morbidly inclined, ever dream of such news as Mrs. Wayland had just read from the piece of yellow paper in her hand? Rex saw the messenger boy standing in the door as he came down, and, not seeing his mother, was about to ask the boy where she had gone and what was the matter, when she staggered out from behind the stairway, endeavored to speak, stammered and fell fainting, the telegram crushed in her hand. The messenger boy was a manly and resourceful little fellow, and while he said little, acted a useful part. He aided Rex in carrying Mrs. Wayland into the parlor, where they laid her on the sofa, and he sat beside her chafing her hands, while Rex hunted for camphor and smelling salts. When these came he

bathed her forehead and wrists and held the bottle to her nose, while Rex studied the telegram. Alas! It needed little study. It was so brutally plain that Rex, even in his stupefying sorrow, found occasion to wonder how people could be so curt. It read:

"PORTLAND, Oregon, 1:15 a. m.

"MRS. R. G. WAYLAND,

"1424 Hill Ave., Seattle., Wash.

"Colonel R. G. Wayland fell dead 6 p. m., while on way to train. Body in my charge, and will be shipped at once. HARVEY BEACH, Coroner."

As Rex read and reread this awful message, he seemed for a time stupefied. He was soon aroused, however, by a faint sigh from his mother, over whose white face came waves of returning color and from whose parted lips later issued faint, long-drawn moans. She was coming back to her sorrow again, and, wishing to be alone with her, Rex paid the boy and dismissed him, thanking him for his kindness. Then, holding the fluttering hands of her who was now his only relative, he sat and studied the telegram and tried to realize its meaning.

"The body must soon arrive in Seattle," he thought. "Who could ever have dreamed that my father would go in this way? He was the picture of health, and, while a good liver, abstemious in the use of liquors. No; this sudden death is not due to any form of dissipation. I have heard him say that his father had heart trouble, and that certain fatal tendencies, on both sides of the house, prevented him carrying insurance. I wonder if he had any, and if not, how are mother and I to get along?"



MRS. WAYLAND FAINTS ON READING THE TELEGRAM.

He was very improvident, for he was so light-hearted and confident that as soon as any difficulty was over with he never looked for more. Father ought to have been rich, but as it is, he leaves mother and me poor. Well, he was a good husband and father, and, terrible as this blow is to us, I am glad that his death was sudden and painless."

Here the whole weight of his sorrow, the pitiful predicament he and his mother were placed in, struck him with peculiar significance, and, man as he almost was, he fell to weeping like a child. This outburst did him good, and was soon over, and when Mrs. Wayland came to herself, he was outwardly calm and very tender. He embraced her, saying: "Dear little mother, we two are alone in the world now, it seems, and we must be all in all to one another. We should be thankful this terrible trouble did not come while I was a child. I am a man now, and you will soon see how well I will care for you. As for poor father, while his death was horribly sudden, you must remember it was painless, and you and I both know he would much rather have gone in this way than to have endured a long illness. Come now, be a brave little woman, and make the best of it."

Mrs. Wayland, under this sensible treatment, soon regained her self-control, and her son could but admire her thoughtfulness and careful attention to the details of the necessary arrangements. Prior to the arrival of the body came a delegation of Masons to condole with the bereaved wife and son, and to express their regret that the clumsy official at Portland had not discovered the standing

of the deceased before sending that telegram. It seemed that Colonel Wayland's sudden death had not been generally known about Portland that evening. He had been about town all day looking after matters of business, and ate a hearty dinner, as was his custom, shortly before six p. m. He had then left the hotel in apparent good health, starting toward the depot on foot. He might have taken a car or a cab but for the reason, as he remarked to certain acquaintances, he felt rather dull, and thought a walk would do him good. He happened to be near a doctor's office when taken ill, and hastened in for relief. The doctor retired to another room and began preparing a pepsin prescription, thinking the trouble due to indigestion, when, on re-entering the outer office, he found his patient lying upon the floor. The doctor applied restoratives and threw open the window for fresh air, but all was of no avail. The colonel expired inside of ten seconds after being found.

The papers in the pockets of the dead man showed him to be a traveling insurance adjuster for several different companies in the east, but as the coroner had not time to hunt up local agents, who would have taken the body in charge, and as he found a letter from the dead man's wife, showing conclusively who he was and where he resided, he bothered himself not but shipped the body to Seattle by first train. The inquest, which he conducted with all celerity possible, for the reason that the fee was a stated one, developed the fact that the bursting of a small blood-vessel at the base of

the brain, causing pressure on the medulla oblongata or post cervical nerve center, was the cause of death.

All these facts this careful official gave to a reporter at a late hour and it was by the merest chance that a very brief account of the sad occurrence was wired to the Seattle "P. I." This account, brief as it was, however, had brought these Masonic brethren to the widow's door and never did a family appreciate kindly offices more. There is no necessity of dwelling further on the sad scenes that followed. The Colonel was found to have died as he had lived—with little thought for the morrow. Though one of the best of men, he had always been improvident, living as he went and never saving a cent. By a lucky venture, he had once in the east accumulated a small fortune. That was just after the war and while he was yet weak and ill from wounds received in the Richmond campaign. It had seemed to him as if any one could make money, his having come so easily, and he had bothered himself little about business, until the profits of this one successful venture were nearly gone. Then he bestirred himself, risked again and lost everything. It was hard for this soldier and officer to apply himself to business. He knew not what to turn his hand to. There were many like him, but through the kindness of friends, he finally secured a lieutenant's commission in the regular army and went to the then northwest, to help keep the Indians in subjection. This life the Colonel liked, and he might always have remained a regular, had he not while on a furlough met the beautiful daughter of

an old friend, married her and for her sake thrown up his commission and come east to once more try civilized life and business. The panic of '73 came on shortly after this and soon the Colonel had parted with his small capital and was left with a family on his hands. Insurance was the only avenue open, and he entered upon this business, with the same good nature and happy disposition that had kept him young despite all his reverses. He had so many friends and was so quietly persistent that he won first a poor living and later a fairly luxurious one. As the trusted agent of a well-established line of companies, he was in receipt of a fine income, when the bait of an adjustership for all the northwestern field caught him, and he decided to go west. Here he found plenty of work, had constantly gained acquaintances, had seen a field before him, and had thought it best to live well and keep up appearances. He had done this and, as a result, had left his family penniless, except for the thousand-dollar benefit from the Masonic association. Nearly half of this was eaten up by the funeral expenses, and the holiday season of 1895 found Rex and his mother very anxious for the future. The Colonel had been in receipt of a small pension, a portion of which fell to his widow, but it was insufficient for their maintenance. In fact, it was but \$240 a year, and would no more than pay their house rent and clothe them.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Wayland one evening, as they sat talking and planning, "I don't see but I shall have to move to the center of the city, take

a larger house and get a few boarders. We must do something to keep you in school, Rex. You must enter the university in a year, you know."

Rex made no reply, but sat in deep thought for some time. Finally he asked: "Mother, would it disappoint you much if I gave up school and went to work at something?"

"Certainly it would, Rex, and very much too. What put that idea into your head?"

"Why, Mother, it can't be otherwise. I've canvassed the situation pretty carefully, and I find that through these hard times, which are harder here than anywhere else in the world, I guess, boarding house keepers are actually losing money,—that is, those who have any to lose, and certainly none are making any. Now, I had thought this matter all over, and while thinking of it I looked into the business. I had hoped that you could take a large house, hire three or four servants, and by getting a nice class of boarders, with my help make a good living. To be sure, it would have been a constant care upon both and very hard upon you, but you remember that, back home, Mrs. Harper did that while her Jim was in school, and that they got him through nicely. But I've looked over all the ground here and it's as I tell you. We can't live that way. We mustn't lose the little capital we have, for while we have some good friends here, we haven't a relative nor a dollar in the world, over and above that \$545.73 now in the bank. We are even living in a furnished house, and as it seems like home to us, I hope to continue living here. But we can't do even

that, unless I can get a job, for \$12.50 per month is too much rent. I've hunted for two days for work and found none. I can go salmon fishing and trapping and hunting with Uncle Festus, but that is precarious and we may not make a cent. He's putting around, as he says, most of the time, and I don't believe he earns \$250 a year. We need about \$500 more than that, to live as we are living. I hardly expect to strike \$15 a week these hard times, but I'm striving. I'll report to you every night. Be a brave little mother, and keep cheerful, but don't hug the false delusion that I am to keep in school. It can't be done. The times are too hard. I must give up school for a year or two, and work. I'm young enough, and have a good start. Something may happen to give us a "stake" before long, and if so I'm willing to spend all but a small sum for an education, for I want one, but to be a burden on you, to sit by and see you use up the little father left, I cannot and will not. If I can't support you any other way, I'm going into a logging camp. There are always men wanted there, and I'm strong enough, goodness knows. Good-night, Mother," and he kissed the troubled little woman down whose cheeks the tears were rolling.

That kiss was not an unusual thing, so it could not have been that which relieved her; but something surely did, for she went to bed that night and slept well, the first time since the Colonel's death. Rex did not know it, but the manner in which he had assumed charge of her and their affairs, had a won-

derfully soothing effect on the overwrought little woman, and if ever a mother was proud of a man'y son, she was of him.

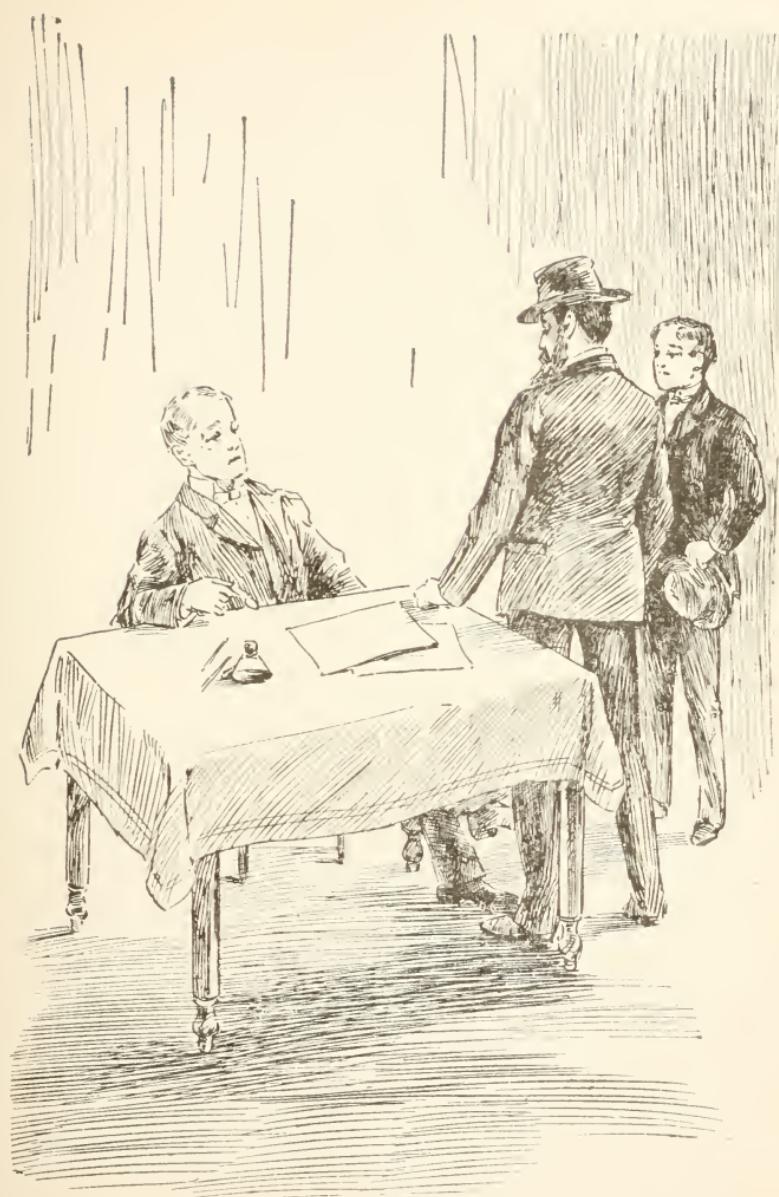
CHAPTER XV

REX FAILS TO FIND EMPLOYMENT—UNCLE FESTUS TO THE RESCUE

Boy-like, Rex had started in with a hope of some managerial position, but every situation of that kind was, of course, closed to him, and he began to realize how hard it was to work up to even such a position as his father had occupied. He had thought somewhat of going in as a solicitor, and felt sure he could by middle age win a lucrative and prominent status in the insurance world, but at the start, how were he and his mother to live? He might make a living from the beginning, and he might not. No; he must have a certainty. Then he canvassed the stores for a position as salesman, but times were too hard to add new men; even the old ones were hanging on for dear life, knowing not where they would fetch up if they once lost their grip. He tried a civil service examination for mail-carrier and passed reasonably well, but he was seventh on the list, and unless an unprecedented number of mail-carriers died, or the city grew so as to need many more, there would be no show for him for years to come. Then he sought a position on the street-car lines, but none was vacant. Of pursers on steam-boats, there was any quantity; of railway clerks, even more. Besides, he was not an expert bookkeeper. One afternoon, pretty well discouraged, he sought

Uncle Festus, hoping to meet with advice or encouragement. The old man was, as usual, glad to see him and capered around in a manner entirely foreign to his usual dignified deportment.

"So you've no job yet, boyee? Well! I knew you wouldn't find any right away. Not but what you're smart enough to do anything, but you see times are hard, ain't been as hard in twenty year, if ever they wuz on this coast. Of course you may hit somethin' arter a while, but in my opinion ye won't never find anything outside o' a dead man's shoes. If some salesman happens to die now, or some grocery delivery man gits throwed from his waggin on one o' these hills an' breaks his blarsted neck, ye may git a chance ter break yourn. Ye see, there's nothin' doin'—no new enterprises. In 1889, a man on this coast, even though he hadn't any brains, could earn from twenty to thirty bits a day with his hands. No trick at all to strike a 'job,' as the Swedes say. Now, there's a little doin' in the mines an' considerable in lumber. If 'twasn't fer our Australian trade, there wouldn't be nothin' doin' in lumber, but as 'tis, a man who's willin' to work kin make tol'able fair wages—ordinary hands from a dollar to ten bits an' board. To be sure, a job in a lumber camp is only a peg above a job afore the mast, an' that last's only a peg above slavery, but if I was you, 'fore I'd lay 'round, waitin' fer sumthin' to turn up, I'd go in an' pull a cross-cut saw an' swing an axe. There's a possibility of sumthin' better in that line, an' I declar' fur it, I'd about as soon be foreman in a big lumber camp at a hundred to a



CLOSING THE DEAL WITH LUMBERMAN BOWMAN.

hundred an' fifty a month an' found, as to be a counter jumper measurin' off cloth an' merlasses fer six dollars a week an' find yerself. One's a little more 'ristercratic than t'other, but bein' as yer after a stake to spend in gettin' an eddication, I don't see but what the quickest way to git it is the best way."

"Money is all I'm after, Uncle Festus, and if you can assure me more at pulling a cross-cut saw than I can get as a bank-clerk or salesman, I'm after the saw. I want to be a lawyer or doctor some day, but I want a college education first, and before that, or anything else, I want to take care of mother."

Uncle Festus sat silent for a few minutes, gravely stroking his beard. Finally he looked up. "See here, boyee! go on home and come round to-morrer. No, by jing! kim with me now. I'm purty old to start in again, but if they'll let me, jest fer your sake, I'll do it. Kim along down to my boat." As they rowed out across the harbor, the old man was thoughtful and silent, but finally broke out again. "I dunno but you'll think me an' old fool to undertake business agin at my time o' life, but, by jing! I believe I'll take a whirl at it this winter, jest fer the sake o' givin' you a job. I used to know how to run a camp 'long back in the seventies, but arter I got my back pension, I quit, an' hev been takin' it easy sense. D'y'e see that bark layin' out thar, jest beyond the coal bunkers? Wall! aboard o' her is an old friend o' mine, who has a section or two over here in Kitsap county, what he wants logged. Every logger he's seen wants \$4 fer puttin' the logs inter Gamble. He's willin' to give \$3.50

an' furnish a camp equipment to some 'sponsible party at fa'r appraisal. In fact, he offers two bull teams of eight each, a bang-up assortment o' peevies, saws, wire rope, axes, dogs an' I don't know what all, at really less'n they're wuth. I've got about \$4,000 laid by fer my old age, an' I jest about think I kin go inter thet deal an' make it \$6,000, 'sides a good livin' the next year. I'm goin' over ter see him now, an' if you'll go in as my right-hand business man at \$75.00 a month an' found, I'll hire a Chinee cook an' a gang o' men, buy the outfit an' tackle the hull darnd propersition. It's the only lot o' timber I know of anywhere within nice haulin' distance o' tide water, an' if thar's six million feet on it, as he thinks, I kin make good money at \$3.75. If thar's eight million feet, as I think, I can make a clear \$3,000, besides gittin' my money back. We'll go over an' feel o' him, anyway."

They soon reached the vessel and sat down to a conference with Mr. Cyrus Bowman of San Francisco. He had been an employer of Uncle Festus twenty-five years before, and knew him for a competent foreman and one that could be trusted. He appeared somewhat surprised and more than pleased, that his old friend had finally taken enough interest in the matter to think of undertaking the job himself. He had thought of offering to equip him and hire him to superintend the camp, but when the old man proposed to undertake everything on his own capital, Bowman was overjoyed. Uncle Festus was shrewd enough to ask him \$4 per thousand. He did not

expect to receive more than \$3.50. He was therefore not a little pleased when Mr. Bowman took him up at \$4 and agreed to make a contract that should bind him to take the entire equipment off the hands of the logger at a price not less than ninety per cent of that paid, provided it was maintained and offered in good order, within two years of the date of the contract.

"You say you know this section, Estus?" said Mr. Bowman.

"Yes, sir; I logged a piece near it in '74, when the Seabeck mills was runnin'. This piece ain't more'n three or four mile from what's left o' Seabeck to-day. I know the lay o' the ground purty well. I hev it all planned how I'm a-goin' to lay out the roads, an' I kalkerate ter do it fer about \$1750."

"If you do it for \$2500, with the proposition I've made you, you'll clean up \$2000 or more. However, I hope you'll make more than that. I've got business elsewhere. I don't want to bother with this last tract of mine up here. I'm winding up my operations in this part of the sound as fast as I can. That's the only reason I'm willing to give you this fancy price. A man like you, whom I can trust, who won't leave timber he should clean up, and who is not only responsible but honest, relieves me of the task of watching him and gives me time, worth to me and my concern a very pretty figure. I'll meet you at Senator Frank Lewis' office at nine o'clock to-morrow morning and we'll draw up and sign the agreement. If at any time you get strapped and can show me roads and preparation worth the

money, I'll advance you eighty per cent of what you've paid out, to tide you over until the logs are scaled. I want to see you go through this thing all right."

"Oh, I'll go through it, an' I'm quite confident my pile won't wear out afore the first million feet o' logs is boomed. However, I'm much obligeed," returned Uncle Festus, cheerfully. The next morning the contract was arranged and that evening Uncle Festus and Rex advertised in the *Times* for help, while they made preparations to go over on the Delta the following morning to locate their camp and plan their roads. Mrs. Wayland said very little when Rex arrived with the news the first evening, for she could hardly credit the fact that this old man, whom she had always looked on as a harmless, eccentric old character, really had capacity enough to run any enterprise of the magnitude of a lumber camp. However, as Rex had assured her Mr. Bowman had the greatest confidence in him, and as Rex was not given to enthusiasm over any chimerical schemes, and was, in fact, more conservative than many men of mature years, she decided that she must have misjudged his old friend.

CHAPTER XVI

SEABECK'S "BUSTED BOOM"—SOME TRUE COUGAR YARNS

Seabeck is a typical "has been" town of Puget Sound. Years ago it was as large as, or larger than Seattle. It had its mills, and at its docks ships were loaded with lumber for the furthermost ports of the world. Yea, more—ships were built there, as many as three large vessels building at a time, and the land-boomer had high hopes. Why should it not be a great city? It had timber lands all about it, a fine harbor and splendid mills. Here is the widest portion of Hood's Canal, it being twelve miles across to the beach of Taraboo Bay. Directly across to the west were the towering Olympics, with their vast stores of mineral, lumber and game. The Olympics are there yet, but so rough and inaccessible that the timber and minerals as well as the game are quite likely to remain undisturbed. In fact, the Olympics have never been fully explored, and may not be for another fifty years. And what of Seabeck? Its mills are burned—wiped out by one mammoth fire. Its ship building is a story of past days. Its stores, hotels and saloons are closed. Its wharves are rotted, torredo-eaten and very shaky. From the water it looks very attractive even yet, for it is beautifully situated, but seven-eighths of the pretty little houses that show up so well are vacant. The green lawns and spreading fruit trees are neglected.

Its business is practically nothing, all its mail being taken up from the wharf in a small hand-bag every other day. It ships very little if any fish or oil. Its inhabitants have not even enterprise enough to go out and shoot the duck, which in season fairly cover the waters of its bay. In short, if natural decay is not soon arrested, beautiful Seabeck will be as Tyre and Sidon of old—a place of barrenness and ruin on which fishermen spread their nets to dry.

As the "Delta" swung in toward the town that January day, it seemed to Rex he had never seen a more beautiful spot. The water all through the sheltered bight was of that pretty green so common to certain bottoms of the sound. The forest to the east, south and north was of softly rounded outline, and the entire prospect was in strange contrast with the rugged, broken mountains rising up so many thousand feet and so abruptly from the opposite shore. "How I wish mother could come over here!" was the boy's first exclamation.

"So she kin! So she kin!" returned Uncle Festus, briskly, as they stepped ashore. "I know she'd enjoy it, an' I can't see why she shouldn't kim over fer a spell, bymeby. I dunno's sassiety is quite what 'tis over on Queen Anne Hill in Seattle, but then, ye must remember that's fifty mile er more toward the effete east." Uncle Festus did not appear to be the same man. He was full of business now, and had lost that easy gait, so characteristic of the loiterer along shore. It really seemed as if he were younger by twenty-five years, and his speech was



SHOOTING A COUGAR.

more decisive and to the point. The announcement that he was to open a lumber camp for Bowman & Hatch of San Francisco created a considerable stir in this sleepy little town. No matter if it was three or four miles up the sound. It meant business for the store-keeper, for the rancher who had butter or "spuds" to sell, for the small boy who caught fish for profit as well as pleasure, for the saloon man who retailed a very high-priced quality of "moisture." The man who was to run that camp was a man to cultivate and cater to, and the freedom of the city was voted him by every man, woman and child. Rex naturally expected to see Uncle Festus' head turned by such attention, but much to his surprise, the old man was as dignified and coolly courteous as any man has a right to be, who has only public favor to bestow and asks none in return. He gravely refused several offers to "have somethin'" at the village bar, and insisted on paying a fair price for all he required. To Rex he remarked: "It's allus best in the long run to hold them fellers at arm's length. Ye hire 'em cheaper, 'cause ye give 'em to understand ye intend ter pay 'em in cash fer everythin' they do, an' air not a 'store-order' concern. I don't intend to pay a cent more fer my men or produce than any other camp does, but I'll pay promptly, which is more'n most of 'em do, an' knowin' they git their money as soon as it's airned, I'll git my pick o' men an' git good days' work outen 'em."

As they started out to inspect the tract, Uncle Festus noticed that Rex had left his rifle at the

village, and not having brought his own, sent him back for it. "If these woods air anything like they used ter be, even when Seabeck was boomin', it's hardly safe to go back far without firearms. Any quantity o' cats on this side o' the peninsuler, an' some on 'em's boosters. A few year ago when I was a-workin' at Gamble, a ten-year-old girl was caught up right on the edge o' the town one night an' carried a consid'able distance by one o' the critters. Some men an' a dog pressed him purty closte, an' as 't happened the girl's dress tore jest as he was makin' a spring up onter a ledge with her, she rolled back a-squealin' like a pig, an' Mr. Cougar, not darin' to turn back, went on without her. The dog finally treed him, but he traveled in the tree tops an' got away. The next mornin', 'bout daylight, he kim 'round fer another try at human game. The dogs got after him; he took to a tree, an' the girl's father shot him. He measured 'bout ten foot from nostril to tail-tip, and weighed 'bout two hundred pound. He wasn't the biggest one in this neck o' woods, either. I've seen 'em nearly eleven foot in my time, an' I hain't heerd that the breed is a-growin' any smaller. There ain't bigger cats ner more dangerous in the hull state o' Washington than right up back here."

"But how about that girl, Uncle Festus? Was she badly hurt?"

"Hardly any. She was clawed a leetle on the shoulder whar the beast struck her when he jumped, an' when he gethered up a mouthful of her waist-band ter throw her onto his shoulder he also took

some flesh, but she was all right agin in a week. However, if he'd a had ten minutes alone with her, she'd a fared 'bout as a young klootchman did out opposite Fulton Creek a few year ago. That one eat her all up except her feet, which he left in her shoes. Oh, I tell ye, boy! They're cultus medicine—these cats. Only last year—no—'twas year afore last, two fellers was a-huntin' over near Hona-Hana. One went up each side of a ridge an' 'twas agreed that if either heerd the other shoot he was to run over. They separated an' soon one heerd the other shoot. He run over an' as he went heerd another shot. He run faster an' soon come to a place where a fight had been, an' found a gun a-layin' on the ground. He saw nothin' of his partner, an' pickin' up the gun was 'bout to go back, when his dogs barked up a leanin' tree. He looked up an' his blood run cold when he see his pardner half torn ter pieces layin' 'cross the tree trunk, a big, bloody cat crouchin' jest beyond him, his eyes glitterin' an' his ole tail a-swishin'. He took keerful aim an' let 'er go. The cat kim down, shot through the lower jaw an' shoulders, but he managed to claw the inside works outen a dog or two 'fore he died, an' was a-tryin' durn hard to git his second man, when a bullet atween the eyes settled him. I tell ye! These cats 'round here are mighty dangerous. If ever ye shoot at one, be sure ye take him atween the eyes er in the ear sideways. If ye don't care to shoot, jest stan' an' stare at 'em. They rarely jump a feller who stan's his groun' an' lets 'em alone. But here we be, at the north end o' our tract."

As Uncle Festus spoke, he stepped to the brink of a high bank or ledge which here fell sheer some thirty or forty feet to the tide flats. The tide was at its full, and set back eastward a quarter of a mile, forming what is called along shore a "slew." The tides in the Puget Sound region are much higher than the average of other coasts. Along Hood's Canal the change is occasionally as great as eighteen or twenty feet, and is often thirteen to fifteen feet opposite the delta of the Ducquebush or Doseewallop. The wind has much to do with these tides. For instance, let a strong "chinooker" blow from the south when the tide is going out, especially at the right time of the moon, and flats and rocks unexposed maybe for years will appear. Again, let a tempestuous wind from north or northwest blow in the straits of Juan de Fuca for several days, and as the tide commences to come in, change to the north, continuing its force, there will be a tide that is equal to a flood. A tide running like a mill-race, and creating "rips" around certain points exceedingly dangerous to small craft.

The canal, as this long arm of the sound is called, is not very wide on the average. In many places not more than a mile or a mile and a half, and as the water rushes in or out when tides are moving, it creates a current in such narrow channels not unlike that of a mighty river. The most wonderful exhibition of this kind in the world is at Deception Pass, at the north end of Whidby Island and between it and Fidalgo. Here few steamers, if indeed any craft afloat, can stem a tide, and going through with

One is an experience as exciting as the running of the St. Lawrence rapids. It is therefore a most desirable harbor or booming-place along the canal that lies within projecting bluff points; *i.e.*, an indentation east or west. Such an indentation was now before them. The points were not over a half-mile apart, but they were bold, and the ridges they formed did not come together until the slew had narrowed to fifty yards or less. Here there was a slight fall of water at low tide, and farther back was an insignificant run or swale. This water-course, as they found, extended back to the east line of the lot they were to log, and all this lot, which was a quarter section and two forties (240 acres) was drained by it. This lot, too, was tolerably level. That is to say, there were no precipitous grades, and even to a novice like Rex it was apparent that one main road right back up the run, with lateral roads north and south, would cover the entire lot. This was a most fortunate circumstance, for in lumbering in so rough a country as Washington, the advantageous lay of the land on any lot or lots is an important item.

"I kalkerlate I kin put them roads in fer frum \$300 to \$500 less'n what I could on any other lot o' that size I ever see," remarked Uncle Festus, as after a tour of the lots they sat down near the beach to draw a plan of the roads. This tramp, which had been in a sense an inspection and estimate of the timber, had taken considerable time, and they found the tide at its lowest on their return. "Do ye see how sharp that bluff is on both sides o' this bay?

It's straight up an' down clean up to the slew on both sides an' flat enough on top, so we kin make a road along either side or both. Even at low tide there's enough water in the bay to move a log about, an' there won't be any gittin' up in the night to move logs, so as to take advantage o' the tides. No; I'm s'prised that this piece ain't never ben logged afore an' I'm s'prised, too, that Bowman was willin' to give me \$4 fer loggin' this off."

"I've an idea you won't find \$4 any too much before you are through with the job," said Rex, quietly.

"Why? Ain't that a big price? Ain't this an easy lot?"

"Yes; it's a big price for these times, but these hard times are not going to last. Since you've been talking of logging and have given me such a splendid chance, I've been looking into all sides of the business, and I find lumber and logs in this region to be slowly on the rise. Logs that a year ago were worth only \$4.50 at the mills are now worth \$5 and \$6. We are in the first month of '96. I predict that one year from next April logs will be worth \$8, and labor consequently demanding more. Do you see the point—how good times will work against you?"

"I do," said the old man thoughtfully, "an' it's a p'int I might not a grabbed onter. I'm thinkin' you'll not be a deadhead in this enterprise, as Jim Blaine uster say. This tip you jest gin me is wuth half a year's salary, fer it warns me to git in all the

men I kin an' push things while labor is cheap.
The fust thing is a camp, an' I'll begin that to-mor-
rer mornin'."

CHAPTER XVII

REX SECURES SOME "DOMESTIC HELP"—UNCLE FESTUS SURPRISED

The morning following Uncle Festus and Rex separated at Seabeck, the former to go to the lots with a gang of men and build a camp, the latter to go by steamer to Seattle to bring back certain needed supplies and such desirable men as might have answered the advertisement.

"Now, boy," Uncle Festus had said the night before, "I'm a-goin' ter throw more responsibility onto ye than is usual with boys, an' green ones at that, but I don't kalkerlate I'll miss it any. I notice ye're willin' ter take advice an' ye air inclined to look inter a thing 'fore ye take hold on it, an' that's the reason I'm goin' ter send ye to Seattle ter buy the first grub stake. I expect ye'll git stuck 'bout \$50, but I'm goin' ter try ye jest the same. Here is the list about as we talked it, only as I've concluded ter put on a double gang an' push things, ye've got ter increase it from fifty to seventy-five per cent. The only hint I've got ter give ye, is this: ye're goin' with cash in yer fist an' we've no favors ter ask o' these dealers. Make 'em sell ye right. Take yer time an' git 'em down where ye think they orter be. You'll hev ter wait here an hour or two fer the boat, but I'm off fer the lot. I'm takin' seven men back with me from Seabeck here, ye know, an' I

want about twenty more about a week from next Tuesday mornin'. To-day's Wednesday. You kin back here—a week from next Tuesday the boat comes up—an' I'll hev accommodations fer thirty men, the sixteen bulls an' three horses we expect. I'll also hev the hay purchased an' delivered, so ye needn't bother about that. You'll find I'm a pusher in the woods or at makin' a camp. You'll naterally think I'm a-givin' you a snap when I give ye ten days or more to hire twenty-five men an' buy supplies, but I expect ye're a-goin' to shop, my boy. 'Shoppin'' is the word. Figger right down close. What ye save is as good as twice airned. Don't buy cheap labor or cheap goods, 'less'n they be reely an' truly cheap. It don't pay. On t'other hand, don't let any one git any fancy prices outen ye. You may send me ten keg o' nails an' spikes, a half-dozen hammers an' that list o' axes, adz, saws an' so on, as I've made out here. I shall be splittin' shakes the first two days, but after that I want these; so send 'em on the first boat. Now good-by, boy. Use yer head an' let's see what kind of a purchasin' agent ye be. Give yer mother my best regards," and with a wave of the hand he trotted off.

Rex rushed back to the house for his rifle, and returning with it, struck a similar trot down the beach. It looked as if he intended enjoying a short hunt before the boat came, but such was not his object. He had seen a lumber camp a mile or two north as he rode up on the steamer, and he now intended to hurry down and gather some information while waiting. The tide was low, and the beach



"ISN'T THAT WORTH SAVING, REX?"

furnished a tolerably clear trail. He was swift of foot, and just as the steamer rounded Black Point from out the Ducquebush for Brinnon, some eight or ten miles across, opposite Seabeck, he had reached the camp in question and had a good two hours before the boat would arrive. Rex was always ready in making acquaintances, and in fifteen minutes he had the foreman of the camp talking as if he had known him all his life. This camp was a model in its way, being that of one of the largest mill companies on the sound, and the next two hours were well put in by this keen-witted boy. He could only see one fault in the management, and that was in the cook-house, where a greasy, slouchy negro presided, aided by another and smaller African equally greasy, dirty and slouchy. "There's a hundred dollars a month wasted right there," mused Rex. "Two good smart women at half the pay, would set things out in better shape and at far less expense." He spoke out to this effect and was somewhat surprised to find that the foreman agreed with him. He declared, however, it was unavoidable, for the reason that women who would live amid such surroundings were generally as untidy as the men. Rex was so interested in this important branch of the business that he did not signal the steamer, but decided to accept an invitation to stay to early dinner and later walk across the peninsula by a rough trail to Silverdale over on the east side. All that day he pondered on some method of obviating this waste. On his arrival at Seattle he ordered his bill of hardware, and having shipped it to "Camp Estus," Hood's

Canal, took a car for home, where he found his mother unusually anxious to see him.

The poor woman had never been so lonesome, and while she did not wish to do or say anything that should deter Rex from his undertaking, found it exceedingly difficult to be at all cheerful. It had always been Rex's custom to talk over all his plans with his mother, and he found her at this time particularly interested. She listened attentively and offered many suggestions that proved her a woman of an exceedingly strong business turn. His narration of the waste at the camp he had visited seemed to impress her more than all else, and after their evening dinner, while Rex was at his figures and calculations, she sat for a long time in deep meditation. As he finally finished, she asked:

"Rex, how much is it going to cost us to run this establishment while you are away?"

"Why, mother, I haven't figured on that. I want you to have a girl for company, and I shall come over at least once a week. I presume \$50 a month or a little more will cover it."

"Isn't that worth saving, Rex?"

"Why, yes; but I don't see how it can be saved. You've got to live, mother, and I want you to live well. That is one reason why I am branching out in this business. I don't care what hardships I undergo, so long as you are having an easy time of it."

The little woman sat silent for a time, her lips trembling and her eyes brimming with tears. Finally the tears forced their way and ran down over

her cheeks. This devotion, this unselfish regard for her, touched her mother's heart, and even as she wept, she was probably at that minute as proud a mother as could be found in all the city. She finally arose, and walking over to Rex's chair, knelt down beside it, and taking his face between her hands, kissed him just as she used to when he was a child. Then, holding his head away, she looked him in the eyes very steadily, the tears flowing faster than ever.

"Why, mother, you won't mind my leaving you, will you? I mean to make you just as comfortable as ever. I'm sorry I can't get something to do here in Seattle so as to be with you, but in these times it does n't seem possible. I'll be at home as often as I can, and you won't be so very lonely?"

His evident distress affected her more than ever, and strive as she would, her agitation momentarily increased. By a great effort, however, she finally managed to regain her composure, and resumed her chair. Here she sat looking very sad and penitent, and finally, in a pitiful little voice, exclaimed: "I'm afraid, Rex, I'm not much of a Spartan. I've certainly no excuse for such conduct, because I know it's childish and unreasonable."

"No, mother; you're not unreasonable. I understand you if other people might not, and I know this to be an evidence of your great love for me. I love you all the better for it."

"Well, there! If you understand me, Rex, I'm glad I had my cry. I always feel better afterward. I'm all right now. I have a plan. I was afraid to

mention it, but, Rex—it's—it's a *real* good one. You won't laugh at me if I tell it?"

"Laugh at you? Well, I guess not. I'd like to see the man that would."

"Rex, I want to go with you to the logging camp."

"What! Great Scott, mother! You don't know what you're asking. Do you realize that we shall live in a shake-house not as good as our shed out here? A house built of green shakes and puncheon? It's terribly wild out there, too, mother. Right next the beach. The waves beat and thunder night and day, and the great, gloomy forest, with all kinds of wild animals in it, comes right down to the shore."

"I guess there won't be any royal Bengal tigers, anacondas or lions," said she, smiling mischievously.

"There'll be cougar or mountain lion, and they're as bad, mother."

"I can risk all that, Rex, for after I get there I shan't go roaming about any. You and Mr. Estus can build me a little pen somewhere that I can live in, and where I can see you often. You must remember, Rex, that you're the only living relative I have. But that isn't the only reason I have for wanting to go. I can be of great use to you and your employer. Small as I am, you know that I am a good manager, and that I can do more work than most women twice my size. I pride myself particularly on my management. You know I've always managed help that no one else could. Now, why could I not go over to that camp, taking with me a

couple of good girls, and do the same work that three big, greasy men will be paid twice as much for doing? You say you're going to run a double gang of thirty or forty men. Well! Even with one girl I could cook for that many, and with two good girls I can run things to suit you and fold my hands half the time. Come, now, Rex"—here she assumed a comical look, even while tears glistened in her eyes—"geev yo'r pore moother a yob! Yaas!"

Her Swedish accent was so perfect and her gestures so comical, that Rex burst into loud laughter, and when she stared at him as solemn as an owl and added, "I save yo heap moanee, I veree yonest, yaas!" he could only laugh the harder and exclaim, "Mother! you're a born comedian."

"No, but I'm a born cook, and I'm going to close up this house and go with you. If Mr. Estus won't pay me, I'll do the work for my board, and we'll be ahead then, for we certainly won't have house rent or grocery or fuel bills to pay. Say 'yes,' Rex! Quick!"

"Yes, Mother, but how in the world you're ever going to live through it, I'm sure I don't see."

"I'll show you, young man. Go to bed now and rest, for I shall wake you early. We must go down town and purchase all those supplies to-morrow."

Rex arose at five o'clock the following morning, that he might have time to write to Uncle Festus, and catch the seven o'clock boat. He detailed progress, and wound up with these words: "I wish to inform you that I shall bring a widow lady and two smart Swede girls to cook for us, in place of the

colored or Chinee help you mentioned. I shall hire the girls at about half or two-thirds what male help would cost, and as for the widow lady, she allows you to name your own price. I know she is a good cook, for I have eaten her cookery all my life. Her name is Mrs. Margaret Wayland."

"Gee Whilikins!" was the old man's comment when he read this letter.

CHAPTER XVIII

A MODEL LOGGING CAMP DESCRIBED

To say that Rex was surprised at the transformation when he reached Camp Estus would be to put it mildly. He was amazed. What looked like a small village stood in a sheltered spot on the bluff. From this cluster of buildings was a clean-cut path through the brush to the edge of the bank and leading down from it was a wide pair of steps. These were fastened to small piles at the bottom, where floated a platform some twenty-five feet square, with a small cabin upon it, for the reception of supplies in rainy weather. This platform rose and fell with the tide and extended out far enough so that even at low tide a steamer could draw up alongside. A large four-oared whaleship tender was tied to one of the piles and as the steamer drew up, Uncle Festus carefully pulled this in out of the way.

"Quite a boat ye got there, Mr. Festus," called out a deck hand.

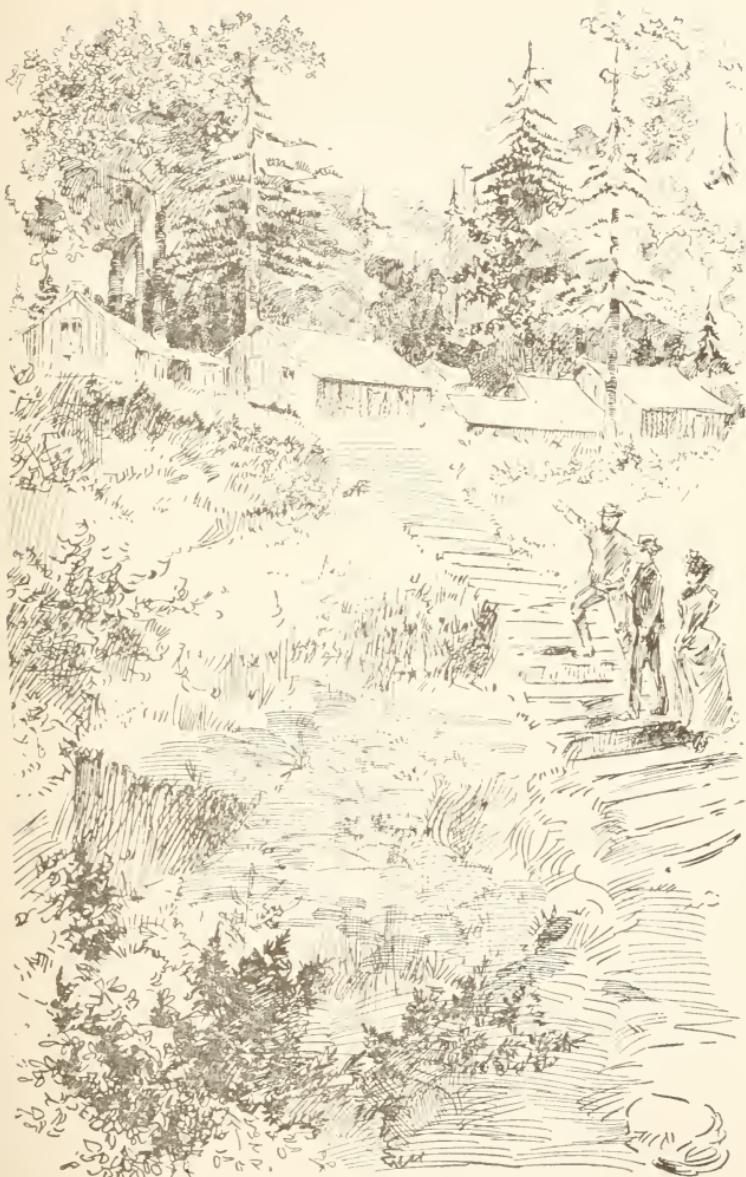
"Mr. Estus, if it pleases ye," said the old man with great dignity, at the same time raising his hat to Mrs. Wayland, who was leaning over the rail. "Yes," he assented, "I kalkerlate that's one o' the best an' safest boats along shore anywhere, but it's none too good fer the best camp of 'em all. Any camp what's got ladies in it ought to hev a good boat. That's why I sent fer this one."

"I guess you're going to feed your men, Mr. Estus, judgin' from the grub we've got aboard fer you," called out Captain Troutman.

"Them's the intentions, Cap'n. They won't be any blanket trail runnin' in an' out this camp." At this there was a general laugh, for it is a well-known fact that many camps keep the trails to and from the beach well worn by the feet of half-starved workmen, who come in, stand the fare as long as they can and then, shouldering their blankets, depart. By this time the gang-plank was down, and Mrs. Wayland, accompanied by two blooming Swede girls, stepped ashore. The whole party stood for a moment watching the deck-hands roll and set out the barrels of flour, sugar, pork and beans, the boxes of dried fruits, bags of oatmeal, rice and mill feed, together with a whole beef in quarters. Nearly a dozen stalwart workmen had followed down to the landing. Uncle Festus gave them directions as to the storehouse, and then, turning to the ladies, invited them to the house. "You kin come too, if ye wanter," he continued, addressing Rex, who, in open-mouthed wonder, stood looking at the collection of buildings, literally split, hewed and chopped out of the standing growth of forest within ten days. "What d'ye think of my shake shanties, boyee? Ain't I an arkytec allee same as a builder?"

"Well! I should say, Uncle Festus. How in the world did you ever do all this in so short a time?"

"Oh! easy enough, although I didn't do it with seven men. After you went that day, we set to work a-cuttin' an' splittin' shakes an' puncheon.



"WHAT D'YE THINK OF MY SHAKE SHANTIES, BOYEE?"

Also gittin' out the poles for timbers. 'Fore noon, a gang o' five Swedes kim along an' struck me fer a 'yob.' They seemed good, likely fellows, an' I tole 'em it was a stiddy yob when the big boss come, if they worked well. Ye ought a seen 'em hustle; an' they're handy, too. One on 'em made that there fire-place and chimney outeren stun from that there ledge, an' he swars it's stun what won't crack, too. I've sent fer some lime, an' he's a-goin' to make mortar an' pint it up. Don't need much pintin' up, however. Ye can't throw no cat through a wall that feller puts up. But as the auction crier says, 'Come in! Come in! ''

The nearest building was fifty feet long and fully thirty wide. But one story in height, it looked very odd. Uncle Festus pulled a latch-string and ushered the party into a room about twelve feet deep and thirty feet wide. At the east end was an open grate stove, which he explained came with a half-dozen other stoves in the Bowman outfit. Near this stove was an excellent desk with pigeon-holes, and across from it sat a large safe, in which Uncle Festus seemed to take great pride. He declared "they wusn't a bigger safe'n that in some cities." The other half of this long room was entirely occupied with racks and receptacles for axes, saws, peavies, files, chains, wire rope, hooks, etc. The old gentleman gravely informed Rex that this collection he would have charge of, and that no man could take one without a written order, which stood as a charge against him until the return of the tool.

Directly opposite the entrance was another door,

which Uncle Festus threw open with a flourish, disclosing a room about fifteen feet square, at the side of which was a rude, but very attractive, fire-place, with big andirons which had been resurrected from somewhere. "This is the council room, whar the staff will set an' consider ways an' means, while they toast their shins. This next is the ladies' budwares, although I ain't had time ter git in the Lewy Nineteenth furnitoor. These beds are all thet come an' they ain't quite what I wish they was, but we kin git some funny-diddles fer 'em an' then they'll do."

The "budwares" in question were four bedrooms, each furnished with a bed, a wash-stand and a small stove. Two of these rooms, those for Rex and his mother, were side by side at the west of the main room. From this room, extending south, was a passage-way, on one side of which was Uncle Festus' room, and on the other a room for the girls. Next the girls' room was a large pantry and store-room, and across from it was the kitchen or cook-room. The dining-room, or "grub-hall," was fifteen feet by thirty. A door at the farther side served for the ingress and egress of the men, and a long table permitted the feeding of from thirty to forty men at a time. Rex, his mother, and Uncle Festus were to eat at another table in the room where the fire-place was, which was, in fact, a sort of family sitting and reading room. The floors of this as well as other buildings were of puncheon—logs split about four inches thick and hewed to a joint at the edges. This as well as all other buildings was in every sense

hewed or split from growing trees. Its shake sides and roof and its puncheon floors were from cedar. Its pole frame was from spruce, cut, mortised and joined with pins and spikes. So far as proportion was concerned, no carpenter could have done better with the best of materials, but of course all the buildings were very rough.

The bunk hall, just south of the main building, was larger on the ground. It was heated by a huge iron stove, standing in the center of the room, and around the outside of this big room were the bunks or racks for the men. These racks were similar to those seen in any colonist sleeper, though more roughly made, and each occupant furnished his own bedding, lugging it into camp on his back, as is the custom. This building had bunks for thirty-six men. The largest building of all was the "bull barn" or stables. There were sixteen of these great oxen, not one of which would girt less than eight feet, just back of the shoulders, and there were three horses, or rather a mule team and one horse. The horse was a saddle-pony for use in running errands. The mules could be worked in team or singly, and were very handy to snake out small pieces of timber. Of course, a large stable was needed. It must contain roomy stalls, sufficient space to store fifteen or twenty tons of hay on a pinch, and have room not only for grain or mill feed boxes, but a passage way down the center. The stable here erected was one hundred by thirty feet. Then there was a storehouse for provisions, and a blacksmith shop with its sling or rack for hoisting up oxen while being shod.

There was a commodious spring or wash-house where the men could wash their clothing. Finally, there was the saw-filing shed, with its long clamps for holding saws and its big grindstone for sharpening edged tools.

As Uncle Festus had stated, he had twelve experienced and capable men besides himself. Rex had brought up nineteen more together with the women, making thirty-three in all not including the two bosses. Both Rex and Uncle Festus had been very particular in their selection of men and there was not a poor stick among them.

The average logger is but a grade above the common sailor, and in most camps there is no encouragement to be otherwise. It is possible, however, to choose help. A new camp starting out under good auspices, and conducted on a cash basis, has no difficulty in taking such men as it may want from the older and more poorly managed camps. The best men are always those who have the most self-respect, and who are neat and tidy in appearance. Such men prefer a new camp, because of new, clean buildings. Camp Estus was also offering fifteen-day payments in cash. This attracted the best men from the mills and camps running "company" stores, and paying in "cats and dogs" instead of cash. The *modus operandi* of logging in Washington is so different from that in vogue elsewhere that a detailed description may prove interesting.

CHAPTER XIX

NOW THEY LOG IN WASHINGTON—"UNCLE, ANGELINE'S DEAD"

Logging is the principal business of the great Puget Sound region, and nowhere else in the world is it such an exact science. It should first be borne in mind that the average product of each acre of timber in this region is at least twice that of any other section on account of the great height and size of the trees. The average product guaranteed to purchasers of timber land in this region is often sixty thousand feet per acre and generally little below that, while from some particular sections such cuts have been made as are beyond belief. On the lot to be logged by Camp Estus experienced loggers had estimated seventy thousand feet per acre, but this Uncle Festus hardly hoped for, until he came to "cruise" it. At the outset, he and Mr. Bowman had figured on but one hundred and sixty acres or a quarter section, but the day before the contract was consummated, a company owning eighty acres to the northeast, had decided to accept an offer of Bowman & Hatch for the logs, and the contract had been made to cover two hundred and forty acres. Lumbermen always aim to log as large a tract as possible from one camp, and this was good news.

Now that the camp was ready, roads must be put in, a task requiring experience and excellent judg-

ment. Uncle Festus and Rex had hired only the best of men, but to none of these would the old gentleman intrust the laying out of roads. The proper lay-out of these roads meant a saving of possibly \$1,000 or \$2,000. Armed with a light axe, Uncle Festus started out, making his way directly through the center of the lot, toward the rear, "blazing" or hewing marks on the trees as he went. To the inexperienced, he seemed at times following a devious course, for he crossed the run at intervals and bore to the north or south, but the "swampers" decided "the old man knew his biz," for the reason that they found no important fills or cuts and no up-hill hauls. That is to say, this main road, as planned, was all the way down-hill toward the beach. At one or two places he was obliged to blaze out a double road, or two roads side by side, to avoid a rise in the lateral or branch roads. The first day he picked his way and blazed this road clear to the further line, a distance of nearly a mile as the bird flies and with its windings much more. After him came three swampers, who cut down and dragged to one side the small growth. These were cut anywhere handiest, from the ground to three feet up. Close behind came a gang of six "grubbers" with roothooks, grubbing axes, ordinary axes and saws. After these, six men with hand-spikes, peavies and other tools, and a team of four oxen driven by one man, assisted by a hook tender or chain man. Next came a gang of six with picks, shovels, spades, etc. The swampers cut and dragged to one side all growth up to four inches. The axe



LOGGING IN WASHINGTON.

and saw men cut off all trees, sawing such as were large enough into logs—no log less than eighteen inches in diameter at the top is received at the mills—the smaller trees into skids or cross-pieces for the roads. The grubbers cut off the roots of the stumps at the ground or dug beneath, as might be necessary, the chain men or hook tenders fastened the team to the log or stump that was to be twitched out, or if the stump proved too large it was left for a gang that was yet to come. This gang carried dynamite, for blowing these stumps into fragments. One man was responsible for all the dynamite work, and he had an assistant. The two kept a little ahead of the shovel men or graders, and the explosions they caused at intervals fairly shook the ground. Not only stumps, but rocks were shattered. The number of bridges or trestles that it was found necessary to build across the run was very small, so well had the road been planned, and when finished it was as smooth as a house floor, with no curves worth mentioning, and all stumps at the sides hewed down or slanted so that it was impossible for any log in a long string to catch and stop the teams. Last of all came six men with a pair of mules. Two of these men, with picks, dug shallow trenches across the road every four or six feet, and into these two others laid the short logs cut for that purpose. After being put in, these were packed or stamped tightly in place. Two men, each with an adz, smoothed off the top, making the middle of the stick a little lower than the ends; a man with a bucket of grease smeared these cross-

pieces with a paddle of wood, after which the road was ready.

It will thus be seen that every man was used to advantage, and that the work went rapidly forward. At the end of the first three days, the main road had been pushed back a quarter of a mile and then the construction of the lateral or branch roads, to the north and south, was commenced. The putting on of twenty-eight men at the roads the first week, gave them such a start that early the following week the cutting and hauling was begun. Meanwhile a blacksmith and his assistant had been putting the tools in order; oxen and mules had been shod, harness had been mended, goads made, and rope spliced. The blacksmith of a logging camp must be a man of versatility, as he is called upon to work in iron, wire and wood. Most blacksmiths would be at a loss if called on to splice wire rope, yet the competent logging blacksmith does it, and if asked, blocks out, finishes up and irons an ox yoke, or sews a bit of harness. He knows the proper temper for each tool, and his welds are as strong as the original iron. He can sling up and shoe a refractory ox or horse without fuss, and if one is sick, he knows as much about doctoring him as the teamster. He may know how to drive, but there he draws the line. He may criticise, in fact, always does criticise, the driving freely, but he never drives, and is probably wise in his conservatism. The art of driving a team of eight to twelve oxen, horses or mules and making all pull together, is one that but few men possess, and a first-class

teamster is therefore a valuable and high-priced man. There were two in Camp Estus, both good men, each jealous of the other, each claiming to be the better man, each receiving \$100 per month and board. One made the "shent" hauls to the main road, the other took the string to tide water, and while they should have worked well together, both taxed the patience of their employers by constant bickerings. The "fallers" were another pair of aristocrats, in their line, each receiving \$80 per month and board. They were not worked so close together that they must needs conflict, yet one was constantly passing criticism on the other, and if one happened to break two trees in a day, the other never ceased picking at him until he was equally unfortunate. This rivalry was really a good thing for the camp, for it insured careful falling. The talent these men possess is wonderful, when the size, weight and brittle character of the great trees is considered. A first-class faller calculates to six inches the distance to the right or left of the place he will lay a tree, and notching out his scarf puts his men at the proper side, while the rest of his gang are preparing a bed of brush or small trees, that shall ease the fall of the giant. A scarf once cut, the long saw is set across, and soon the monster fir is seen to wave at the top. That is a moment of anxiety to the faller, for a little too deep a cut of the saw on either side may send the great tree several feet to the right or left of the place he has calculated on. It must be remembered that these trees are from three to twelve feet in diameter, hold their size well, and are from one hundred and seventy-five to

three hundred and twenty-five feet in height. They yield all the way from one thousand five hundred to twelve thousand feet each, and a break, where long sticks may be desired, is bad business. So accurate is the calculation of these fallers, that many will work an entire season with only two or three bad breaks to his charge. The fall of one of these monsters is a grand sight, and one never to be forgotten. The blow on the face of old Earth seems to make the ground quake for a half-mile around, and the downward sweep through the air causes a disturbance among the lesser growth like unto a small hurricane.

After the faller and his gang come the "rossers," or barkers, with their axes, to clear away the debris and peel off the thick bark from the log. At some seasons this bark, from three to eight inches thick, sticks very tight, and this job of rossing is an important part of the expense. Following these men are the cutters, or saw men. There are generally four of these to each gang of fallers. They are followed by the team and hook tenders, and these by the "greaser," dodging about here and there with his pail of dog fish oil or petroleum. This grease is applied in such quantities that it looks like waste, but without it, to move the long strings of great logs would be impossible. A single log six feet or more in diameter and thirty feet long could not well be moved on ground or skids, by even these great teams, were it not for this grease. Aided by it, however, from five to eight logs are moved at a haul, and from five thousand to ten thousand feet taken down.

Working two gangs of fallers, two teams, and with plenty of men everywhere, Camp Estus was a busy place, and within thirty days was so well organized that from 60,000 to 80,000 feet of logs rolled into the bay every day. During the first two months nearly 3,000,000 feet were boomed, and owing to careful calculations and favorable circumstances, the camp was clearing from \$50 to \$75 per day. The \$5,000 Uncle Festus had hoped to make during the year, seemed more likely to be \$15,000, and everything was as prosperous as the most ambitious could wish. Mrs. Wayland had never been so healthy in her life, and had certainly suffered no discomfort. She did not miss the society of the city half as much as she had expected to, especially, as accompanied by Rex, Uncle Festus and the girls, she had gone by boat and afoot across to church. Rex had developed into an excellent man of business, purchasing all supplies and hiring all the men. Mrs. Wayland accompanied him to Seattle occasionally, and found the trips charming, as trips up and down the Sound always are. Both were very happy, for they were earning and saving. Uncle Festus had insisted on raising Rex's pay from \$75 to \$90, and Mrs. Wayland's from \$25 to \$35, when he saw how things were turning out, making for the two \$125 per month, and board. Out of this they were saving \$100 per month and calculated at the end of the year to have a fund that would put Rex well on his way through school. Rex had at first spent some of his evenings studying Spanish, but latterly the study had been neglected, and he was fully engrossed in the logging business.

One day, however, the "Delta" brought up the papers, and as Rex sat down on the wharf to read the "P. I.," he saw a heading: "Princess Angeline Dead!" He hastily read the article, and crushing the paper in his hand, started on a run for the woods where Uncle Festus was superintending operations. As he scurried up the logging road, leaping from one cross-piece to another, he met the old man. "Uncle Festus, Angeline is dead!"

"Is that so? Wall, I'm durn sorry. Poor ole soul; how did she die?"

"I don't know that; but what about the book? Can't I go and get that diary now?"

The old man mused a minute, and then said slowly: "Why, I don't see any reason why ye shouldn't. Yes; I think I would. I'd be kinder secret about it, though."

"Trust me for that," said Rex, as he handed the newspaper to the old man and bounded away.

CHAPTER XX

REX SECURES THE DIARY AND HAS A THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A COUGAR

So great was his anxiety to start across the peninsula that Rex was half inclined to leave his rifle behind, but as he did not dare go near "Old Man House" before nightfall anyway, he had plenty of time to make that twelve miles, as it was now but 2:45. He did not care to come back in the darkness without arms, so he concluded to go for the weapon. His mother came in as he was putting his cartridge belt about him, and to her inquiry as to where he was bound, he replied that he was going out toward Seabeck, on toward Lone Rock, and might go across to Silverdale and beyond, but would be back by bed-time. Mrs. Wayland thought nothing of this, as it was his habit to occasionally take a stroll along toward night, and asked: "Which way are you coming back, Rex?"

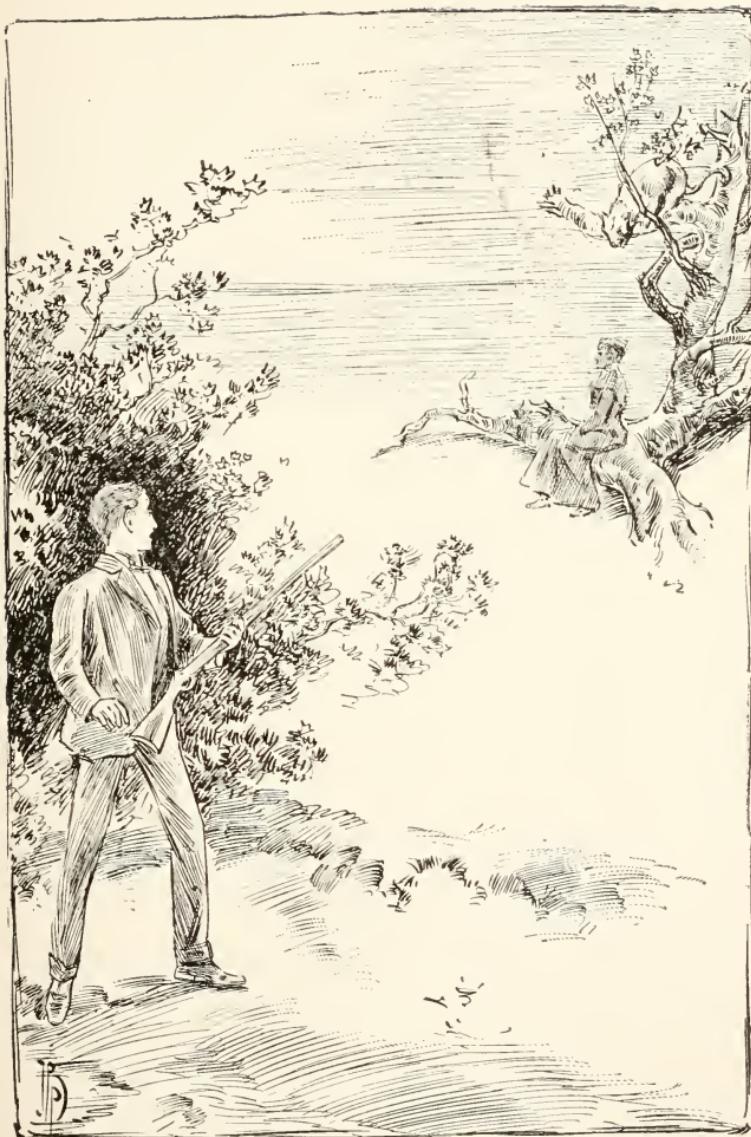
"I'll come right up along shore from Lone Rock, mother."

"All right; don't be too late and maybe I'll come out and meet you."

"Well, if you do, come right down to the rock, but don't come over into the woods. I'll try and get back to the rock a little before dusk, but if I'm not there before, don't wait. Go to Sergius' cabin. I'll call there for you on my way back. Good-by."

Rex saw nothing worth a shot on his way across, and at six o'clock was hidden in the bushes fringing the shore back of Agate Passage. No one was in sight. The Siwash of the reservation were probably back upon the hill picking berries. He could hear their voices. There was no need to wait until after dark. He would slip down and dig up the box. If any one came he could easily fill in the cache and smooth it over before they reached him. As his fingers touched the box, he lifted and shook it. The book was inside, and with hands a trifle tremulous and heart beating a bit fast, he pulled the box apart, took out the precious book, deposited it in his pocket, and replacing the box, started up the beach toward a branch leading to the main trail. Alone, he sat down and took a look at his treasure, becoming so much interested he was unaware of the approach of night until he began to experience difficulty in tracing the letters. Then he picked up his rifle and started on a trot toward home.

As he ascended the divide, the light grew stronger, and with flying leaps he made rapid time down toward the canal beach. However, it was nightfall before he came to the first opening where he could see the water, shining up with that dull after-sunset glow through the tree-tops. He was walking now across a flat, and suddenly he smelled fresh blood and the odor of the viscera of some animal. Stopping, he found himself standing within four feet of the remains of a fawn. The blood was yet warm, and so were the scant remains. This tragedy of the woods had occurred since he passed



REX SAVES HIS MOTHER FROM A COUGAR.

that way—probably a half-hour or less before. This looked like cougar work, and in all probability he had scared them from their repast. Yes; it was cougar, and that there were two or three of them he was quite sure, for there in the swale, running right across the trail one hundred and fifty feet beyond, he found three tracks. One was very large. The others smaller. All were of good size, however, and he conjectured that either an old cat with two kittens or a male with two female followers was lurking about. "Looks more like a tom and two tabbies by the size of the tracks," he muttered as he pumped a cartridge into the barrel of his 40-82 Winchester and pushed two or three more into the magazine. He now stepped slowly along, looking to the right and left with a creepy feeling, hardly knowing from which quarter to expect to see a monster cat flying at him through the air. It was about five hundred yards to the beach, and as he finally emerged from the deeper shadow of the big woods, he felt relieved. He was no coward, but no man, no matter how brave, ever feels easy in the vicinity of these terrible animals. He was within three hundred yards of the beach now and rapidly nearing it, when through and across the low brush he saw a sight that made him more creepy than ever. The after-glow rendered objects between the water and the low bluff quite clear. In fact, his mother's head and shoulders from where she sat on a drift log near the beach stood out in a distinct silhouette. The distinctness of the dearly loved object was so startling that he paused for an instant and gazed steadily. At this instant

she turned her head slightly and the delicate profile stood out, even at that distance of two hundred yards, as clearly as the reeds and twigs down nearer the water. "I can see her so plainly from here, and yet she cannot see me at all," thought he. "I will call to her to sit still, and look this way, while I wave my arms and see if I can make any motion she can distinguish." He had opened his mouth, drawn in his breath, and all but given utterance, when his quick eye distinguished a movement farther up along the huge tree trunk toward its top and at her back; a second later his heart stopped beating and he became sick with horror. The head of a huge cat was rising slowly from the gnarled, dry limbs of the drift. As he looked, the shoulders rose in sight and then the huge body, the tail of which stood straight out behind, large as a man's arm and at least three feet long. Farther back among the dry branches and also over in the reeds, he detected other movements, and knew that all three cats were slowly crawling up on their intended victim. Sickening horror had for a moment disabled him, but a peculiar motion of the great cat now brought him to his senses and he felt every nerve grow rigid. The cougar had begun that up and down motion, that gathering preliminary to a spring, that quivering of tense muscles, that setting of great claws into the wood that the intended leap might be true to its mark. The animal had already crouched; the great tail, at first slowly waving from side to side, had become rigid and still, when Rex found himself looking along his gun barrel, the sights fine and exactly on the base of

that pointed ear. It seemed as if his finger pressed the trigger without an effort on his part, and apparently before the gun cracked the great cat rose in the air six or eight feet, and with a horrid yawl tumbled in a writhing heap on the gravel half-way toward the woman sitting there entirely unconscious of her danger. With a yell sufficient to frighten all the cats in Washington, Rex now bounded down the bluff toward the tree-top, pumping out his shell as he went and shouting: "Sit still, mother! Don't move! It's Rex! I've killed the old tom! The tabbies are in the brush!" But he had no need to fear. The crack of the rifle, that yawl, his yell and his flying footfalls, had scared the beasts half out of their wits. One, with a snarl, leaped far out into the water, not taking time to turn, and was now floundering along in the drift-wood toward the shadow of the forest. The other, equally wild with terror, was tearing through the brush like a wounded bear. The big tom, with an occasional convulsive kick, lay close to the edge of the water, all four feet in the air, a .40-82 bullet clean through both ear-drums. With cocked gun Rex leaped over the log, ran up to the cat, kicked it in the ribs as it lay, backed off, shot into its body, and when there was no movement, dropped his gun and running to his mother picked her clean off her feet, all the time crying and trembling like a hysterical woman.

"There! There! Rex. Set me down! I'm not hurt, nor very badly scared. Don't you see? I hadn't time to know what happened. You've killed

the animal. Be quiet, now! Do! Don't hug me so! You'll smash all my corset stays. Why, Rex! What does ail you?"

Half-laughing, half-crying, Rex finally knelt beside her, buried his face in her dress and sobbed like a scared child. The strain had been terrible, and now that he knew she was safe he was no longer a man of nerve but a crying weakling. Mrs. Wayland understood.

"That's all right, my son. Cry if you feel like it. You're a brave man just the same. You saved mother's life—that you did. There are not many boys who could have acted so promptly nor have been half as brave. Mother's proud of you. I'm sure Uncle Festus will be too. There now! none of that! no more bear hugs—Rex! you don't realize how strong you are." Here the little lady, her feathers sadly ruffled, pushed him at arm's length again and stood laughing while he composed himself. She was cool as a cucumber, and her manner prevented Rex making a further exhibition of himself. Advancing to the cat and striking a match, Rex bent over and held the flame close to the great mouth, the lips of which were drawn back from the tearing fangs. The yellow eyes gleamed glassily enough, but no longer emitted sparks as they had done before he shot. He touched one of the great forearms, heavier than his own, and noted the convulsive contraction of the spread claws with which that formidable paw was armed. This was the last motion the cat ever made. It lay limp as a rag, the last of the reputed nine lives having apparently left it.

"Had I been fifteen seconds later, that great paw would have broken your head all in, mother."

Mrs. Wayland shuddered. "I know it, Rex, and I shall be careful how I venture out far from camp again, especially at nightfall. Come; let us go home now, and let the men come after this carcass with a boat. I suppose you want the hide as a trophy."

"That I do, mother. I propose to have a rug out of it. Come on—or, wait! I'll build a small fire here and the men can then more easily find the game." This he did, and then walking his mother ahead while he nervously followed with cocked rifle, this unstrung young cougar-killer made his way toward camp, which they reached about 9:30. Their story created something of a stir, and four sturdy oarsmen with Uncle Festus at the tiller made a quick trip for the game.

"I tell ye, he's a booster!" remarked Uncle Festus, as two of the men came lugging the cat on a pale across the plank to the steps where the crowd waited.

"Biggest durn cat I ever see!" exclaimed Big Hank the faller, who could tell larger and more thrilling hunting stories than any man along the entire canal.

"He must be a sockdolager if Hank admits that," said the rival faller, and as the cat came into view—"By jeminy crikits, he is! Say, that feller is all of ten foot!"

On reaching camp, Uncle Festus put the scales at two hundred and five pounds at a guess and glanced over his spectacles with surprise as the balance came up smartly against the brass cross-piece. "Ain't any

o' you fellers sneakin' a foot on that there platform, be ye?" he asked, glancing 'round at the numerous feet and legs that crowded near.

"No; everything's clear," was the cry.

"Everything but that there whollopin' great tail on the floor. There! I'll tuck it inter the cord atween the feet. Now! everybody stand back." Here Uncle Festus began sliding the brass marker along. It went out to 40, but stayed up. To 45 and still up, but trembled at 47. At 48½ it went slowly down.

"A plump two hundred and forty-eight!" called out Uncle Festus. "By the Great Horn Spoons! But he's a booster. Yes, siree! Ain't fat, nuther. Seems to be stocky an' heavy-built like. There's where he gits his weight. Now let's see what he measures. Stan' clear, everybody there! Now, boys! Stretch him out on his back—so fashion! Hold down the snout to the floor thar, Jim. Don't be 'fraid. He can't bite ye. Now, Will, jest you take hold o' that tail an' pull the kinks out, while I cut these cords about his feet so he won't lay humped. Thar ye air! Now, hev ye got that tail out full length? Don't pull the critter in two. Now, I'll mark on the floor here at the nose an' you mark at the tip o' the tail. There ye air! Now, roll him one side while I measure. Ten feet, seven an' three-quarter inches. No! Hold on. I'm wrong. It's ten foot *nine* an' three-quarter inches. Say, boys! Thar's the biggest cat ever killed 'long this canal. It's heavier an' longer. The hide's purty good, too. I'll skin it myself an'

take out the skull fer mountin', teeth an' all. I'll bury the skull out here in an ant hill a piece, an' the skin—I don't believe I dare try fixin' that. I jest think I'll stretch it on a frame an' take it to a taxydarmist. Boy, that rug, when ye git it made, 'll sell fer \$150, an' 'tain't goin' ter cost ye more'n ten ter git it made."

"No man can buy it for \$250. I want it for mother's best room."

"Wall, she'll need a purty big room to spread that."

It was now late bed-time, and the women retired while Uncle Festus and a helper began skinning the cat. They did this very neatly, leaving on claws, tail and head skin, with nostrils and both upper and lower lips. The skull would be stripped of its scant meat by ants in a short time, burrowing into places no knife could reach. After the skinning all went to bed, and Rex had just dropped into his first sleep when there came a rap at his door. He opened it and beheld Uncle Festus standing there in his overalls and flannel night shirt, his whiskers and hair all awry.

"Say, boyee! I fergot to ask about the book. Did ye git it?"

"Yes, uncle. It's in the safe. Put it there when I first came."

"Oh, ye did! Well, the country's safe then, an' I guess I'll lay my bones away agin." The old man presented a comical sight as he tiptoed back, his suspenders hanging, and the flame of the tallow candle he always persisted in using, in dangerous proximity to his bushy beard.

CHAPTER XXI

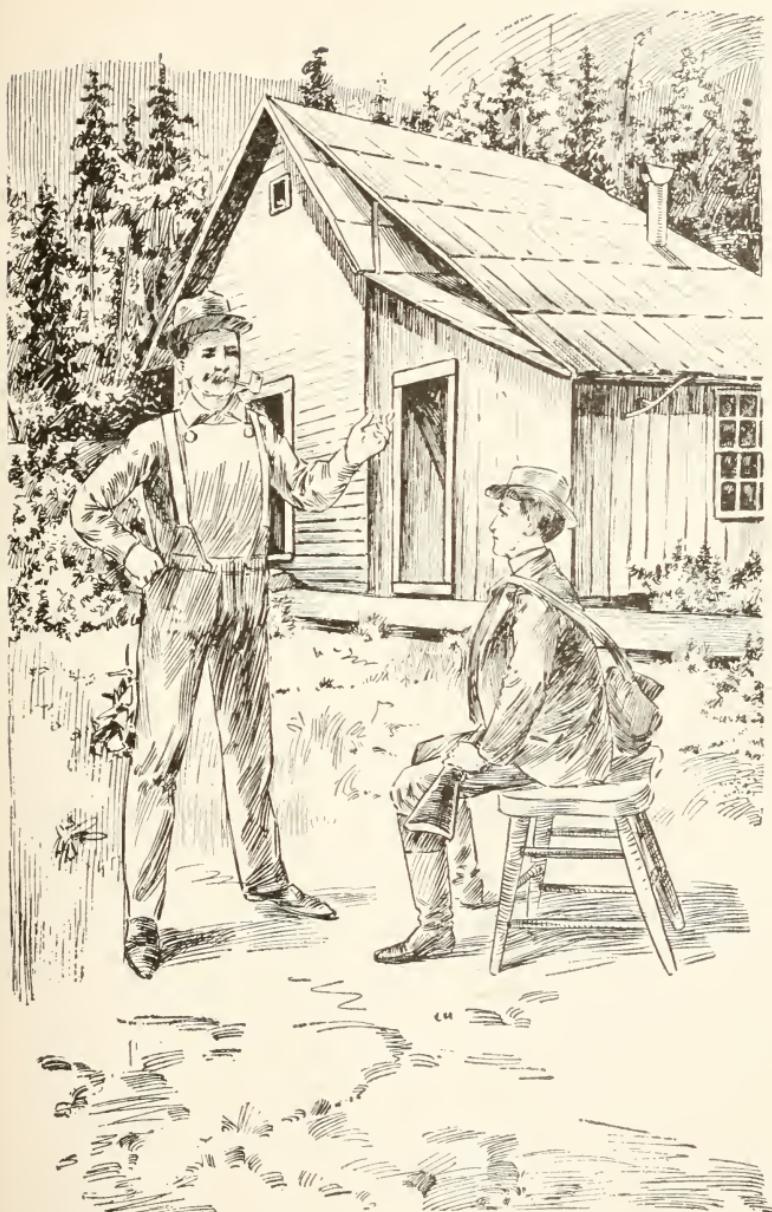
STUDYING SPANISH AND THE OLYMPICS

Rex now renewed with great energy the study of Spanish, which he had practically abandoned some months before. His duties about the camp being comparatively light, he found many hours to devote to this side line. His knowledge of Latin helped him, and he made fair progress, even without a master. Finally he made an arrangement whereby he and a certain Spanish gentleman at Port Townsend exchanged two letters in Spanish each week, and soon felt that he was really progressing. He had never opened the diary since the day he put it in the safe, but that it contained reference to a treasure hidden somewhere in the Olympic Mountains he had not a doubt. It seemed very strange that these mountains had never been more fully explored. He often sat of a summer evening and gazed at the snowy peaks, so near and yet so far. He found that few people on the coast had ever ventured more than ten or twelve miles into these mountains, and a still smaller number twenty miles, while no one that he had ever met had explored them to a distance of fifty miles. He often talked of this to the various hunters and fishermen who came along, but all of these hardy men shook their heads and remarked: "Go back a ways yerself, Mr. Wayland, an' you'll see why." One old prospector came

along the canal one day, following the beach in hope of finding "float" and a "strike" at the mouth of some stream or run.

"Ever been over into those mountains?" inquired Rex, pointing to the rugged ridges some twenty miles away. The old man pulled his battered hat from his grizzled head, threw one foot upon a piece of drift along shore, and leaning across the knee thus raised, looked for a full minute at Turner's Mountain, which rises up 3,800 feet directly from the waters of Taraboo Bay, twelve miles across from where they stood.

"Yaas; I hev, as ye might say, an' then agin, I hain't. I ben in some twenty mile. Went up the Ducquebush. I was five days, me an' the kyuses was, a-gittin' up some twenty mile, an' havin' had enough, I kim back. I got ontew one ridge—that hogback o' snow, 'bout five mile back o' that second landslide ye see up there on the right, an' from there I see nothin' but mountains an' ridges an' perspices an' peaks, any one on 'em onpassable to man. Then I kim back. I've prospected in the Cascades, in the coast range further south, an' in all the mountains south clear to the issmuss. I've ben across the Andees four times an' took a whack at the wust land they is in New Zealand and Australy, but there ain't nothin' else nowhar on the face o' the globe kin compare to them Olympics fer roughness. D'ye see them two landslides up the right slope o' the Ducquebush over yander? They don't look over five mile away, though in reely they're near twenty, bein' some ten or eleven mile



AN OLD PROSPECTOR TELLS REX ABOUT THE OLYMPICS

back from t'other coast. Wall! Them's jest an' inklin' o' the hull darn clump. You kin stan' on the ridge over thar—the hogback with snow on it, I mean—an' from there ye kin count twenty sich slides, an' if it's a warm day in spring, perhaps ye kin see one or two start while ye wait. I saw one. I tell ye I don't wonder Siwash think stick-Injuns ha'nt the interior. Them an' eagles er about the only things kin."

"But I understand there are elk and bear and cougar over there. They must find something to live on. Both bear and elk eat grass, you know. Besides, I have heard it reported that there are grassy plains over in the interior."

"Yaas! So there be! So there be! I've ben roun' up by Lake Cushman, an' by climbin' peaks over to the north o' the Quilayute region, hev seen 'em layin' off to the north and west, sleepin' in the sunshine thirty mile or more away. Green grass valleys they be, an' without a tree. With my big glass I've seen big bands of elk on 'em, but between me an' them stretched along a ledge 2,500 foot plum down, an' as I hadn't no time to hunt along fer miles over that broken hogback fer a place ter slide down, with poor chances fer gittin' back, I jest looked an' kim away. We read about press clubs goin' acrost ter the Pacific—it's only a hundred mile, they say—an' we read letters some eastern feller writes about the interior as he see it. The gov'ment sent a band o' sogers 'cross, but you hear me—they went 'cross to the south or north an' not whar the main cluster is. Ef you don't believe me, you go

over an' ask Pierre Peroux. He's a climber if ever there was one, an' he's lived over across here ten year. He gits where any man kin, an' he don't git back more'n twenty or thirty mile, takin' a week er more fer it at that."

"Who is this Pierre Peroux?"

"Oh, he's a young German or Frenchman what lives over on the Ducquebush 'bout four or five mile up. Nice a feller as ever ye see. Has a cabin up thar an' a little ranch. Nice feller Pierre is, an' a great hunter, too. Go over'n git him to take ye out. 'Twon't cost ye nothin'. He'll feed ye, too, fer nothin', 'less ye make him take suthin' fer it. Biggest hearted critter ye ever see. Some' one livin' off him all the time. But I must be goin'. Good-day!"

Full of what he had heard, Rex thereafter talked of the mountains with every one and found the old prospector had not exaggerated. He also inquired about Peroux and found that he was well known all along the canal as an intelligent, well read young Alsatian, who, by reason of his descent from some mountain-loving Swiss, German or Frenchman, preferred to "bach" it in his lonely cabin far up the narrow Ducquebush valley to living out of the mountains in some more civilized portion of the state. One day Rex had business at a lumber camp some three miles up the Ducquebush, and after it was concluded, made his way up the trail to Peroux's cabin. Here he found the mountain-climber, and made his acquaintance. He was charmed from the first by this tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired young

hermit, who in his soft voice and matter-of-fact way told of an every-day life that is a romance. Rex was invited to come up in December, or earlier if he chose, and was promised an elk hunt above the clouds. What wonder is it that Peroux's beans and bread tasted sweeter than honey and that Rex went back across the canal the happiest lad in the state?

Uncle Festus listened with great interest, and readily promised to make one of the party. "Old as I am," he declared, "I kin climb round fer a day or two with youngsters, and as fer campin'—ef your man Peroux knows more 'bout it than yer uncle, he's a good one. But, Rex, now't we're here all alone, I move that ye tell yer mother all about the cause fer yer interest in them hills. I hev ben the one, Mrs. Wayland, that has made yer boy keep a secret from ye. I dunno's I done right, but I had my reasons, an' now I've changed my mind an' want ye to know all about it."

"What is it? A secret, Mr. Estus? You know women are not good at keeping secrets."

"I know one 'at is, Mrs. Wayland. Rex, git the book."

Rex gladly obeyed, for, like any other mother's boy, he disliked a secret she could not share. All this mystery had for this very reason held for him one serious drawback. He now brought out the book and they had a long talk over it. It was agreed that his knowledge of Spanish was now sufficient for him to attempt a translation, and that he should hereafter devote his leisure to the task until it was accomplished.

CHAPTER XXII

DIARY OF ANDRES TENORIO—SOME NEW LIGHT ON SPANISH AND INDIAN HISTORY

It was late in December when, one evening, Rex read to Uncle Festus and Mrs. Wayland his translation. The title-page of the strange book conveyed the information that the volume was an autobiography of one Andres Tenorio, born in 1749 and departing this life in 1793. On another page began the biography, although it was prefaced by a few explanatory remarks. Rex was as true to the text as any translator of like experience could have been, and his rendering was probably very nearly correct. Here is what he read:

Straits of Anian
or
Northwest Passage. } August, 1790.

I, Andres Tenorio, being at this time, as I have been for the past eighteen years, a captive of the Duwamish Indians, have this day commenced a journal, diary or autobiography, which shall some day, I hope and pray, give to the world my sad history, even if I am never permitted to speak with a civilized people again. I see such people now occasionally, as this narrative will show, but they are never permitted to see me, nor am I ever permitted to hear their voices, a sound I long

for more fervently than can be imagined. My life history is as follows:

I was born at Seville, Spain, in the year of the nativity of Christ, 1749, month of March. My father was a small but prosperous land-owner, living without the walls, and he was not only able, but willing to educate me and make me a useful member of society. My ambitions during the first fifteen years of my life did not reach beyond my immediate surroundings, and I labored diligently at my youthful tasks, making fair progress at school and in all ways delighting my parents and teachers. Ah me! If they be living yet, I wonder if they do not love to think, as I do now, of the dutiful lad, who was not only the pride but the pet of all the circle. Would that my lines could have been ever thus cast! But it was not to be. Some saint whom I should have propitiated, by gifts, prayers, or sacrifices, but did not, was offended and the evil course of my life began. At the age of fifteen I was apprenticed to a scrivener and book-maker of my native city, and here I first became fascinated with what to me proved pernicious literature. In our shop were not only printed books for binding, but also manuscripts to be bound in volumes or tomes, for use and preservation. I was not only quick at my work of stitching, to which I had been advanced, but also quick at reading, either writing or print proof, and thus it came about that I found time to read as I put my bodkin through. In this manner I made myself conversant with the geographical discoveries of the day. The exploits of Pizarro, Cortez and their



READING THE DIARY OF THE SPANISH CAPTIVE.

fellows, were not generally known to the common people, save by hearsay, for books were scarce; so that I, being thus permitted a perusal of certain rare works, was accorded a privilege that should have been a benefit, where it proved, alas, a bane. At seventeen I had so far progressed as to myself act as scrivener, and before me for days sat the bold voyageurs of the period, dictating to me such of their exploits and discoveries as they wished the world to know. Oftentimes we fell into conversation, and urged on by my animated face and eager eyes, they told me stories of rapine and revel, such as they dared not dictate to scrivener or printer for preservation. I had a knack of dressing up a tale, of embellishing it, as it were, and by exercising this talent I won their favor for myself and my master. No one dreamed, much less my parents, that these tales of the Caribbees, Mexico, the island of California and other half-explored and hardly discovered portions of the New World, were giving me a passion for voyages to that far country; yet such was the case, and I was but nineteen years of age when I departed with one of my friends for the great unknown west. This man, Don Carlos Perez, was a distant relative of the great Juan Perez and it is to him that I ascribe most of the pernicious influences that have wrecked my life. He was an older man than his cousin Juan, and before we reached the shores of the new world I found him to be secretly a pirate, or at least one who never allowed any scruple to stand in the way of his money-getting. He was, withal, a merry soul, fond of the bowl and a

roysterer, ever good-natured except when out of money; then he was moody and murderous. His bravery and seamanship were unquestionably remarkable, and I believe that had he been less of a high liver and of greater moral strength, he might have been one of Spain's greatest discoverers.

I crossed the Mexican mountains in company with this man, and on my twenty-first birthday saw the Pacific for the first time. He and I were then almost penniless, and when at nightfall we sought a coast settlement for shelter we could not have paid the price had one been asked. But none was asked. We were fed and bedded by a good priest, the Father Francis, and the fair hands of his niece Isabella made clean our soiled garments while we slept. No one knew of our penniless condition, for why should they? We had no need of money where such hospitality could be found, and I listened with no little amusement to the grand tales Perez told the simple folk about us. He was, he claimed, about to organize an expedition, to search out the Northwest Passage, which both Spanish and English have so long wished to find—the Spanish that they may check English accession in North America, by claims along the northwest coast as far eastward in the direction of Hudson's Bay and Newfoundland as possible, the English that they may sail across, take up the north coast of this passage and thus check French or Spanish accession in northern North America.

What Perez expected to gain by the lies he told, I did not at first understand, nor do I to this day

clearly know, but I was so hardened by association with him, that I was content to be looked upon as his secretary or private scrivener, while he posed as a grand master of men and a prince of discovery. Soon I made a discovery of my own, which, had I been a man of honor, I should have put to good use, but being myself hardened, I recked not, and stood quietly by and saw a wrong done. The young and trusting Isabella was heir to a treasure, which her uncle, the good priest, had kept for her, to be given her as a dowry when in time some worthy man came to claim her hand. This dowry, which was in gold bars and silver coin, was kept by the good priest in three brass chests. Perez learned of this through a servant and he determined to gain possession of the girl and treasure by fair means or foul, then purchase the snug "Pinta" which lay at her moorings in the harbor of the small town. The priest, however, had more recently conceived a distrust of him and, from the threats Perez made to me, I was convinced he meant to remove him before he risked an open or formal request for the girl. This I was certain of, yet I was wicked enough to stand by and see him plot and plan. Finally, he accomplished his purpose. Poison did its work without warning, and the assumed grief of Perez was as good a piece of trickery as ever I saw. Such was his influence over the girl, that within a few weeks he had secured her and her treasure, purchased the "Pinta," and shipping a crew of six men, had set sail up the coast into that unknown sea.

It was not until we were five weeks out that Perez

in his cups betrayed himself, and when, stung to madness by the knowledge thus forced upon her, Isabella turned on him like a tigress, he beat her. From the hate that then shot forth from those erstwhile soft eyes, I knew he would rue the day, that she was now a demon and would have revenge. That night a terrible storm arose, and the winds from the west drove us straight toward a rocky, mountainous shore. All that night we flew before the blast, and as the morning light broke about us found land on either side, while mountains appeared to rise up out of the tossing water. To the north was a high, snow-capped peak. To the south another, and further south yet another, vaster than all its fellows. I little dreamed then that I was soon to settle down to slavery within a few miles of that mountain, there to remain for twenty years, and perhaps all my after-life. All that day we sailed due east or near it, and as the strait or channel seemed to trend to the north, Perez grew hilarious. He was sure we had been blown into the Northwest Passage, and swore we should explore it. We would make maps, take possession of the country in the name of England, for Perez had no patriotic pride and wanted the 20,000 pounds England offered. For years the best navigators had endeavored in vain to rediscover the mysterious straits of Anian, which Juan de Fuca had written of, but all had failed and now we had stumbled upon them. Out from his cabinet of charts and maps came an old one of the supposed straits, and long did Perez and I study it. Isabella, his wife, showed

no enthusiasm, but sat mutely by, a picture of such sullen fury as I had never seen even among the hot-tempered women of our country.

At nightfall we came to a turning of the ways. We went to the north and then to the east. On all sides were islands, great and small. To the north appeared a more open sea. We were anxious to get to the east, and as we dropped anchor, resolved to sail or sweep our way the next day into a narrow pass that opened to the eastward. We then retired, leaving a watch on deck. All was quiet. There was not a breath of wind, and the single sail we had spread hung like lead from its fastenings. For a time I heard the tramp of the watch on deck, and then fell asleep. When I awoke the tramp had ceased. The silence made me uneasy, and I arose and went on deck. There, on his back, lay the watch fast asleep. He had been overwearied the night before, as had all the crew. It was quite dark, and still no wind. However, it seemed to me that we were moving. Suddenly through the gloom a high, rocky point shot past. We must be dragging our anchor. We were near rocks and I could hear the swirl of waters on both sides. We were in a narrow passage. I gave the alarm and all came running on deck. Just then the moon came out and we saw that we were in the narrow pass we had discerned before darkness came on, but it was now a raging flood. The waters boiled beneath us.*

Perez was the coolest of the lot. "It is the tide

* Probably the famous Deception Pass, between Fidalgo and Whidby Islands.

rushing in through this narrow passage," he shouted. "Get to the helm, Andres, and keep her straight." I obeyed and in ten minutes the danger seemed past. We now found ourselves in closer quarters than at any time before, except when in the passage. We were in a sound or land-locked bay. We must get far enough away from the mouth of that pass to avoid being swept out again when the tide should turn. We spread our sails and, as a light wind came on, went south for a league. Then we dropped anchor again and slept until morning. All that day we sailed south, a breeze square astern. The land on either side was bold and heavily timbered. Here and there appeared splendid harbors and the shore everywhere was so bold we could almost have tied to the trees. Occasionally we saw natives in canoes, but when they saw us, they paddled fast up some inlet or river and were lost to view. It was evident that they had never before seen white men or ships. The channel widened as we went south, and at sunset we entered a broad roadstead or sound. It was in fact an inland sea, so vast was its expanse. We anchored for the night in a small bight on its eastern shore.

The next morning at daylight we saw coming along shore a fleet of canoes, and we stood out some distance. On they came, and we awaited them. There were literally hundreds of them, and all were full of men. As they came within three hundred fathoms, they formed and advanced fully two hundred abreast. Within fifty fathoms they paused, and a mighty shout went up, while the air was

darkened by arrows. These arrows were aimed straight up and not at us, so they fell almost on the heads of the bowmen. Then there was another shout and out from the line came a score of canoes, from which, as they advanced, the occupants threw feathers on the water, at the same time raising their hands to show that they bore no weapons.

Perez in his most gorgeous costume here appeared on deck, and advanced to the wale. In his hands he also bore feathers, which he cast out, and they went lightly off on the dancing waves. He had interpreted the feather tribute as a symbol of peace, and had reciprocated. At his action another great shout went up, and two abreast all the canoes swept by the vessel's side, each canoe casting something aboard. Some threw small fruits and berries, some dried meats and others skins, while a few threw small deerskin bags of gold dust. The deck was literally loaded down with gifts. Especially numerous were the skins of the sea-otter, worth almost their weight in gold. The procession of canoes now took a wide sweep out on the gently rolling bosom of the beautiful bay, and then, with all the precision of a column of our own Castilian soldiery, came back past our vessel. Perez had ordered me to bring up several bags and parcels, and from these he now drew forth handfuls of glittering beads, rolls or twists of gay ribbon, hanks of red and blue cord and thread, some tinsel and tinsel fringe, and I know not what else. These he cast into the canoes as they passed along, when great was the scramble and loud the shouting.

The procession, however, never ceased its progress until the last canoe had its chance.

"How is it that these natives have this plan of trade so well thought out? You say they have never seen white men," said I to Perez.

"They have seen and talked with other natives along the coast who have traded with white men, and you may be sure they deal just as they were told the others did. I doubt not that, had they never heard of the power of our cannon, they would have attacked us. This power has been magnified all along the coast, and since Cortez taught them such a terrible lesson, they look on us as gods, against whom resistance is useless. They seek to propitiate us by this mass of presents and consider themselves lucky that we give them anything in return. Should we sail in here without a bead, I doubt not but that we should receive as much for a time, but we might not, and these natives might forsake the shores during our stay. I therefore provided myself with this trash, which I found at the mission long before we sailed. What do you reckon to be the value of the 'potlatch' or gift they have made me?"

"I am sure I could not say, sir. There is some gold in these little sacks, and those furs, of the value of which I am ignorant, look to be of the finest quality."

Perez laughed. "The big bear hide that first chief threw aboard is large enough and fine enough to carpet a king's sleeping chamber. It will bring at least two and possibly three Spanish doubloons from the first cruiser we may meet outside. The

English pay not so well, but for these smaller skins, these sea-otters, they will give even more--the equivalent of at least five doubloons, or four English sovereigns. There are many of this otter—I should say one hundred and fifty at least—and I calculate we have here on our decks no less than five hundred doubloons or four hundred English sovereigns' worth of furs and gold. In return I gave them perhaps five sovereigns' worth. What think you of such trade as that?"

I was amazed, and said so, but was warned by Perez to keep these values to myself, lest the crew become dissatisfied with the bargain they had made and demand more. That day we packed away the fruits of our first interchange and sailed south some twenty leagues, passing at one time through a wide body of water and later dropping anchor near some beautiful islands.

The next morning we received a greater potlatch, the natives issuing forth from a broad bay indenting the eastern shore, about two leagues opposite the islands. After their procession, the main body of canoes backed off some distance and there remained while three boats larger than the rest advanced to our vessel's side and made signs of amity. From the largest of these a stalwart and regal-looking native clambered to our deck and stood there until three or four slaves had followed him and thrown about his shoulders a great puma or cat skin. This skin, which must have been at least ten or eleven feet from tip to tip, had been taken entire from the animal, and while its head skin formed a cap, its

forearms were brought together and crossed on his broad breast, the cruel claws dangling down over either nipple. Having thus dressed him toga-fashion, these slaves prostrated themselves before him, crying in guttural tones, their mouths meanwhile close to the deck: "Sealth! Hyas Tyee Sealth!" Thus we understood that the greatest of their chieftains stood before us, and Perez, in his most imposing costume, came forward to greet him. The chieftain stood like a statue, his barbaric robe trailing majestically behind, until Perez had advanced to within a yard of him. Then reaching forward, he laid one hand on our commander's shoulder and with the other gently patted or stroked a gorgeous plume Perez wore. Perez smiled and in return stroked the magnificent skin. With a sign to his slaves, the Indian grandee stepped back, they unfastened the robe, and advancing to Perez, the chief put it about his shoulders. Perez signed to me and I plucked the plume from his hat and thrust it into the heavy hair of the chief, at which there was loud acclaim on all sides. Leaving his robe behind and carefully poising his head that his treasured plume might not drop off, the chieftain hereupon retired, and the entire procession of canoes, the high prowed and strangely carved barge of Sealth leading the way, moved out across the bay again and soon disappeared around a projecting head.

From this time forward we were constantly busied in trade or in packing away the goods which were left each morning on our deck. There was never

any bargaining or bantering, the natives leaving all to our generosity and retiring to a respectful distance after leaving their goods upon our deck. We did not venture to move more than five or six leagues any one day, and within a week or two had made the round of the entire inland sea or sound. We could not discover any passage or outlet to the south, and finally sailed out at the north within a couple of leagues of where we had sailed in. By daylight we examined the narrow entrance or pass through which we had been swept that night, and found it safe enough at certain hours—just at the turn of the tide—but at other hours it was a boiling whirlpool, almost equal to the far-famed Charybdis. We now struck out into the wide straits of Anian, and under cover of darkness into the wider ocean, lest we be seen by some wandering sail and our discovery become known. We were but twenty days in sailing down the coast and reached the Spanish settlements on the west shore without incident. Here the richness of our cargo created great comment and it was only by dropping out one night, after taking on supplies, that we avoided being followed. Perez had artfully kept all aboard, allowing no one to land or communicate with those ashore, and I now believe he represented to those with whom he exchanged his furs, for Spanish and English gold, that we had secured them from the northern coast of Asia. All the gold he had secured he melted down and placed within the three strong chests, and with promises of heavy pay to all of the crew remaining after a second or third voyage, which he wished to make

in secret, he again doubled on the track he had taken westward, and sailing to the north, again entered our sound country—this paradise as yet all our own.

CHAPTER XXIII

SPANISH DIARY CONTINUED—DEATH OF DISCOVERER PEREZ—HORRIBLE HUMAN SACRIFICE

We soon loaded our vessel again on this our second visit, and within the next eighteen months made no less than four trips into this vast sound region, through those straits Juan de Fuca had written about, but which no one other than ourselves had ere this been able to rediscover. We were exceedingly cautious each time we entered or left these straits, and generally sailed by night, that no one might learn of and profit by our discovery. We had ascertained that Spanish, English and French traders had discovered a large island, as they supposed, up at the north of this Strait of Anian, and were constantly pushing a heavy and profitable trade with the Nootka Indians, who controlled not only this island but a main shore to the east of a passage. We did not fear the Nootka Indians giving news of our territory to these traders, for they were only too anxious to keep all this trade to themselves, but we did fear that some strolling trading vessel might blunder upon our territory, and by larger gifts than we made deprive us of a portion of the great profit we were making. During all these days of toil, danger and accumulation, Perez was the ideal commander, brave, discreet and far-sighted, but finally because followed from the ports of the

south, he sailed with a cargo to the settlements in India, on the southeast coast of Asia, and there disposed not only of his cargo, but in his cups of his secret. I was present at the time, and it was only by the shrewdest calculation and prompt action that I secured the assassination of those he had betrayed himself to. While he was sleeping off the effects of this debauch, Isabella, who had latterly, under his promises, seemed to reconcile herself and work in his interests, approached me and proposed that we rid ourselves of him at the earliest opportunity.

To say that I was amazed at this bloodthirsty proposition from a creature I had deemed so submissive, in action if not always in looks, is but to state the truth, and I was horrified as well. But I had become so depraved by my associations that I assented, and constantly, during that long return voyage east, did I ponder over the chances of securing both Perez's treasure and his wife. So firmly did this passion possess me that I fully resolved to murder him at the first opportunity, and that opportunity came even sooner than I had expected.

We had reached the sound country, and were in the vicinity of an immense hut or log palace built on the shore and facing a narrow passage at the back of one of the islands, near which we had been moored on the morning Sealth came to visit us and present Perez with his royal robe. It seemed that Sealth had recently changed his kingly residence from the shores of the bay across the sound to this palace, and here we had lately taken on a large portion of our cargo. This palace was in its way a marvel. It

was as wide as our vessel's length, or near it, and as long as a score of such vessels. In it lived nearly one thousand of the chief people of the allied Duwamish, including their wives, children and slaves. Sealth had first been brought to this palace as a slave, but had later risen to be chief of these vassals, and still later, by a revolution of his tribe, to *hy as tyee* or great chief. At the time of our first visit he had not changed his residence, but did so while we were south discharging our cargo.

It was a beautiful morning in early December. That peculiarly mild, balmy air, characteristic of this sound country, even when winter blasts are blowing far south, was now gently rolling the green waters about us. Along shore, but a few hundred fathoms distant, the native children were playing, their mothers squatted contentedly watching them. Perez came on deck, his eyes bleared by deep potations, for he had recently indulged again, after an abstinence that had continued throughout our voyage across the ocean. As I have said, while in liquor he was always jovial. This morning he was particularly so, and swore he was going ashore to make a native *tyee* drunk. I was astonished at his temerity, and told him so, when he changed from boisterous good-nature to boisterous anger, and ordering out a crew of four, took with him a large flagon of rum and soon staggered out on the beach. He was apparently bound to do something out of the usual order, for he had dropped his dignity and in place of the customary salutation—the laying of firm hand on shoulder—struck heavily,

pushed, pulled and swayed about, all the while laughing uproariously. I saw him enter the palace, carrying the flagon in his arms. The four oarsmen had remained at their places in the boat. All was quiet for a space of thirty minutes, except for an occasional outburst of laughter, and having begun to lose the fears that had possessed me, I was just going below, when I heard a shout, sounding like the voice of Perez in anger. Then there was a violent pushing against the great mat, which hung between the standards in front of the palace. An instant later Perez tumbled or scrambled out from under this mat, his large hat, minus some of its gaudy feathers, rolling after. He was followed by a score of tyees and lesser tyees, all striking at him with the weapons that were handiest. As he came to his feet he drew his sword, and then for the space of a few seconds there was as pretty a fight as ever I saw. His sword was a heavy one, but he handled it as if it had been a feather, his great strength permitting feats impossible to most men. A savage head was cloven to the chin with all ease. Another rolled on the pebbles and clam shells that covered the beach. An arm was lopped, a cheek and nose were shaved clean off a bleeding face; and still that bright blade flashed in the morning sun. Perez's blood was clearly up. He was a demon when roused, and I was not surprised to see him now charge the whole crowd. They scrambled over one another in their haste to get in under that heavy curtain, and Perez, cursing like the demon he was, hurled defiance after them. Then

he turned and stalked slowly down the beach. At the boat he turned and cursed again, and as the tall form of Hy as Tyee Sealth emerged from the farther end of the palace, he rushed toward him sword in hand. From somewhere inside a hundred warriors saw their revered chieftain's danger, and, regardless of consequences, rushed between.

This manifestation warned even Perez, and facing them, he backed to the boat, which he shoved off and entered. Then as the boat came out toward our vessel's side, he stood up in her stern, and waving his blade, cursed again as drunken men will. His head was bared and his long hair and coarse beard were matted with sweat and blood. A blow from a club had smashed in one side of his face, and all in all he was, at close range, as bestial and undignified looking a specimen as I ever saw. So seemed to think the natives also. He was certainly no longer a divinity to them, for he had condescended to quarrel with their lesser chiefs, to whom he had given "biting water." This great spirit they had so long revered had suddenly lost his power and fallen under the spell of some other spirit greater. They jabbered excitedly about it as the boat left the shore, and finally risked a flight of arrows. Perez was struck by one which disabled his sword arm, and the blade fell into the water, whereat the natives set up a great shout and ran for their own canoes. Three of the crew were also struck fatally, and the fourth man fainted from loss of blood soon after we pulled him and the boat aboard. Perez was apparently partially sobered by the incident. At all events, he helped

us as best he could, and as he saw some forty or fifty canoes coming from all along shore, gave the order and assisted in weighing anchor. The morning breeze off shore had not yet died away, and we swept out of the passage into the broader waters of the bay before the natives could overtake us. Then we made for the open sound, but they could paddle faster than we were sailing, and soon would surround us.

"Teach them a lesson!" cried Perez. "Train the big gun!"

I did so, and our load of scrap broke five or six canoes and dyed the waters with the blood of at least a score of savages. As I began reloading the piece, Perez and our two surviving men brought up the small arms and commenced shooting. There was now great consternation, and the canoes were already turning as if to hasten back, when out past the point swept the great war barge of Sealth, that gigantic chief erect in the prow. His powerful voice arose above all the din, and at his command one hundred or more canoes formed in line of battle and came rapidly on. We were at this time gathering headway, and the strong wind which swept up the sound outside bellied out our sail. The canoe men saw that we would outstrip them, and spreading out in broad front, suddenly let fly a cloud of arrows. I escaped, but every other man aboard was hit, Perez in his remaining arm. Juan and José and Pierre—the latter a Frenchman from Bayonne, near the Spanish border—went down, each with one or more arrows in some vital portion, and to me was

left the sailing of our vessel. The Doña Isabella was below when the imbroglio occurred, but now came rushing up and straight to me.

"What means this?" she cried.

"Death to all, if the wind dies first," was my reply, as I took the tiller from the stiffening hand of poor Pierre.

"I can do that! Let me!" she cried, running back to me, and as I hesitated, she wrenched my hand from the tiller. "Go fight!" she commanded. "Fire at them! We will at least have revenge for the poor brave seamen they have slain. Train the big gun with care."

I did so and saw great havoc follow the report. All this time the vessel was sailing faster, while that fierce-looking woman at the helm said not a word to comfort her wounded husband, who, with an arrow through each shoulder, lay groaning not three yards from her. As I came back where she was, breathing freer that we were now out of danger, she laid her hand on my arm and asked, while tears filled her eyes: "Poor fellows! Are they all dead?"

"All but your husband, madame," was my reply. "He, as you hear, is alive and groaning, but badly hurt." Her eyes flashed and her nostrils dilated with scorn as she turned to look at him.

"Let him lie! He won't poison any more people, nor will he carouse and drink with natives, who would have been harmless as children but for him."

As she fairly hissed these hard words, I started and looked down at Perez, but with his last groan

he had fainted from loss of blood. As I looked up, she met my gaze steadily, and said:

"Andres Tenorio, all these months have I debated whether to kill him myself or give him up to the people when we reach the mission. I am aware that you only suspect how my uncle died. I *know*. That villain has even taunted me with his horrible secret. He is now in my power. The saints have delivered him into my hands. I have decided. He shall die to-day."

Long as I had plotted, I was inclined to weaken when the chance came. She saw it by my looks. "Come here!" she commanded. I stepped nearer, and looking me full in the face, her eyes grew luminous, but soft and tender this time, for tears filled them.

"Andres," she whispered, "we are together in misfortune. Has he not ruined your life, too? Did he not entice you away from your home in far away Seville, where a poor mother prays even now for her lost boy? Have you not worked hard for him? Has he ever paid you one peseta in all these years? I pity you. More do I pity the mother mourning for you. And what of myself? I am no older than you, but while I am a ruined, deceived woman, a woman without faith in any one, you are a boy. You can redeem yourself. You shall. I am going to make you rich, and return you to your home. Kneel to your mistress, boy! I command you."

She had taken me in a tender way. I wept, I knew not why; and as I knelt, I bathed her fingers with my tears.

"There! There! Andres. Rise again! You have taken an oath of allegiance without words. If you were ever passively or even actively in league with that man, I forgive you. I once planned to have you kill him. I am glad you did not now. Drag those bodies forward and wrap them for burial, while I do my part. My dear husband needs a cordial. Bring me wine."

I brought her a flask from the cabin, and as I handed it to her, saw that she had in some way secured the phial of poison Perez constantly carried with him. Sitting beside him on the deck, she began to bathe his temples with the wine, forced some between his teeth, and even rubbed some of it in his nostrils. He gasped, his eyelids slowly lifted, and with an oath he attempted to sit up. "Lie still, Juan," I heard her say. Just then I looked out around the head that jutted into the roadstead, and changed our course to save a tack. When I looked again, she was yet bending over him and pressing the wine flask to his lips. He drank three swallows, and rising with the look of a fiend on her face, she threw the flask far from her, and laughed so loudly that Perez, weak as he was, opened his eyes wide in wonder. As he looked, she checked her laughter, and gazing down at him, said, in low, unearthly tones:

"Carlos Perez, look on this crucifix I hold up to you, and pray with all your strength, for in ten minutes you may be dead. You have with that wine swallowed some of the same cordial you gave my uncle, the good Father Francis. You told him it would restore him. Perhaps it will restore *you*, but

you know how it affected him. Are he and I avenged?"

Weak as he was, Perez sat up at once, but she pushed him back. I sprang forward and caught her by the wrist, but she shook me off, and kneeling beside him, gazed exultantly into his fast glazing eyes, at the same time holding the crucifix she had always worn close to his face. Perez's lips moved, and he seemed trying to frame words—perhaps a prayer, perhaps a curse. But he never spoke distinctly again. We two, that terrible woman and I, were the only living beings on that speeding ship.

All that day we sailed to the north. Doña Isabella was very pale, but quiet and gentle now, and took her turn at the helm while I ate my meals, or rigged the sails. The sun had scarcely dropped behind the high snowy peaks on our left that afternoon, when the moon came out, and over those tossing white-capped waves we sailed on to the north. The days are very short at this season in these latitudes, and I had dreaded the long night before us, for I feared a storm. All day had I seen storm rifts in the sky—a sure sign—but now the night was perfect and we were making great headway. I lashed the helm, and with the help of the wife of Perez slid the stark bodies of our companions over the wale into the phosphorescent water. She assisted me until each body was poised, and then stepping back, she muttered the service she had so many times heard her uncle say. Never can I forget her Madonna-like face, as gazing up at the moon she earnestly repeated those holy words. What a creature she

was! How unlike the woman who but a few hours before had exulted over her dying husband! She did not omit the holy rites even over the body of Perez. While I wept and trembled, she was dry-eyed and composed. We were now nearing a narrower channel, and must soon turn to the west, out through the straits of Anian. We rounded the point and bore west, but, as we did so, the clear sky, with its bright moon and twinkling stars, was hidden by the black clouds of the storm I had feared, and the fury of a tempest opposed us. It was of little use to attempt going farther, and with close-reefed sail we put back behind the point for shelter. By the time we had rounded it, the wind had changed and blew from the north with great violence. We were being driven back to the south. Just at early morning light we saw a bay to the south and east, and by great effort put in there. It was the bay at the southwest side of one of the great islands we had first rounded on penetrating this region, and I had never entered it before. It seemed a safe harbor, but to my horror, when once inside, I found it shallow, and on the going out of the tide we stranded. The tide went lower, and with our deep keel we listed badly, a conspicuous object on all that wide flat.

With daylight came an abatement of the wind, the sea outside still tossing, but the tide seemed still leaving us. Soon we were seen by natives on the eastern shore, and with motioned protestations of friendship, they came toward us. The Doña was for fight, but I overruled her, and we allowed them

to come aboard. They were indeed friendly, and I was satisfied we had acted wisely, when across the sound to the southwest I saw a fleet of canoes coming from the very direction of the tragedy of the day before. Had they been two hours later, the tide must have righted us up and permitted us to escape. But the Indians, headed by Old Sealth, came first, and we were at their mercy. The Doña did not reproach me. On the contrary, she endeavored to cheer me, and has never since, during all these years of servitude and bitter trial, spoken one word other than kindly.

The chief into whose hands we had at first fallen was Skagiticus, and he was friendly, as all these Indians would have been but for the cursed folly of Perez. Sealth, however, was hy as tyee of all this region, as his son is to-day, and he compelled Skagiticus to hand us and the vessel over. Kakii Silma, the daughter of Skagiticus, and chief princess of her tribe, now claimed the Doña as her slave, but Sealth was too shrewd to be thus balked. He asked for Kakii Silma as his second wife, and both she and the Doña later came to the royal palace, where the wedding took place.

This capture, as I have related it, occurred in December of 1772, and the wedding of Old Sealth and Kakii Silma in March of 1773. I have kept the best record I could of the dates and years, but may be somewhat wrong in others except these, because at times I have been away on voyages and hunting trips with my masters, and have otherwise lived in such a manner that I could not be sure of a perfect

record. Once I was ill for a time, and was delirious but Doña Isabella kept the dates for me, and has since assured me I am correct. I have stated that during all these years I have spoken to no white person except Doña Isabella. I had forgotten. Four years ago, I went north some eighty miles, one of the suite of Sealth II., who since nearing man's estate has greatly increased the sway of his family. It was in this way: Shortly after the marriage of Sealth I. to Kakii Silma, Chief Kitsap sought to overthrow the power of Sealth, and created a confederacy among the Quilayutes and other tribes to the north and west. He did not fully succeed, but the confederacy lasted some fifteen years, when the tribes to the south and east banded together to attack Kitsap's confederacy. Sealth II., young as he was, took active part in this movement, and aided his father in re-establishing the confederacy between the Duwamish tribes, which had been greatly weakened. The new confederacy met and defeated the western Indians under Kitsap, and the Sealths then took hostages from them, thus attacking Kitsap and all his allies. They were aided by Skagitius, and were now at the head of a vast confederacy over which Sealth II. will one day, if he does not now, rule with a rod of iron. It was at the close of this war that Sealth II. set out for the Nootka country, north of the Straits of Anian, and threatened to desolate it unless they sent him hostages. This they did, and at the time of that treaty I met a white man named Maccay, who had been left behind by an East Indian merchantman and trader, com-

manded by a Captain Hanna. Maccay was living with an Indian wife, and had learned enough of the Chinook jargon to converse somewhat with me, although he was a Scotchman and I Spanish. He could not help me, nor prevail on young Sealth to let me go with him. He was to be called for the next spring, and promised to cause his people to come after me, but for some reason has never done so.

I am still here, where I have been all these years. We are well treated, but in constant fear of being selected as sacrifices at some awful potlatch or gift-feast of these natives. At such times they offer up their dearest possessions to the great Tamahnawis, or evil spirit, which they believe dwells in the mountains to the west of us. The influence of Sealth II. and Kakii Silma, his stepmother, has twice saved us. Once Sealth II., or Sealth the Great, as he is now being called, would have given us up, but Kakii Silma was so furious and so determined that she prevailed against all, and we were saved. Several hostages and slaves from dependent tribes suffered instead. All stand in awe of this Kakii Silma, who has become in appearance an aged hag, and is a priestess, or as near it as her people ever allow a woman to be. She is something of a prophetess, is a ventriloquist, and a worker of tricks and charms, such as mystify all—even her husband. So long as she lives we are safe, for she and Doña Isabella are like sisters, rather than like mistress and slave. At the time Van Coovohr sailed in these waters, early this year, the second white person, as I believe, to

explore this region, she would have offered us in exchange for gifts, as Doña Isabella implored, but was finally persuaded to keep us, and we were hidden. We saw the ship at a distance—there may have been more than one—as it cruised about for days, taking soundings and surveying, but we could not go to it, for we were prisoners under guard, in a hut on a high point between the river Duwamish and the sound. Here is the old-time stronghold of Sealth I., and to this place are we sent at the first appearance of white men. We are now browned by wind and weather, clothed, as are the savages, with skins of beasts, and speak their language. I even think in it, although I can never forget dear old Seville and Spain. I wonder if my father and mother are yet living? They must be very old now, and have probably long ago given up as dead their poor son Andres.

Here ended the main portion of the narrative, which reads as reproduced here, except that certain dates of the ending or beginning of entries have been dropped out. It seemed as if Tenorio had worked secretly at this book whenever opportunity offered. After the last entry there was a blank space of four pages. In fact, there was no more writing in the book, except on the front and back of what should have been a fly-leaf. On the back of this leaf, as has been stated, was the Latin proverb, "Culpam pœna premit comes"—"Punishment surely follows crime." On the front side of this leaf, in a small feminine hand, and inverted, as if the

writer had hastily caught up the book, was this brief entry:

"June —, 1793.—They have come with poor Andres bound. The rumblings of the mountain have been too violent. The Thunderbird must be appeased. Andres, I, and our three chests of treasure, must be sacrificed to satisfy it. The secret of the chests they do not know, nor shall they. The treasure Perez gave his soul for shall go into the crater with us. Kakii Silma is protesting outside, but she cannot triumph. I feel that we are doomed. We go to the place of the Great Elk Horns. These have never been taken down, and the Evil Tamah-nawis has not deigned to accept that sacrifice. We shall be hurled into the pit of bubbling water, which has no bottom. Jesu forgive! Mother of God the Glorified, Christ, and the Saints, be merciful! They are coming. I hear their cries outside. I know our fate. Adios!"

ISABELLA."

On the corner, or commencing at the corner of another fly-leaf, and spreading out like a fan diagonally across from top to the right edge of another fly-leaf, was a second entry in the same hand and apparently of a later date:

"Young Sealth is to command the party. The neighboring tribes have each furnished a strong chief. A young man from each of the Selish clans, from the Semiahmoos, Lummies, Samish, Skagits, Snoqualmies, Nisquallies, Puyallups, Satsops, and other near-by tribes, will start from here, while

these will be met on the other arm of the sound at the base of the mountains by others from the Chehalis, Clallam, Cowlitz, Skokomish and Twana tribes. Kakii Silma, wild with grief and rage, is groveling at my feet. With her I leave this record, lest it be found and sacrificed with us. "The chests—they are coming! Is——"

CHAPTER XXIV

THE DIARY DISCUSSED—INTERESTING HISTORY—“UNCLE, I'M GOING TO FIND THAT TREASURE”

While Rex had been reading his translation, the original record had lain close to him, and this Mrs. Wayland now took up. Turning to the last entry, which had apparently been so hastily scrawled, she looked at it, and tears filled her eyes. “Poor lady! She was by this account a murderer, and yet she had as good an excuse as any one can have for such a hideous crime—a crime she seems to have been driven to commit and dearly suffered for.”

Uncle Festus, who had sat soberly all through the narrative, here heaved a long sigh, and looking disappointed, said: “I don’t see, folks, as we’re any nearer the treasure than we was afore. To be sure, we know what became of it, and we know it was treasure fer certain, but jest whar ’twas put, we ain’t any the wiser. I’m sorry now, Rex, I was so finicky as to make you put that book back. It was reely somethin’ we oughter made public then. I persoom now, some o’ them perfessers over to the university would be mighty glad to hev holt o’ thet.”

“But they won’t get it, uncle. I’m well enough satisfied as things are. I always do like to hunt things out, and I’m going to find that treasure if it takes me years. I’ve always wanted to hunt up in those mountains, and now I’ve another object than

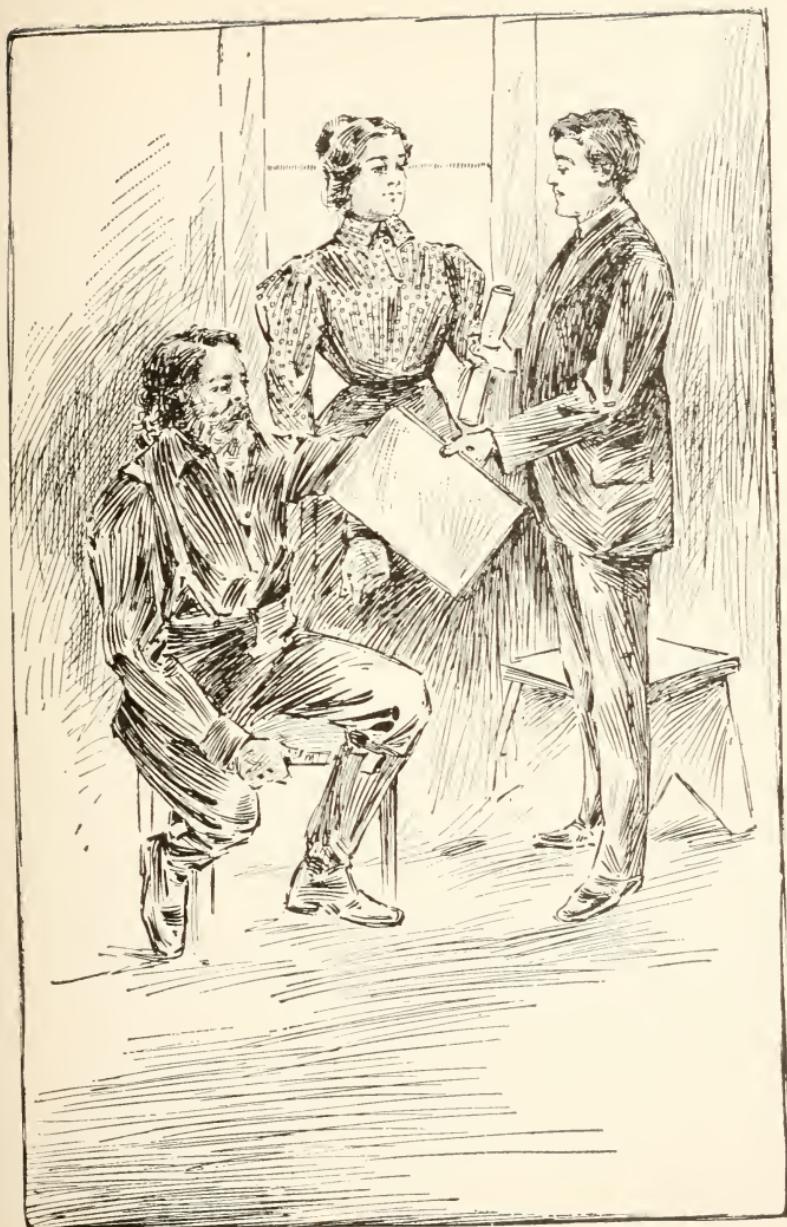
game. I'm going to hunt for that crater until I find it."

"Ye don't know the job ye're gittin' into, boy. I tell ye, ye can't git back twenty mile from the coast ter save yer soul."

"I can go anywhere those Indians could."

"No, ye can't. Ye ain't got the stuff in ye them young bucks had. I tell ye, Sealth an' that picked crowd he took didn't compare much with these consumptive, bow-legged critters ye see round here these days. Ye kin ask any o' the old-timers, an' they'll tell ye Sealth was a giant. Why! I've seen him drive an arrer clean through a two-inch plank, when he was past seventy year old. What couldn't he a done when he was in his prime?"

"And that reminds me, uncle. This record proves Sealth to have been fifteen or twenty years older than was generally supposed. You know the grave-stone over here at Old Man House cemetery says, 'Aged about eighty years.'" According to this account, which I believe can be taken ahead of all tradition or opinion, he was about twenty-five years old when he went up in the mountains with these people. If he was eighty when he died, in 1866, he must have been born in 1786. He certainly could not have led that band when he was seven years of age, nor could he have gone north to demand hostages of the Nootkas when he was from one to three years of age. He was probably twenty-five or thirty years old when he headed this party of sacrificers. His age, as he always spoke of it, was probably reckoned from the time he became



"I CAN GO ANYWHERE THOSE INDIANS COULD."

chief. I presume he had very little idea of time anyway."

"These Siwash never hev," laughed Uncle Festus. "I remember onct, I asked a plump young Klootchman out the canal here a piece how old she was. She stopped an' thought a minute, an' then says, 'Bout two hundred year.' Another ole chief over 'mong the Quilayutes informed me, grave as a deekin, that he wuz more'n three hundred year old, an' said he remembered well when the Thunderbird sailed 'crost last time."

"Since I began this translation," continued Rex, "I have been looking up the history of this coast pretty thoroughly. I find some very good works on it in the Seattle public library. Bancroft—not the great George, but Hubert Howe, of California—has written some twenty-five or thirty large volumes, mostly about Pacific coast matters. He gives all the myths as well as verified facts, and I think he and some others would be very glad of this record, for it shows that Carlos Perez made earlier and fully as important discoveries as did his cousin, the noted Juan, who, with Heceta and others, came up here in 1773 and 1775. I believe Juan was pilot for Heceta on the last trip. Then there was Captain James Cook in 1778, a Spanish expedition by Artaga and Cuadra in 1779, another by the English under Captain Hanna in 1785, one by the French under La Perouse the same year, only farther north. This man Hanna came back down the coast and left Maccay, the Scotchman Tenorio saw in 1785, and called for him one or two years later. If poor

Tenorio had been a Scotchman or Englishman, instead of a Spaniard, whom the English hated, especially in this region where there was great rivalry, in all probability MacCay would have prevailed on Hanna to go in search of him. Captains Portlock and Dixon came over from India in 1786, with two small vessels, and took back with them 2,600 of these sea otter skins, for which they received, even in those days, nearly \$100 apiece."

"Pity they couldn't a got the price they bring now," interrupted Uncle Festus. "The last year fur trade circular quoted 'em at \$500, an' I understand they're wuth \$750 to \$900 this year. I do know they brought \$450 ten year ago, fer a boy out to'rds Townsend got two an' paid a mortgidge on his father's ranch with 'em."

"Yes, uncle. They were valuable and plenty, just as the seal is farther north to-day. The old records I have examined at odd times speak of them as 'the only animal on which no other beast than man preys.' I was greatly interested in the history of the Hudson Bay Company, the most wonderful and successful business corporation that ever has existed. During the half century they were engaged in wiping out their competitor, the Northwest Company, they paid little if any dividends, but during all the rest of their existence, a period of two or three hundred years, they have paid all the way from ten to seventy per cent annual dividend, and have watered their stock pretty liberally too. John Jacob Astor, of New York, the man who laid the fortunes of the great Astor family, founded Astoria away back in

1809, and I find him a mighty shrewd Dutchman. He competed with all these British fur men as best he could until right away after the War of 1812, when he took advantage of the popular feeling against everything British and secured such national legislation as drove them all over the line, while he, under the firm name of North American Fur Company, enjoyed all their old-time privileges. He even went so far as to go to Montreal and purchase the posts of all British traders within the boundaries of the United States for a mere song, for the British could not battle against a law which declared that 'neither British traders nor British capital should be tolerated in United States territory, and that no British subject should be given license to trade in the United States.' "

"Wall!" said Uncle Festus, with another sigh, "I don't see but Rex has got about all the benefit outen this treasure hunt. He's larned a lot o' histry, an' the Spanish lingo ter boot——"

"Yes, and I'm going to find that treasure, Uncle Festus. You are not the man to abandon a thing because some little obstacle comes up. Think it over a day or two and I'll go over to Peroux's and take a preliminary excursion into the mountains. I'm sure he won't lead me into danger; and I want an elk. Besides, I must see what those mountains are. According to your stories, they're worse than the Cascades."

"Wuss'n the Cascades!" snorted the old man. "The Cascades ain't a patch to 'em fer rough ness."

"Well! I'm going up about twenty miles, just to see, anyway. I'll start to-morrow if you can spare me, and I'll be back in about a week. I think I'll go to bed now. Good-night!"

CHAPTER XXV

PEROUX AND PERRY, TWO TYPICAL MOUNTAINEERS

Rex will never forget just how Peroux looked that winter morning he met the boat at the mouth of the Ducquebush. On this occasion Peroux was not expecting company, but had, in the early morning light, ridden down the trail on one of his mares, knowing she could be trusted to stand while he tried a few shots at duck.

As Rex's boat pulled over past Black Point, old French Fred was out sweeping his net for his daily harvest of dog fish, and as he had secured enough livers to guarantee him a five-gallon can of oil at least, he was very happy, and consequently very talkative for him. He hailed the boat in his queer Franco-English, and insisted that they come ashore and eat with him. This hearty invitation they declined, leaving the old fellow far from pleased, for he is jealously hospitable. They rounded the point and pulled in toward the rent in the mountains, out from under whose banks of fog, the busy, brawling Ducquebush, via its half-dozen mouths, finds its way to the sea. The tide was nearly at its full, and the river seemed to gush out from between the mountains. In toward the center of the gap gleamed the white walls of a ranch house, while several great oxen stood out along shore, knee deep in swales, like statues of the sacred kine of India. A

mile or more away, on the other point of the bay, could be heard a woman's voice calling a great flock of fowl to their morning feed, while screaming white-winged gulls circled overhead, and myriads of water-birds skimmed here and there across the rolling waters. The east wind moaned among the tall fir trees which crowned the rocky heights, and before it the eager tide was rushing in, making "rips" at all points where the river's mouth met it. The breaking waves, thundering against the rocky shores, the moaning winds overhead, the screams of wild-fowl, all conspired to furnish a grand diapason, the echoes of which, at intervals of comparative silence, could be heard rolling far up along the mighty mountain ridges, stretching westward, up, up—even above the low hanging clouds. The boat finally headed up a narrow "slew," when just ahead on the stiller water a flock of mallards was seen.

"Pretty shot, if we're close enough," remarked one of the oarsmen.

"Yes," said Rex. "Pretty good distance, but in reach of a good rifleman." As he spoke, the sharp crack of a rifle rent the air, and as two mallards struggled helplessly in the water, where they were left by their fleeing companions, Peroux arose from the reeds and advanced across the marsh to the slough. He made a fine picture as he came striding along. His service-scarred Ballard rifle he used as a staff. His thigh boots he had no need to pull up, as most men do when taking to a swamp, for they fitted his powerful thighs like the skin. His lumber-



HE MADE A FINE PICTURE AS HE CAME STRIDING ALONG.

man's blanket coat of strange glaring colors was held closely about his waist by the leather cartridge belt, from which hung his big Colt 45 revolver, also several ducks. His flannel shirt was open at the neck, displaying a throat shapely as a woman's. From under his close-cropped mustache, his smile of welcome showed teeth white as milk, while that smile shone in the great blue eyes that looked out from under his brown slouch hat.

"Wie geht's, all! Just pick up those birds for me. You compelled me to make a long shot, for those mallards were growing restless, but I got a head and a neck. That head I tried to line with a neck, but though holding very fine I hardly expected to get it. Just a lucky shot, that's all." He fastened the two mallards with the other birds at his belt, and sling-ing a hundred pounds or more of Rex's luggage on his shoulder, leaped from hummock to hummock back across the swale to firmer ground, calling first, "Nell! Here, Nell!" and then, "Fan! O Fan!" There was a movement in the brush, and ambling slowly toward him came a pair of black mares, as deliberate as a pair of cows. Rex's luggage was mainly in a long sleeping-bag or sack, and dividing the load to each end, Peroux put the sack across Nell's back, and, picking up his rifle, announced himself ready for the trail. He was evidently disappointed that the whole boat load could not become his guests, but shook hands with each in his courteous way, and invited them to come and see him when possible. Then walking beside Nell, they took the trail, Fan following sleepily after, stumbling over

the "corduroy" in the muddy places as if she were thirty years old instead of six. "Come on, Fan! You old cow!" Peroux shouted. "Just watch her, will you? If I was on her back, you'd think she was on springs. I've known her to run half the way home, when I had an armful of grub and other truck, and couldn't hold her. Now, she'll sleep all the way up the trail."

Fan opened one eye to glance at him, and then closing it again, sleepily stumbled on. On the eastern shore of the canal there had been no snow, and on this western shore there was none along the beach, nor for a mile back, but as they journeyed up the trail, they found after the first mile a few inches of it, and farther back, several feet. To the left the river roared, its foam occasionally showing white and sparkling between the great tree trunks. Close to the right the mountain ridge between the Duequebush and Doseewallops reared its forest-covered back, while along the left bank of the river another range, fully as high, seemed to pierce the clouds. On every side was the sound of roaring waters. When the wind is in the east, the great fog banks will roll up against the mountains farther inland, and snow will fall faster than in almost any other place on earth. It may fall to a depth of six or eight feet, damp and clinging. Then the wind will swing to the west, and back over the mountain gap, where the river seems to rise, will pour other and blacker clouds. One would think that these would be colder, and that frozen snow would now fall, but not so. Warmed by the winds from the Japan current, they

remain so until they reach the eastern slope again, but in passing the snow-ridge, the coolness causes them to discharge great quantities of rain. The blanket of snow so recently fallen begins to settle, and on all sides is heard the muffled fall from tree tops, or the mighty rumble, crash and roar of mingled snow and landslides from the sides of the precipitous mountains. The rills adown these mountain sides become raging torrents, and the Ducquebush tears through its cañons with a subterranean roar that reminds one of a coming earthquake. There are few inhabitants in the Ducquebush valley. When some lumber camp is in operation there may be a population of thirty, including residents along the beach, but ordinarily less than a score. The Ducquebush is absolutely without navigation unless its monster trout and salmon can be called navigators. They can and do force their way a few miles up, their flashing sides being seen almost any bright day, as they leap its waterfalls or force their way through its rushing rifts. No boat could live in it anywhere a mile from the coast. Even a saw-log is frayed and battered at the ends after coming down three miles. There are places, many of them not ten miles up, where a stick four feet long could not get through until dashed into slivers by the awful force of the waters. Yet the trout and salmon-trout make their way up several miles from the sea, and where they give up the attempt the smaller mountain trout take up the struggle and thrive, until, all things considered, the stream can be safely set down as one of the richest

fishing streams in the world. Trout are taken from it both winter and summer, weighing all the way from one to twenty pounds, and of unsurpassed flavor. They are rather capricious of appetite, but when they are hungry any ordinary fisherman can take a back load in an hour or two, if he has tackle and skill enough to land them. A photograph of ten out of a catch of 175 pounds has been illustrated in several eastern sporting papers, and set down by people generally as a fisherman's fake, but it was not, nor was it even more than ordinary, as any one who has visited this region can testify. But Rex was not after fish. Game, big game, was on his mind, and beguiled by Peroux's pleasant conversation, he found the hard journey through the deep snow not at all unpleasant.

It was yet early morning when they turned from the trail into a little clearing which, in this growth of lofty timber, looked almost like a well. In the center of the clearing was Peroux's cabin, 10x12 feet, with a lean-to; from its stovepipe chimney smoke lazily rolled out into the humid atmosphere. Near the cabin was a shake barn, into which Fan found her way, but Nell knew enough to bear her load up to the door of the cabin, from which Bergman, a smiling, stalwart Swede, strode forth in wooden shoes to greet them.

"Where's Perry?" called out Peroux.

"He be out honting, I gaas. Yoost a meenit ago Meester Perry he coom runnin' in, an' say noteeng, but tak down Oncle Sam. He go that way, an' I think——"

"Boom!" sounded a heavy gun, apparently on the mountain side, two thousand feet or more above their heads and not a mile distant, while up the narrow valley rolled the echoes.

"——He got soom game," finished the Swede, who had held his breath from the second of the interruption. Peroux kept on unpacking and said nothing. A few minutes later there was a sound of falling dirt and a cracking in the brush up the mountain side, when Peroux remarked: "I guess that's him. He's sliding along down. Must be he's got something." Fifteen minutes later Perry wallowed into the clearing, a two hundred pound buck across his back. He had opened the animal and removed its entrails, thus lightening it as much as possible, but it was still a large load for a short man in deep snow, and he was sweating like a horse.

"You *will* kill deer an' pack 'em in, will you? Good enough for you. You ought to sweat. Drop your load an' come up an' shake hands with Mr. Wayland," called out Peroux. Perry came forward, trailing his 45-90 Springfield through the snow, and Rex was soon aware that the little man had enough strength left to nearly crack the bones of his hand. Perry was short—"about carbine length," as Peroux expressed it—but he was stocky, and, though thin in flesh, weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. His eyes were black and glittering, and his face like Peroux's—clean-shaven, except for a mustache. This, unlike Peroux's close-cropped tuft, was long, thick and very black. Perry was not yet

forty, and was in the very prime of his powers, as woodsman, trapper, and fisherman. With his hat on he looked even younger than Peroux, but this removed he looked older, for the reason that, while Perry's hair was a trifle thin about the temples, Peroux's tawny pompadour, thick as an elk's mane, stood up like that of the typical German student, seemingly adding to his lofty stature.

Perry had been a professional fisherman for years on the Columbia before the hard times drove him up into the mountains; many will remember him as one of the most clever woodsmen and fishermen ever met. Like Peroux, he was the very soul of honor, generous to a fault, and had not a single bad habit, not even using tobacco. He was absolutely fearless, and as long as he lives the "bad man" who "tangles" with him will either take a back seat, kill him, or be killed.

Peroux, though thirty-three years of age, was a bachelor, and Rex could but notice how handily he did the work about the cabin. Perry was also a bachelor, and, if anything, handier than Peroux, being able to cook and bake quickly and well, either over a cabin stove or about a camp fire. The Swede was the stand-by of the two for housework, but when they wished to do honor to a guest, as was the case now, Peroux entertained, while Perry brewed, baked, boiled, or fried. Such a dinner as was that first one Rex ate! He had never been so hungry before, and victuals had never tasted better. He was soon to find, however, that there are grades, even to an

enormous appetite, and that the man who goes mountain climbing eats more than the plainsman, or even the man along shore. It was decided that they should start up the river the next morning at as early an hour as they could see, and they began to make preparations immediately after dinner. They expected to be out a week, or near it, and must pack blankets, provisions and a small tent. While Peroux and Perry could each pack at least a hundred pounds, they knew that Rex, a tenderfoot, would do well if he carried sixty. They therefore estimated the pack at two hundred and sixty, and set to work. Tent, blankets, cooking utensils and a change of clothing weighed nearly one hundred, and were quite bulky. Beans, flour mixed with baking powder, potatoes fried in fat and put in tin cans, coffee, sugar, oatmeal, rice, pepper, salt, bacon, etc., weighed about one hundred pounds more. Then there was a bear-trap weighing about forty pounds, three smaller weighing about ten each, and twenty pounds of venison from the less choice portions, which they intended to use as bait for the traps.

When these preparations were concluded, it was nearly dark, and they gathered round for supper and yarns. The meal dispatched, every man leaned back in his chair, and story telling began, while the Swede cleared the table and washed the dishes. Perry and Peroux had each seen much of rough life on the plains and in the mountains, and an evening with them was one never to be forgotten. There was no boasting, only the plain narration of such adventures

as thrilled. Even the stolid Swede grew excited, and, pausing with dish in one hand and dishcloth in the other, listened, his mouth open and his great white eyes bulging.

CHAPTER XXVI

PACKING IN THE MOUNTAINS—PERRY PRODS A TENDER-FOOT

The first day of packing in the mountains is quite likely to impress itself on a tenderfoot's mind. The packs Rex, Perry and Peroux carried were made up in gunny sacks, great care having been taken to so pack the hard articles that the folds of blanket or tent cloth would come between them and the back.

The pack straps, which were of strips of gunny sack folded broadly, seemed easy on the carrier at the start, but within an hour Rex felt as if his shoulders were being torn off, while his shoulder-blades were rubbing together with a keen and constant pain. He wondered how his companions could stand such torture, but later learned by experience that to one accustomed to the work such a pack has absolutely no terrors. It is astonishing how soon one becomes accustomed to the strain. An experienced mountaineer, a man of ordinary weight, will sometimes pack half a horse load, or near it, and that, too, for ten or twelve hours a day. To be more exact, a large pack horse will pack three hundred pounds over a fair trail, and a small one, or cayuse, two hundred pounds. The rough work they will cheerfully endure, the logs and rocks they will jump or scramble over are astonishing. A good carrier will pack from seventy-five to one hundred pounds

if he be a man of moderate size, but there are giants among these fellows who will pack one hundred and fifty to two hundred.

The articles to be packed are first collected. Then a gunny sack is held mouth open by one man, while another folds a blanket the long way and from one to two feet wide. Placing his hand in the middle of this blanket thus folded, he thrusts it down to the bottom of the sack, leaving the ends sticking out about a foot on each side of its mouth. Another blanket similarly folded is pushed down across this, the ends sticking out at the other two sides of the sack. Next comes a can of coffee or sugar or some other hard article, which is pushed well down to the bottom of the sack on top of the blankets. Then another and another, until the sack is nearly full and solidly packed. The ends of the blankets are then brought over and carefully tucked in. Next, with a sharp stick and a string, the top of the sack is laced shut. A strong strap is now buckled round the sack at each end about a half-foot in toward the center. Hooped through each strap lengthwise of the sack are two broad bands or hoops of gunny sack. The pack is next set up on a rock or log and the packman, putting a hand through either band, proceeds to wriggle and twist himself until he has worked one band well onto each shoulder. Then he rises to his feet, gives himself a shake, settling the sack well down on his hips and, grasping his rifle as a counterbalance, is ready for a tramp or climb. He usually travels in a half bent posture, and some packmen prefer to wear what is known as a turning



CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS WITH A PACK.

strap (a band about the forehead) to help bear the strain of the load. Before starting, every ounce of superfluous clothing has been removed, no matter how cold the weather, and even then the packman sweats as he has not perspired before since he carried his last pack.

There was no trail up the Ducquebush River for any great distance beyond Peroux's cabin, except a game trail, and that was not clearly defined. A game trail is the path made by elk, deer or bear, and while it may be well worn in certain places, in others entirely disappears. It will therefore be seen that a game trail is but a trifle better than the pathless woods. A Puget Sound forest is as near the impenetrable in places as any on earth. The Cuban machete would be put to a severe test in removing its vine maple, devil's club or sallal. The Ducquebush River valley is practically impassable for man or horse. In fact, three men could not in two months cut and make a horse pack trail twelve miles up this valley from the sound. Very few men had ever penetrated this region a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles, as Peroux, Perry and Rex now proposed doing. To follow the river was impossible, for jutting rocks, deep cañons, projecting and overhanging vine maple and other obstructions absolutely prevented progress. They must take to the side of the mountains, and clamber along as best they could, ploughing through deep snow, fording swollen runs, scrambling under and over logs, and picking the way along the face of precipices. Is it any wonder that they consumed fully ten hours in mak-

ing that twelve miles? Is it any wonder that sturdy Rex, even with his light pack, was nearly dead with fatigue when they paused soon after dark on a grassy knoll, surrounded on all sides by the gloomy, towering forest?

That they were at the foot of a mountain more lofty than its fellows, more precipitous and with less snow except at its top, which had been the greater portion of the afternoon above the clouds, Rex well knew, for he had noted it as they approached. Now the moon had risen, and seemed sailing along the broken ridge, straight toward the west. As it came nearer, its pure beams illuminated and colored an ivory tint a mighty waterfall, which fell sheer eight hundred feet from the northern sky line. That the roaring river was far beneath Rex knew also, for occasionally, as the circling winds swept down from the west, the tremendous thunder of the waterfall ceased in part, while up from far below came roars, wailings, and clouds of mist, which last in the bright moonlight made fanciful shadows on the face of the awful precipice opposite. He was too tired to ask questions, and, lying there on the frozen ground, nearly fell asleep, even while looking and listening.

Perry had broken off some spruce splinters as they came along, and he now busied himself in starting a fire. He had built it close to a huge rock, and with a hatchet he now hewed off pieces of green fir bark, which burned readily and with a heat greater than that of wood or coal. In a half-hour, Perry, by the use of a handspike, had pried off enough bark to last

all night, and Peroux had prepared supper. Their noonday meal had been only a cold lunch, and it seemed to Rex as if he had never tasted anything so good as the hot coffee, dough-gads and butter and beans now given him. Having eaten, he fell asleep on the blankets, and the pair, realizing his condition of exhaustion, put up the tent over him.

"Better wake him up. He'll ketch cold there," said Perry.

"Yes; raise him one. He ought to roll up better than that before he sleeps." Perry thereupon "raised him one" with a packstrap, and smarting, Rex sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Morning yet?" he inquired. "Must be, for I'm hungry."

"Hungry, eh? and not two hours past supper. Your stomach's all right. You'll stand the racket," laughed Peroux. Rex advanced to the fire, yawning.

"Any snakes round here?" he enquired, as he rolled up in his blanket and stretched out. He did not see Perry wink at Peroux, and almost instantly forgot that no one had answered his question, because of a snake story Perry began to tell.

"Speakin' o' snakes, makes me think of an experience o' mine. One night, arter a hard day's chase arter strays—hosses, they was—I camped down in a place summat like this, an' havin' no supper, ner stuff fer it, I jest tethered my kyuse an' rolled up in my blanket, Nez Perce fashion. I rolled right under the ledge fer warmth, an' jest nacherly dropped off. I dunno how long I slep', but I was waked up by feelin' suthin' heavy crawlin' 'cross my

legs outside the blanket. Then I heerd a faint rattle, an' the chills began perambylatin' up an' down my backbone marrer. But I lay. Fer why? I dassent stir. Jest then another—this time a whopper, wriggled along over my middle, an' afore he got off me, another went 'crost my shoulders, so near I smelt the cuss. But that wusn't the wust of it. I lay with my back to the rock, my ole hat pulled down well behind an' turned up in front so's I cud breathe. I wuzn't breathin' very heavy, however. Then I felt one start across the back o' my head, outside my hat. That feller was a whale, an' I reckon he must 'a ben a mile long, more or less. Anyhow, he went slow an' right acrosst the side o' my bare forrad, where the hat was rolled up. As he went, I helt my breath, but I found myself a-sayin' in my mind that ole rule, 'Twelve inches make one foot; three foot one yard;' and so on. What'd I do then? Why! what *could* I do but git out o' that? I knowed there was a clean drop o' one hundred and fifty foot right off about twenty or thirty foot from the face o' the ledge I was layin' aginst—I was sleepin' on a bench, ye see, an' I kalkerlated to start ez fur to'rd that as I dared, then scrabble to my feet an' skin out. My body hed warmed up a snakes' nest, an' that they was all round me, I wuz sure. Well! I pulled up my blankit, an' with a short prayer, as the story writers say, I started, rolled as fur as I dared over snakes an' everythin', an' then, kickin' loose from that there blankit, I run like a whitehead fur my kyuse. He was snortin' an' pullin' at his tether. I cut him loose, scrambled

onto his back, an' let him go, an' when he'd gone fur enough, so I thought we was safe, I stopped him an' set on him till daylight. I wuzn't sleepy nur nothin'—you bet!"

As Perry finished his story, Rex began to feel uneasy. Peroux, who was rolled up in his blanket, was apparently in a deep reverie. Rex looked expectantly at him, awaiting the story that always followed an effort from Perry. But he waited in vain. Once Peroux opened his mouth, but again shut it as if at a loss to know just how to begin. At this instant Rex felt something wriggle right under him, and bounding like a rubber ball, finally scrambled to his feet to find both Perry and Peroux shaking with laughter. The former had a long stick in his hand, with which he had been prodding the tenderfoot, after filling him full of his snake story. Rex's face had been white as milk, but it now became red with shame and anger, as running over he kicked Perry two or three times, the latter making no resistance, but laughing until he could not sit up.

"Was that snake story all a lie, Perry?"

"No, sir! True as preachin'," gasped Perry, and then he rolled over and over in an ecstasy of mirth.

"Where and when did it happen? Anywhere about here?"

"No! no! Good land, no! There ain't any snakes this side o' the Cascades. That what I was a-tellin' happened over in the Yakima country, where they're thicker'n smelt in a school."

Perry and Peroux now told other stories, but all

the evening they were full of tickle at nothing, breaking out frequently, and Rex, losing his anger and realizing the harmless fun in the joke, even though it was at his expense, laughed too. Finally all rolled up in blankets and slept the sweet sleep of extreme weariness.

CHAPTER XXVII

AFTER ELK ABOVE THE CLOUDS—PEROUX'S WONDERFUL NERVE—REX GETS AN ELK

It was a weird place where our three hunters slept that night, and hardly a safe place for sleep-walkers, as Rex found when they awoke the next morning. As he lay there after opening his eyes, the daylight was slowly settling down from the peaks about him, though he and all about the camp were as yet in gloom. The fire had died down somewhat, and must have been entirely out but for the care of Peroux and Perry, for Rex knew that his own slumber had been unbroken. There was a goodly quantity of bark lying near, and getting up carefully, so as not to disturb his companions, he threw some on the hot coals. He was about to lie down again, when he saw a movement in the brush, about forty yards distant, and grasped his rifle. But the object did not show itself. Once he fancied he detected the gleam of a great pair of yellow eyes, but could not distinguish the outlines of a head, and did not care to fire for fear of ridicule.

Daylight was now fast coming on, and the stars which had lingered in the blue vault above began to grow faint and yet fainter, and finally faded away altogether. Rex now got up and began looking about him.

Their camp was on a plateau of half an acre—a

bench of the mountain to the northwest—covered with yellow bunch grass. The mountain was almost devoid of timber, except here and there a bunch or strip extending up some slanting run. And what a mountain it was! How gray and grandly terrible its bare, rocky ledges looked in the early morning! They suggested the massive battlements of some lofty fortress, only no fortress was ever constructed five thousand feet or a mile high. The big bottom they had entered at four o'clock of yesterday was far below their camp, and the tops of its immense growth of fir looked like a piece of plush. To the right and far below, he could see something white—a long, narrow, zigzag streak, and this he soon recognized as the rushing river. It showed itself in other places far down toward the sound, and he now realized that what he had at first taken for a strip of fog or cloud was in reality the canal away out opposite Seabeck, twenty-five miles distant. "The Seabeck people may have seen our campfire last night," he muttered.

"No, they didn't, fer 'twas cloudy till long after midnight—cloudy down below and clear up here." Rex turned with a start, and saw Perry's bright black eyes wide open, that individual having awakened without a stir. "Jest crawl out back o' the fire thar a hundred yards, an' peek over. Be keerful an' don't roll off, fer it's a drop, I tell ye."

Rex did as he was told, and hanging hard on a sturdy scrub pine, peered down into the most awful depth he had ever seen. Apparently a half-mile or more sheer down, he could faintly distinguish



HOW GRAY AND GRANDLY TERRIBLE IT LOOKED.

the foaming, roaring river. At times its mists entirely obscured it and rolled up about his head like steam from some vast cauldron, but again, as the soothng winds swept through, the view was clear and such as to cause one unused to such scenes to shudder. Though he did not know it, Rex was gazing down one of the most stupendous precipices in all America. After a last long look, he reached behind him, took a firm hold on the tree with the other hand and carefully withdrew from the brink. After crawling away on his hands and knees, he finally arose and ran to the fire, to find Peroux awake and Perry busy preparing breakfast. As they cooked and ate, they talked and laid plans for the day.

"I kalkerlate they's a band o' elk on some o' the benches o' this mountain," remarked Perry, "an' 'fore night we'll know. I'm goin' to crawl up over that sky line within four or five hour, an' take a squint out over the country. Goin' to be a nice day fer it too."

"All right!" returned Peroux. "Rex and I will go out to the ravine up back of the bottom down there, and crawl up to the gap that shows yonder. If we don't do anything better, we may get a crack at a whistling pig."

"A whistling pig? What are they, Mr. Peroux? Do wild pigs live on these mountains?"

"No, Wayland. Correctly speaking, they are marmots. There is a band of them, or used to be, over on that snow peak yonder; and there's an old crater over beyond, that is now a small lake, and that is worth a climb to see."

"A crater? And have you ever been to it?"

"Oh, yes; two or three times. I don't believe the thing has any bottom. It's a gloomy looking hole, about two hundred yards long and fifty wide. It lays just over the divide on the other slope."

"Did you ever see any great elk horns there?—any big ones?"

"Don't know as I have. I presume, though, we might find some, and big ones too. They're all through these woods. I find a pair or a single one every little while, though I never pack 'em down. They're not worth it. But why do you expect to find elk horns there?"

Rex felt himself blushing, and hardly knew what to say. Finally he answered, "Why, I've heard a yarn about a monster pair of horns that the Indians hung up in a tree once near such a crater, and I wanted to find them, that's all."

"A case of the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow," laughed Peroux. "Well! there are no trees near this crater—above the tree line, ye know, although I believe there's a bunch of brush at one side of the pond. It's a bleak, desolate place, but I suppose there are others just like it back in these hills. I never met anybody that had found them, though; but then neither have I met anybody that had rambled about much in this region."

After breakfast, the provisions were all put in a sack, and pulled by a long rope up over the end of the nearest high limb, out of reach of wild beasts, and with a piece of bread and venison in their pockets for lunch, the three left camp for a day's climb.

Peroux, knowing Rex to be unused to such work, took him with him, and chose an easy, or comparatively easy, route, while Perry, who revelled in dangerous mountain climbing, went alone up runs and crevices and along benches, ever higher and higher, until, from the valley below, through which Peroux and Rex were making their way, he looked like a fly crawling along at that awful height. It was nearly nine o'clock when Peroux and Rex, having made their way down and through the big bottom, turned sharply to the north and passed the mouth of the small ravine mentioned in the morning. This ravine is not wide, and yet one of the deepest, wildest, gloomiest holes in all these mountains.

To the southwest of it runs a dirt elk trail, zig-zagging up a slope that even an elk could not climb except by the trick these animals have of turning first to the right and then to the left about every fifty feet. There was much snow in the bottom, but on the wind-swept and sun-kissed side of this exceedingly steep mountain there was none, except occasionally a patch here and there on the benches. They peered up into the ravine as they passed its mouth. Clouds hung over it, at a height of eight hundred to one thousand feet, giving it almost the appearance of a cave, so far as light was concerned. It was indeed a gloomy cavern, and they did not linger long about its damp entrance, but struck straight up the sharp slope to the northeast toward the divide. It took three hours of hard climbing to reach the crater just over the divide on the Dosee-

wallop's side, and here they ate their dinner. There were, as Peroux had said, no trees near, and not much to see, except a dark cavern of unknown depth, filled with water. It was very chilly up there, and they soon commenced climbing up to the divide and down the other side again.

They had reached the bottom, and were slowly walking along between the great tree trunks, from six to twelve feet in diameter and of tremendous height, when Peroux whistled softly and knelt down. The forest, though gloomy, was quite open, yet Rex had seen nothing. Not so with Peroux, who, as he sank on one knee, looked like a statue. Slowly—without a single quick motion, he raised his rifle.

"It's a buck!" whispered Peroux. "I got him right back o' the shoulder, and while he smells us an' maybe sees us, he thinks we can't see him, and he won't break cover. Want a shot? If you do, take it quick. I'll save him if you miss."

"Let him have it!" whispered Rex. "I can't see anything." As he spoke Peroux's rifle cracked, and out from the deeper shadow sprang a big buck, to immediately fall and lie kicking and quivering by turns; a 38-55 bullet having passed through one edge of his heart.

"Wanted you to have that shot, but couldn't wait," said Peroux, in even tones, while Rex was so excited he could hardly talk. As Peroux knifed the animal, he remarked: "He's ours. Now, while I gut him and pack him up to camp, do you take a ramble out around through this snow bottom and see if you can discover any signs of elk. If any

have crossed the river within two or three miles, they've gone through this bottom. Look sharp, and work fast. We've only an hour or two of daylight down here."

Off to the south Rex could hear the river roaring, and he struck across the flat in that direction. He soon reached the river and began working along up-stream, some distance back from the water, for it was impossible to travel near the water's edge. He had reached a point not more than five hundred yards from the great gap in the mountain, where the river tore its way through, when he saw in the snow a sight which caused his heart to beat fast. There before him was a trail as broad as if a dozen oxen had tramped along. He followed it, and soon found fresh "signs," showing that the animals had passed that way very recently. It led straight toward the first bluff, which, bald and gray, reared its head above the tree tops, and he soon found where the herd had taken to a bush-covered run and worked up to the first bench, which, at a height of one thousand feet or less, seemed to run along the side of the entire mountain. To this bench he and his companions had ascended by way of a run some distance back northeast, and from that bench by another run to a second and broader bench, where was the camp. Running along this first bench to this second run, he ascended that and reached camp just at nightfall, to find both Peroux and Perry at work preparing supper and cutting the meat off the buck Peroux had killed. The news he brought caused considerable excitement, and after supper

they laid plans for the hunt on the morrow. It was agreed that the elk, led by a big bull, whose track was an inch and a half wider than Rex's rifle stock, had gone out along this bench after coming up from the river, and ascended the mountain. The next morning Perry was to go out to the summit again, and Peroux and Rex were to work their way up the dirt trail to the left of the ravine.

The following morning was misty, the clouds hanging low over the valley and driven up it by a gentle east wind, and when at eight o'clock Peroux and Rex had ascended to a height of three thousand feet by the dirt trail, they found themselves in clouds so thick they could not see fifty yards ahead. On all fours they were toiling along when out from the mist above shot a boulder as big as a small wash-tub and went tumbling down over the soft earth trail, missing them by but a few feet.

"They're above us somewhere!" whispered Peroux. "Some one of 'em rubbing on that boulder has started it. We're on the right trail, but we must go out to the left and make up over those benches. Follow me!" and he darted to the left. Rex followed for a quarter of a mile or more, on a brisk trot, and then scrambled up an almost perpendicular run after Peroux to the bench above. It seemed as if the agile young German possessed the powers of a cat, so swiftly and quickly did he go up; but at the next bench he paused, and leaning over gave Rex a helping hand.

"This next one's a tough one, but we've got to make it. I'll put you up ahead," and he whirled

Rex around, facing an almost perpendicular wall of rock, up which ran a crevice, about the shape, size and slant of a very steep house roof-gutter. "Now! up you go!" Rex toiled up as best he could for several hundred feet, every minute finding this run, in which there was not so much as a bush, shrub or piece of moss, growing narrower and steeper. Luckily, it was covered on both sides with small knobs about the size of a goose egg, and on these he set his toes and clung to them with his fingers. Suddenly he noticed that the wind had swept the clouds aside, and as he glanced over his shoulder, saw the forest apparently almost straight down, a mile and a half below.

"Peroux! I can't go farther!" he gasped. "Let's climb down!"

"Great Guns, man! a cat couldn't climb *down*. We've *got* to go up. Go ahead! Put your face close to the rock and hang on hard; I'll place your feet."

Their guns were fast over their backs, and as Rex glanced down between his own knees and saw the face of his heroic companion, jaws set and determination in every lineament, it gave him new courage. Suddenly a new thought struck him, and he nearly let go, so sick was he with terror.

"Mr. Peroux, suppose this crevice *ends* up above us. I tell you, I'm weak. You'd better let me tumble back over your head and save yourself if you can."

Peroux's blue eyes fairly blazed; and there in that awful predicament, between heaven and earth, he

yelled: "Why, man! Where's your geology? I studied mine before I came out, and I tell you these mountains never cooled in that way. These crevices run clear *up*, and there's where you're going if I have to pack you. If you go down, I go with you. *Climb*, now, and no more squealing."

Rex, with Peroux's hands clasped about his insteps, did climb, and in twenty minutes—it seemed as many hours—lay side by side with Peroux on a bench above, pale and panting. "I—I wouldn't do t—th—at again for all the elk in Christendom, Mr. Peroux."

"'Twas a little risky," Peroux admitted, with a sickly smile. "'Didn't know exactly what we were getting into. We're pretty near the summit of the highest mountain round here now. What d'ye think of that view? Isn't it grand?" And the young mountaineer stood with dilated nostrils as he surveyed one of the most sublime panoramas in all that grand country.

At their feet, her benches hidden from view, fell off the mountain for five thousand feet or more, to the plateau or wide bench where they had encamped. The edges of the two thousand foot cañon, just beyond, looked like a seam or gash in the rock, and out of it slowly rose the mists, like steam from some subterranean cauldron. Where the mountains fell away to the east again the river appeared, gushing forth, white with foam, but so far below that its roar came up faintly. Round a low mountain, it wound to the left and was lost for a few miles. Abreast of this mountain, and surging up against it, were two

mighty landslides, from the higher range. These slides were three miles apart, but apparently lay side by side, their slimy soapstone bottoms gleaming yellow and ghastly in the sunlight. Between them was a forest of deepest green, with here and there a protruding rock. Beyond was more forest, and here and there a loop or bend of the glistening river. Then came the great sound, the smoke arising from the sites of Tacoma, Seattle, and Everett, and beyond all was the towering Cascade range, snow-clad and cloud-flecked. They had forgotten the elk, so absorbed were they in this wild panorama, when, "Boom!" came the report of a rifle. An interval of silence followed, except for the echoes rolling along the adjacent ridges and between the crags. Then again—"Boom!"

"It's Perry, and he's let Sam off twice. Must be the band of elk," exclaimed Peroux, showing more excitement than at any time yet. "Look there! What's that?" he continued, excitedly pointing through the cloud banks that had begun to roll up again. Rex looked and beheld a sight such as few people have ever seen. Just out beyond them began the ravine, which seemed to have in part cleft this massive upheaval. Up this ravine, the clouds were drifting, the jagged rocks on the other side showing through here and there. And now, in the midst of these clouds and apparently walking on them, in fact, right out over that yawning chasm, appeared a herd of gigantic elk—gigantic, because ten times larger than any animal on earth. Not far behind pursued a hunter of proportionate size. It was

Perry, and the sun and clouds, by some mystery of reflection or refraction, had magnified both him and the game he hunted.

The clouds now rolled up thicker, obscuring the sun, and the elk were hidden. Evidently they were making for the head of the ravine and coming north-east, straight toward Peroux and Rex. Just where they would come—whether along the summit or along the highest bench, on which they were standing—it was hard to say. It was hurriedly agreed that Peroux should climb to higher ground, while Rex went out along the narrow bench which ran round the precipice. As Peroux clambered up, Rex made his way along through the thick rolling fog. In places the bench was thirty feet wide, but in others not more than thirty inches. He was making his way round a point, where the bench was certainly not more than three feet in width, when just ahead of him, from out of the fog, rushed a gigantic, fiery-eyed elk, closely followed by others. Rex dodged back behind the point, cocked his rifle, and had not time to bring it to his shoulder when the animal came abreast of him. With the muzzle almost touching its great mane, Rex fired. That elk never made the turn, but pierced through with a 40-82 ball, from a point before the left shoulder to another back of the third rib, leaped wildly out into the fog, over that cloud-covered brink, and shot down out of sight. It seemed to Rex fully thirty seconds before the body struck with a sound not unlike that of a bag of bones on the cruel rocks, and then went clattering on down, a mile or more.

The remainder of the herd never paused, but went round that point with great bounds as free from fear of falling as if on level bottom far below.

"That's the way to get big game down off the side of a mountain," sang out Peroux. As he reached the point where Rex stood, still trembling, he exclaimed, "Lucky for you, young fellow, you had that point of rock to dodge behind, else you'd gone down before the bull. Come on! Let's get out of this."

They found the elk, a mass of broken bones and battered flesh, lodged on a bench, at least three thousand feet below. Perry, who had wounded another elk twice, but failed to get him, joined them within an hour or two, and helped in stripping off the good meat from the bones. The once kingly antlers were a wreck, and the hide was so full of holes as to be of no value, but from the hind quarters alone they stripped off over three hundred pounds of fine meat, which it took them all the next day to pack down to Peroux's cabin.

And thus ended Rex's first elk hunt.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ANOTHER HUNT AND A BEAR—TERRIFIC BATTLE WITH AN ELK

For days after Rex reached home he shuddered whenever he thought of that climb above the clouds, but later a longing for the mountains came upon him, and within two weeks he found himself anxious for another trip, such is the fascination of this dangerous sport. While in peril we may tremble and inwardly vow never to run such risk again. For a week after, perhaps, we may remain of the same mind, but sooner or later the longing comes back, and yielding to it, we go gladly, perhaps to our death. This longing at the end of two weeks fully possessed Rex. He resisted it for a time, and kept doggedly at his work, but one day a letter from Peroux came across by the Delta to Seabeck, and its contents swept away every resolution. The boy yielded, and three days later was once more on Bare Ledge plateau, encamped with his former companions.

They had left Peroux's an hour earlier than before, and knowing the trail better had made better time, so that they reached camp an hour before dark. The early spring had now come, and the snow lying on the bottom below the cañon had almost disappeared. In the patches remaining they had found

elk, bear and cat tracks, and were confident that bear had come out from their winter quarters. Here and there they found fresh scratches on the "barberry" tree, a sure sign that bear were on the range. For the benefit of those who do not understand the habits of bear in these regions, the following explanation is given:

There are three distinct classes of bear in the Olympics; and all seek the "barberry" the first day after leaving winter quarters. The scientific name of barberry is *Cascaria Sagrada*, and the bark is on sale at all drug stores as a powerful cathartic. The small black or coast bear goes into winter quarters very late, and when he does—about January 1st—he betakes himself back into the mountains, somewhat nearer the coast than the mountain black or bald-face and the cinnamon bear, that have gone in at least a month earlier. Three classes of Olympic bear have just been mentioned. This refers to size. There are at least five varieties—the black, the cinnamon or brown, the silver-tip, the bald-face, and the grizzly. The three classes as to size are the small coast black, weighing from two hundred to four hundred, the mountain black, brown and cinnamon, ranging from four hundred to eight hundred, and the bald-face and grizzly, from eight hundred to fourteen hundred, and even sixteen hundred. No living bear is dangerous to man if let alone. The idea that bear make unprovoked attacks on man is entirely erroneous. No matter how large the bear, if the man who comes upon one will stand and steadily look at him or her, that bear will edge off, unless the



PEROUX HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.

man has frightened it to anger by suddenly cornering it while it is eating, or has interfered with its young. If a coast black bear is hurt by a shot, it will run like a pig, unless cornered where it cannot run away any farther. If a mountain black, cinnamon, or silver-tip, be hurt, the chances are that it will run, but it may not. A grizzly will rarely run if hurt, and almost invariably charges. A wounded bald-face is not only sure to charge, but will follow a hunter for a day or two, if he manages to escape it at first, and will attack him in camp or anywhere it can find him. It is the hardest bear to kill, the most revengeful, and consequently the most dangerous. Its sloping frontal bone will deflect almost any rifle ball at no matter what range. It will roll to a man and tear him in pieces even after he has broken one or two of its legs by well-directed rifle shots. The only shots that are safe are one at the butt of the ear, sidewise, or one striking the backbone, across the loins from the rear. With other portions of its anatomy riddled by large-sized rifle balls, it will fight for an indefinite length of time, and one blow from its awful paw, or one snap of its terrible jaws, is sure death. The popular idea that big bears are clumsy is erroneous; a bear will run as fast through the open as a deer, and faster through the thicket or over tree trunks. It can turn a flipflap with all the celerity of a small kitten. A cougar never rushes, but comes with great flying leaps at his prey or foe, gathering for an instant after each twenty or thirty foot leap, and giving time for a shot, but a bear comes like a catapult. A hunter, seeing a grizzly

or bald-face two hundred yards distant, and relying on his skill as a marksman, may shoot, but he had better first climb a tree or some tall isolated rock, for with the grizzly there are chances and with the bald-face a certainty, that the game will come with greater or less speed, straight at him. A steady marksman with a Winchester may get in five or six shots, and he may not get in more than three. All this information and much more had Uncle Festus imparted to Rex, and his final injunction on this trip had been, "Don't shoot, boyee, unless ye hev a fair crack at the butt o' the ear."

Late that afternoon, when they reached the old camp, they drew lots to see who should start the fire and prepare the supper, while, as Peroux expressed it, "the others skirmished about a bit." It fell to Perry and Rex to go out, and each taking a "run" about five hundred yards from the other, commenced crawling up to the first bench. There was a little break or sub-bench about one-third the way up the run. Rex was mounting and as his eyes came even with this, he saw four large split hoofs sticking out at him. On crawling further, he found himself beside the mangled remains of a full-grown elk—a bull that would have dressed at least eight hundred, and weighed on foot eleven hundred or twelve hundred pounds. It had not been killed more than a week, but was pretty nearly devoured. Its skull had been crushed in by a fall from above. Rex looked up, and to the right about one hundred and fifty feet above his head beheld an overhanging rock that looked like the edge of a bench. He called

to Perry, and the latter toiled across and examined the carcass carefully.

"Killed by cats. B'ar now usin' on it," he commented.

"How do you know it was killed by cats, Perry?"

"See that hide all tore inter shoestrings? Cats did that when they killed him. They sucked his blood an' eat his flesh fer a few days, an' right thar under that little spruce is whar they curled up after gordin' theirself. See the bed? Now, how'd I know b'ar was usin' here? Jest look up this run. See that mark there on the edge o' that soft shale? Wall, thar's whar a b'ar jest slid down over. Too lazy an' slovenly to pick up his feet, but jest slid. A cat'd come down there as dainty as ye please, but a b'ar jest slid. He's got some place up above here on a bench whar he leaves his sign, an' by that—it's all in one place—we kin tell 'bout how many times he's been here. Come on!"

They climbed up together, and found the "sign," as Perry had said, on the first bench above; also the place atop that jutting rock where the cougar and elk had fought. They—for there had been two cats and big ones too—had evidently jumped on him from out of the spreading boughs of a large scrub pine at the back of this bench, when he stood at the edge of the cliff. Then had occurred a fierce fight. At this season the bull elk has shed his horns and cannot fight as well as usual, but this fellow had used his remaining weapons—his pointed hoofs—and the thin soil was torn by tracks, and strewn with blood, tufts of hair and patches of hide. He had

evidently finally taken a flying leap out into space, and from his back his foes had sprung ten feet further, out to a bunch of fir trees, the tall tops of which were not thirty feet below the level of the rock. The tops of these trees appeared broken and scratched in two places.

"Wall! I don't see any track o' this b'ar up over the perpindickerler side o' this ledge. S'pose we make fer the next bench? You go to the right an' I to the left. The first run ye come to, go up. I'll do the same. Then come along out that bench an' meet me, drivin' the b'ar."

Rex laughed. "All right, Perry. I'll drive him right into your arms."

"Ye may laugh," said Perry, seriously, "but I tell ye, he'll be comin' down soon. B'ar live on most everything they kin find, but never kill anythin' more'n fish. What they pertickler like is nice fresh grass an' nice ole carrion. Didn't know b'ar lived on grass like a cow, did ye? Wall, they do, an' they eat young shrubs an' ants in rotten logs an' wild honey, an' I dunno what all, but they'll leave it all fer carrion. Now watch out fer b'ar, 'cause he's usin' here, an' bein' reg'lar in his habits, he'll come down."

Rex moved along that bench a half-mile before he found a run that he thought might give him footing to reach the next bench, fully three hundred and fifty feet above. He was quite confident this was the run down which the bear came, but the last storm had swept it clean of brush or loose debris, in which a track would be quite likely to show itself,

The run, though smooth, was comparatively easy of ascent, and he had nearly reached its summit when he saw a moving shadow above him to the right. The bench was indented by this run, to a depth of fifty feet, and this moving shadow was progressing in toward the head of the run. Rex had made little noise, and he now lay silent on his stomach, turning his head only enough to watch that shadow. The shadow had at first been a mere shapeless bulk, but now, as it neared the head of the run and came nearer the brink, it resolved itself into the shape of a huge bear. That he would show himself over this brink far enough to afford a shot Rex was ardently hoping, but in this hope he was doomed to disappointment, for at this instant the shadow stopped, raised its head in air and motioned up and down as if sniffing. By this Rex knew he was scented, and rolled a little on his side to get a shot should the bear peer over. But bruin was too wary. He rose a trifle on his hind feet, and whirled quickly about as if on a pivot; the shadow disappeared, and Rex scrambled up. There was the bench, clear for two hundred yards, and along its level surface he ran at the top of his speed. To the left was a sheer fall of three hundred to four hundred feet. To the right was a wall of rocks smooth as the plastered wall of a house. As he ran, he rounded the first projection, and stopped so quickly that he came near falling down, for there, not fifty yards distant, stood the bear, an enormous silver tip, broadside, while out beyond him, about one hundred yards, was Perry in the act of taking aim.

Rex's sudden appearance caused Perry to lower his gun, and in a low, even voice he called out, "We've got the critter all right if we manage him. Don't make any quick motion, but back up to that rock behind ye, git a dead rest an' when I count three fire at his ear. If he stan's up under both shots an' charges ye, keep behind the rock an' let him run past ye, as I think he will, an' then let him have it again."

"But suppose he stops to interview me?"

"If ye think there's any danger o' that, let him have 'fore he gits to ye."

"Suppose he charges you, Perry?"

"Never you worry 'bout Perry. I'll take keer o' him."

"Now! One! two! three!"

At the word both rifles cracked, and the bear fell, but scrambled to his feet and charged Perry. That individual was now a picture. His Springfield was only a single shot, but he coolly threw his shell, slipped in another and whipping out his big knife put it between his teeth. He was taking careful aim at the mad beast before Rex could collect his wits. It was pretty late to act, but Rex made a good, quick shot, and had the satisfaction of seeing the bear, not thirty yards from Perry, fall in a heap, his back broken. He came up again, however, on his fore feet, and was dragging himself toward the enemy, when Uncle Sam spoke, and the bear rolled over toward the rocky wall, trembling and kicking his huge feet. Perry had taken him fairly between the eyes, low down, and had reached the region of

his heart. Rex was so faint and weak he could hardly stand, but Perry, cool as ever and without a tremor in his voice, shouted: "That's our hide."

"That's *your* hide, you mean," called out Rex, as he made his way around the circling bench. "I tell you, old man, you're a brick. What'd you calculate to do with that knife?"

"My plan," said Perry, as he deliberately leaned on his rifle, "was to stop him if I could with that shot, an' if I couldn't, then to jab him with the gun, an' when he got his jaws on that to give him the knife. Your shot flustered me a leetle, but I got pretty near dead center."

"I should say you did! Well! you've got nerve in every inch of your body."

"A man's got to have nerve, huntin' these critters, er he gits the daylights chawed outen him. Come on; let's skin him. I'll bet Peroux's cussin' to think he didn't hev that chance."

"He could have had it for all of me," replied Rex, as they set to work stripping off the hide. The bear was in very good flesh, in fact, fat, and his hide was a beauty, measuring eight feet eleven inches from tip of nose to center of hind crotch. A green bear hide of that size is a heavy burden. This one must have weighed at least ninety pounds, and though Rex carried the skull, Perry was until nearly dark getting down to camp with it. Rex also brought down the feet, and these he found a great delicacy, when broiled by Perry on a sharp stick over bark coals. The three were very merry that night, and

it was nearly ten o'clock before they rolled up in their blankets to sleep.

Rex was just dropping off into his first doze, lulled by the alternate roar of the fall when the wind circled from the east, and the moans and wails from the deep cañon when it came from the west. These sounds had grown fainter and fainter, and he had almost lost consciousness when a yell just above his head brought him and his companions to a sitting posture. It had begun like the sudden shriek of a steam whistle, but it now died away in a long drawn yowl, to rise again in increased volume. The boy's hair stood on end. "Say? What's that?" he gasped.

"Cats!" responded Perry, sententiously. "They're smellin' that b'ar meat. It's too strong fer our stummicks, but they kin stan' it. They may not eat it to-night, 'cause they'll smell where we ben round it. Wish't I'd thought to dope it with strikenine."

Rex lay back again, but started up as another yowl rent the air. He had heard big tom cats by night, but their snarls, in comparison with these, were like the sound of a boy's whistle compared with the blast of the most powerful steam whistle. "Will they attack us?" he asked.

"Naw! They won't attack us. Lay down an' go to sleep." Perry spoke very nonchalantly, but Rex noticed that he kept a better fire than usual, and tired as he was, did not sleep much.

The next morning at an early hour the three started off along the side of the northern range toward the west and up the river beyond the cañon.

Their plan was to go up about four miles, looking for bear tracks across a big bottom they had seen from the mountain, returning to camp at nightfall. They reached this bottom about nine o'clock. Perry was ahead, and they were walking through a comparatively open piece of woods, when he stopped and remarked: "I hed all the fun last night. You fellers sneak on 'em if ye wan'to, an' I'll stay here to take 'em if they come this way."

"To take what?" exclaimed both Peroux and Rex.

"Them elk up there ahead. They're in a little glade jest round this bend in the river. I see 'em a ways back. Keep well round on the side hill above 'em, an' I'll sneak through by this old trail up to the nose o' the bend. I won't shoot till you do."

Peroux and Rex needed no further invitation, but hurriedly worked their way around, while Perry crept along the river. The glade was a half circle, bounded by the river to the south, and here in peace and contentment both Peroux and Rex soon saw a herd of eleven elk. The leader, an old bull, was remarkably large, and what was most singular, still retained his antlers, notwithstanding the lateness of the season. "He's at least a month late," whispered Peroux. "Must be they've just come down from the interior, where it's cold later, and where they carry their horns six or eight weeks longer."

"You take him," returned Rex, "and I'll have a try at that little bull. I got one the other day, and it's your turn now." Peroux smiled his thanks as they drew nearer, and at a distance of about one hundred and seventy-five yards knelt down, shoot-

ing, as was his custom, without a rest. Rex, on the other hand, rested beside a tree trunk, and drew down for a point back of his bull's shoulder. Then he softly counted, and as the rifles cracked saw the big fellow go down in a heap, while the remainder of the herd, first huddled and then led by the young bull, bounded toward cover on the farther side. The young leader was never destined to reach cover, however, for at this instant Perry's rifle boomed and he fell with a big ball through his spine.

As the three hunters ran across the glade, Rex called out: "Much obliged, Perry. Don't know how I ever came to miss."

"You didn't miss; he's bored plum through, right near the heart, but he might 'a run a mile 'fore he dropped."

This they found to be true, and as Perry's shot had stopped him only, and as he would have died anyhow, Perry declared the game belonged to Rex, and that this shot was only in payment of the one lent at the bear-killing. As they stood talking, Peroux happened to look round and saw his big bull moving. Drawing his knife, he leaped forward, intending to cut the creature's throat. As he drew near, the bull, which had been shot through the neck and stunned, staggered to its feet, its eyes green with rage, and its enormous mane erect. This unexpected revival so astonished Peroux that he hesitated, and that hesitation came near costing him his life, for with a shrill whistle the bull charged him, and to the horror of Perry and Rex, bore him to the earth. The bull's "dog killers," or

forward prongs, were apparently driven through and through the stalwart Alsatian, but in reality one was under each arm, while the others were against a vine maple, over which Peroux had fallen backward. In his mad fury the elk hooked and jammed his victim, but as Peroux had caught his antlers close and hung on for dear life, little harm was being done aside from bruises. Cocking his rifle, Perry danced around to get a shot, but man and beast were so mixed up he dared not risk it.

At this instant a remarkable incident occurred. The bull, in his struggles to back up, braced and gave a mighty surge, leaving his antlers with Peroux. The big hunter sprang nimbly to his feet, knife in hand, for he had not dropped it through all the hard struggle. The horns were partially entangled in the maple, and he caught his clothing on them and fell again, just as the bull shot forward his sharp fore hoofs with a force that must have impaled the hunter had they struck him. One went either side of Peroux's body, cutting the shirt as a knife might have done, and now, with his left arm wound round the brute's neck, Peroux was down on his back again, but plying his knife. Rex and Perry tried to shoot, but the combatants rolled over one another so fast it was impossible. The ribs of a less strong man must have been crushed, but Peroux seemed iron-sided, and plied his knife desperately. The fourth thrust touched the heart, and rolling to one side, the savage elk gave up the battle.

At first, Peroux could not arise, and so pale and

bloody was he when, with assistance, he did struggle to his feet, that his companions were greatly alarmed. However, the blood was mainly elk blood, and the injuries were confined to bruises and abrasions. Indeed, after a rest, Peroux helped carry his portion of the meat back to camp, and though lame the next day and for several days thereafter, by one of those miracles that sometimes favor hunters, he escaped serious injury.

The next three days were consumed in getting their game and trophies back to Peroux's cabin, and once more satisfied, Rex went back across the canal, to meet a man whom he had never before seen, yet who was inadvertently to give him important information concerning the "great Spanish treasure."

CHAPTER XXIX

ELIAS PARMLE, PROSPECTOR — ASTONISHING STORY OF THE ELK HORMS

Elias Parmle is one of the oddest characters in all the Puget Sound region. By reason of his oddity and droll expressions, he has for years been better known by the name of "Bill Nye." He claims to be of Swiss descent, which probably accounts for his love of the mountains and mountain climbing. Born in Kansas, his parents sent him east to school. One day he was missed, and his friends did not hear of him in ten long years. When they did, he came from Washington state, where he had been prospecting, and sold out his claim, clearing a small fortune. With this he saw the east, and journeyed west again to do more prospecting. At various times he made small strikes, but always lost the value of the good ones by expending all the money he made in attempts to develop bad ones. Less than forty-five years of age, he has for twenty-five years been a very pioneer of prospectors, and, like most of the mining advance guard, he has never been rich long. He has lived more than half the time since 1870 in the wildest, most desolate portions of the Cascades and Olympics. A plain narration of his adventures would read like the most lurid fiction, for he has dodged and fought Indians, seen and slain wild

beasts, tumbled over precipices, has been swept through the rocky cañons of mountain rivers, has been snowbound until obliged to cook and eat his moccasins, has been imprisoned two days without food on a lone cloud-covered peak, afraid to move lest he should fall into some terrible crevasse, and is still alive, and, as he puts it, "tougher'n tripe."

When out of the mountains, he travels about the sound and its "slews" in a huge whaleboat. Like the majority of Puget Sound boatmen, he always stands up to row. His oars are nearer sweeps, being twelve feet in length, broad and heavy. He is a giant, and all about him is in proportion. His whaleboat is twenty-four feet long, and of six-foot beam. Its lines are so well laid, however, that even an ordinary man or boy can propel it, and when Elias throws his two hundred and sixty pounds against the oars, she moves through the water at a speed of six to eight miles an hour.

One morning Rex saw this craft moving up the canal, and noted its size, though two miles out. Near the boat, apparently about one hundred yards distant, was a large flock of brant. As hunters well know, all waterfowl of the game order are birds of excellent judgment as to distance. They will sit complacently and let a hunter approach to within one hundred yards, knowing that few fowling pieces will carry more than sixty, and fewer yet will do execution on feather-armored fowl at that distance. But let hunter or boat approach nearer, and they are away. The big whaleboat was just about one hundred yards from this flock, when the oarsman picked



ELIAS PARMLE AND REX MEET.

up a gun. At this the brant, which had for some time been craning their necks and circling round uneasily, took wing, and well together started up the canal. They had hardly bunched for flight when, boom! boom! went the gun, and at least a dozen fell, some flapping about on the water and diving, but unable to rise.

"Great heavens! What a shot!" exclaimed Rex, running out. "What kind of a gun does that man use?"

"That's his ole No. 8," answered Uncle Festus, who had come in from the woods. "He's got a reg'lar young cannon there. Heaviest gun 'long-shore. Ye know most on us use a twelve-gauge, with shells loaded with three and a quarter drams o' powder an' one an' an eighth ounces o' number two to four shot fer duck. Wall, that rooster has an eight-gauge, with a bar'l thirty-eight inches long. The gun weighs fifteen pound, an' will kill at one hundred to one hundred and forty yard. He loads its shells with six to seven drams o' good powder, an' fer duck er brant from forty to fifty No. 1, or 'bout two ounce o' No. 2. That's the way he gits 'em. That gun cost a purty sum, an' is one o' his whims. Purty profitable whim too, I reckon, though 'twouldn't be o' much use to you or me, 'cause we couldn't hold it. Say, Rex! I wish't you'd call him in. I'd like to hire the critter fer a few days. The fallers are gettin' behind. Tell him we'll pay him \$2 and grub."

Rex signalled for the giant to come ashore, and after picking up his brant, Elias leisurely swept his

craft to the dock. He was reluctant about hiring out, as he had planned to go back into the Olympics by Big River the following Monday, but when he learned it would be an accommodation to Uncle Festus, he quickly promised, and went down to the boat to cover up his kit and take out his brant. While talking, Rex had improved the opportunity to look him over, and was greatly interested in his appearance. Standing six feet eight inches in his No. 10 logging boots, and weighing two hundred and sixty-one pounds, although not at all fleshy, but rather rawboned and brawny, Elias' appearance was deceptive. His feet and hands seemed small in proportion to his size, and one could hardly believe that his head, even with its mass of brown hair (not shingled, but "cut square"), called for a No. 9 hat. He claimed to cut his own hair twice a year, and even this people were inclined to admit, when they saw him shave himself with a big hunting-knife, using ordinary "hard" soap for lather. His features were large, and while rugged, were in a way handsome. In fact, had he been an actor, so mobile were these features and so expressive were his great gray eyes, he must have made a reputation. His voice was of great range and pleasing in tone. He was very mild in manner, almost boyish, except when aroused, which was seldom, and then he looked truly majestic. Elias is a great reader—not of newspapers, but history and the poets. No matter where he may be to-day, in his pack will be found a small, well-worn copy of the Bible, Shakespeare, and probably a volume or two of Grote's Greece, Gibbon's

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Rollin's Ancient History, or Macaulay or Hume.

"Some fellers pack round a gallon or two of tanglefoot, or a few pound o' cigarettes, but ez fer me, gimme a batch o' good, solid readin' an' a mod'rate 'lowance o' chawin' terbacker. As Shakespeare makes old Prospero, in his cell, say, 'I'm all dedicated to closeness' (meanin' retirement) 'an' the betterin' o' my mind.' "

It did not take Elias long to pick his brant and pack the feathers away that morning, for he was very skillful, and having carefully stowed his truck in a locker he came up to camp with a half-dozen of the finest and fattest birds. "They're not as good eatin' as they was a month ago, Mis' Wayland, but, as Mr. Shakespeare would say if workin' in these woods, 'Now good digestion waits on appetite,' an' I persoom the boys'll relish 'em."

Mrs. Wayland, who had heard so much of him that she felt acquainted, thanked him, and he strolled out to the door of the office, where he sat down, took a small copy of Dante from his pocket, and began reading. He had rowed up from Whiskey Spit, down opposite Port Gamble, that morning, where he had shot and picked some two dozen duck, brant and geese, and, as it was within an hour of the early dinner, did not care to commence work until noon.

"Been hunting waterfowl lately?" said Rex.

"Yes; sort o' huntin' of 'em. That snow we had in Feberary fell purty deep upon the ridges over 'crosst yonder, an' I thought I might as well put in a leetle time huntin' 'longshore. Think I'll

start in soon, though. I wanter git in airly this year. The storms hev ben purty heavy, an' I kal-kerlate some float wuth lookin' at 'll be loosened up."

"How far back do you go?"

"Oh! Most anywhar I wanter. Ben clar 'crosst once or twice."

"Why! I thought nobody ever went across up here."

"Scerce anybody ever haz, 'cept me, I guess. Purty dang'rous."

"Find any game over in there?"

"Oh, yes. See lots o' b'ar an' elk, an' any quantity o' deer an' wolves; but no use huntin' in thar. Couldn't pack out any b'ar-pelt ner horns in a month, ter say nothin' o' meat. Only last year I see the gol dangest pair o' horns over in thar ye ever hearn of, but I didn't do any more'n take 'em down an' look at 'em. Then I lost 'em."

"How large were they?" inquired Rex, his heart thumping and his face growing white and red by turns.

"Why, Mr. Wayland, ef I wuz ter tell ye God's honest truth, you'd think I wuz lyin'. 'I cud a tale unfold' that'd gin me the belt fer champion liar all 'long this canal. No, I guess I'll say nothin' till I pack 'em out."

"Oh, pshaw, Elias! Don't be afraid. I know you're not a liar. Tell me about 'em. If you don't want me to say anything, I won't."

"All right, Mr. Wayland, I will, but I don't want ye to doubt my word, fer that'd hurt my feelin's. I

was a-crawlin' 'long the backbone of a divide jest over to the southeast o' Mount Olympus, when I see off to the left o' me a hole in the ground. The clouds were a-flyin' purty thick, an' I thought first 'twas shadders, but then I thought 'twan't, an' I crawled over that way; an' thar—by gum! thar 'twas—an ole crater. Darndest sinkhole ye ever see. I should think 'twas two hundred yard 'crost lengthwise, an' 'bout one hundred an' fifty t'other way. 'Twas 'bout four hundred feet down to the water, for 'twas like all them ole craters—a small deep lake, an' 'twas purty near straight down, too. Down 'bout seventy-five er one hundred foot to the south side wuz a little bench. I shu'd say 'twas six or eight foot wide in its widest, an' p'raps thirty or forty foot long, an' in this was growin' four small scrub pine. Now, these wuz the only trees I'd seen up that high, fer this crater is above the tree line, an' I set down an' looked at 'em, wonderin' how in sixty-nine them trees ever got started there. As I wuz lookin' one o' these little meat birds ye see everywhere in the mountains kim a-sailin' over an' lit right down onto what I first took to be a dry limb, but which I now see wuz a elk horn. I looked an' looked, an' rubbed my eyes, fer I couldn't believe thar wuz ever'n elk horn o' that size growed. Why, it looked ten feet long. I wuz bound I'd git down an' see that thing, but how I didn't know. 'Bout two mile back, I had 'bout two hundred foot o' inch rope, an' I made up my mind I'd go git that. It wuz clost onto three o'clock when I got back there, an' I hadn't had any dinner, but I jest made up my

mind I might as well swing over on an empty stum-mick as a full one, an' tyin' my rope strong round a big rock a ways back from the edge, I tied knots in it every few feet an' slid over. 'Twas easy nuff goin' down, but it made me sick ter my stummick hangin' out over there, an' I wuz glad when my feet touched the ledge. My! How quiet 'twas down there! The wind moanin' round up above sounded fur away, an' the waters, three hundred foot er more below, wuz absolutely without current er motion 'cept an occasional bubblin' up an' heavin' that sent eddies every which way. I imagined how I'd surprise things by losin' my footin' an' makin' a hole in that pond. However, I didn't care to do that, an' lettin' go my rope I crawled in under the little trees ter examine the elk horns. An', say, Mr. Wayland! I've seen some big horns, both on the head an' off, but I never see nothin' in all my born days, even two-thirds as big as them. I shud say they'd weigh a hundred pounds, an' they're in perfect condition, 'cept so fur as the moss is concerned. They's a leetle moss on 'em, but no mice ner marmot ner squirrel cud get at 'em down thar, an' they're perfect. I stood them there elk horns on their tips, an', Mr. Wayland, sure as I live, the crown o' my head didn't touch the crotch. I'm aware ye can't hardly believe that, but it's the truth, an' I kin prove it if I ever git 'em out. Why! If I had them over in Seattle I cud git a clean hundred dollars fer 'em.

"An' now, Mr. Wayland, comes the funny part o' this story—the part what robs me o' proof. As I

said, thar wa'n't any wind down in that crater, an' so there hadn't ben, when all of a suddint, a blast sucked down that come near sweepin' me off'n that bench. Why! Fer a few seconds that rope stood straight out, an' if it had caught on any o' the knobs o' rock out along the sides o' that well I wudn't be tellin' you this yarn. But it come back within 'bout twelve foot o' the ledge, an' hung. The wind had moved it. There I wuz, like a rat in a trap, sick to my stummick. A man don't like to jump out twelve or fifteen foot from a little ledge to ketch a inch rope danglin' over a bottomless pit, an' you bet I didn't wanter. I looked round fer a stick or limb, but there wa'n't none long enough. The longest I cud find wuz easy three foot short. I wuz purty near hystericks, when I thought of a scheme. I laid the horns down flat on the ledge, points out, an' on the crotch I piled some flat shaly stun I found there—a lot on 'em, five hundred pound, I guess—an' then I tried straddlin' out on them antlers. I got out two er three foot over the edge an' there I stood, reachin with my stick, but 'twan't no use. Jest then the antlers give a leetle twist, an' I felt myself goin'. By Gosh! But I suffered fer a second. I hed lost my balance, an' wuz slowly goin' in to'rds the walls. Finally, I see I had ter go. The horns wuz a turnin' under me, an' so I quit tryin' ter balance, an' made a dive fer that rope. I reached 'er, even though I did batter my brains near out. Twisted by my spring, the horns sounded like an ole tunin'-fork, an' flew out from under the rock I had piled on 'em. They went down past me. It seemed

as if they wuz in the air a minute 'fore they struck an' sunk out o' sight. How fur down they be I dunno, but I'm goin' up thar this spring with nine hundred foot of good strong line an' a grapple, an' I'm a-goin' to git 'em out ef I kin. I'd 'a had a try at it when I crawled up the cut that night, only I hadn't line enough with me. Besides, I wuz that shook up I didn't care to even *look* over in thar agin fer some time."

As he finished his strange story, Elias sat silent, and finally, with a sheepish look on his face, remarked: "I s'pose I'm a chump to tell ye a yarn the first time we talk that brands me a liar, but somehow I couldn't help it."

"Elias, I have reason to believe you told the truth. Do you want a partner to help you get those horns out? I've been in the mountains some, and I think I could be of service to you."

"You, Mr. Wayland? You don't mean ter say you'd go in there along o' me?"

"That I do, and if you are ready when you have finished your two weeks' work here I will be. I'll furnish half the grub-stake and do my share of the work. You may have the horns and I'm to have everything else I find in that pit. Are you agreed?"

"Course I be! But what d'ye expect ter find in thar? I don't believe fishin' 'll be wuth a continental, fer thar don't seem ter be any livin' thing in the durned hole."

"Just what we find, I don't know, but whatever it is, it's mine. Are you agreed?"

"Yessir; an I'll further 'gree ter help ye pack it

out at fair pay, pervided ye help me what little I need."

"All right, Elias. We'll start out two weeks from next Monday."

CHAPTER XXX

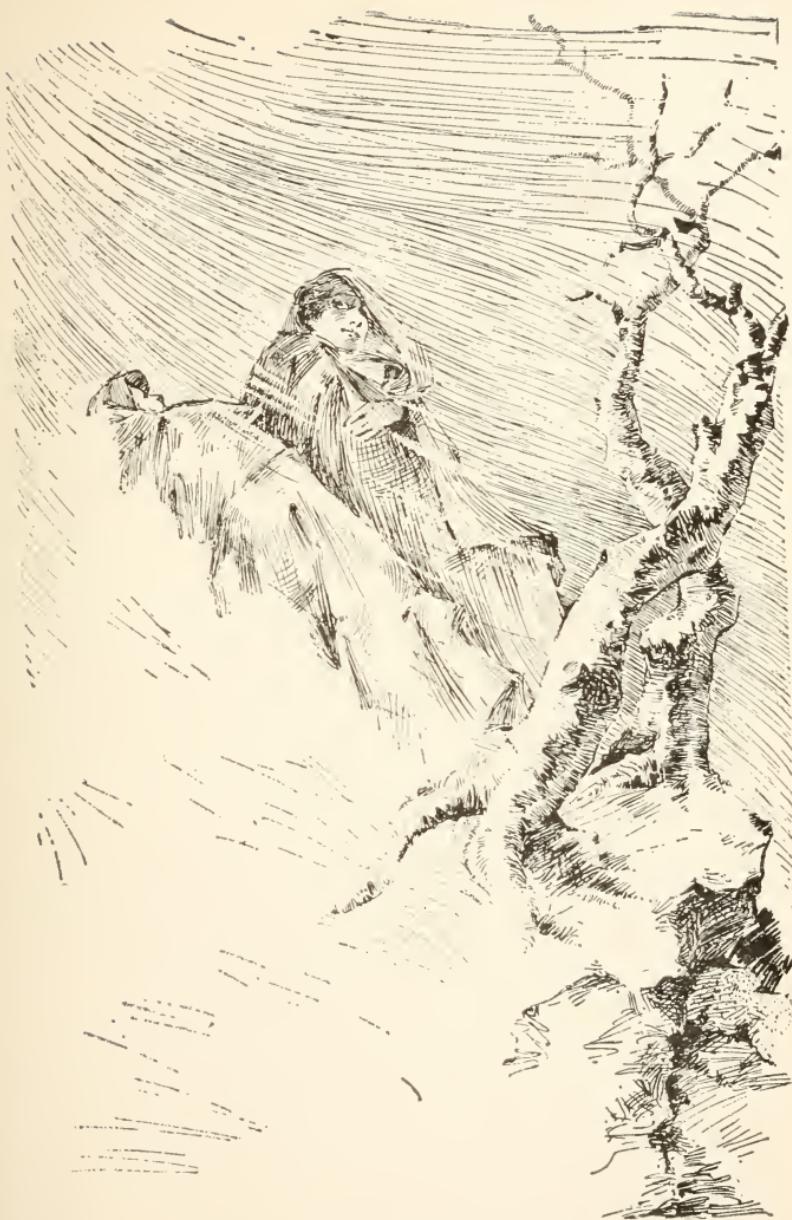
CLIMBING TOWARD MOUNT OLYMPUS—"CAN YOU SLEEP STANDING UP?"—SNOW SLIDES AND FLOODS

Sometime in the eighties, when the boom in northwestern Washington was at its height, a certain visionary capitalist hired five men to make a trail from Quilcene back up into the mountains, along what is known as Big River. This trail was never intended to be more than a pack trail, but considering the character of the country, the work was well done. For five long months these men worked faithfully, with axe, saw and mattock, succeeding in a really wonderful undertaking, for they reached the third branch of the Big River, some forty miles inland, and left a trail over which a strong cayuse could in three or four days during the summer season pack from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds. To be sure, it was a very rough trail. Many an eastern woodsman, unused to mountain climbing, would not have cared to carry a light rifle over it, but a cayuse of the northwestern mountains will go where many men dare not, and carry a load at that. Remove his pack and he will jump or scramble over a log three or four feet in diameter, patiently awaiting his pack on the other side. As for a narrow path, cut into the side of a precipice, he thinks nothing of it, and is as steady of head as a mountain sheep. Sometimes, to

be sure, a "fool kyuse" comes to grief—a horse having no more horse-sense than to run his pack against an overhanging rock and go rolling off down into a cañon, breaking his neck and losing his pack, but such fools are scarce. The ordinary cayuse is sure-footed, an animal of excellent judgment, and can be trusted to follow a trail, whether or not his master be near. Prospectors usually have two or three of these animals in a train, and drive them like sheep before them. Where horses cannot be used, the prospector is obliged to pack his own outfit, and does it, carrying from seventy-five to one hundred pounds, but it is hard and dangerous work.

The old Quilacene trail before mentioned was the route chosen by Rex and Elias for the commencement of their trip. As they knew it to be impassable for horses, by reason of floods, landslides and windfalls, they took no horses in, but packed tent, blanket and provisions on their backs. This outfit they had chosen with great care, for while Elias could pack one hundred and fifty pounds, Rex could not carry more than seventy-five or eighty, and they must arrange for a combined load of not more than two hundred and twenty-five pounds. The two packs were made up of the following supplies:

	Pounds.
Small "A" tent and two heavy blankets.....	24
Flour, mixed with baking powder.....	36
Beans, the large blue.....	18
Bacon, for meat and shortening.....	12
Coffee, ground and the very best, in tin cans.....	8
Sugar, white granulated, in tin cans.....	12
Butter, in tin cans.....	12



"HERE'S WHAR YE GOT TO SLEEP."

	Pounds,
Rice and oatmeal, equal quantities.....	12
Raisins, stemmed.....	3
Apricots, dried and in tins.....	5
Salt, in cloth sacks.....	8
Cartridges, matches, tobacco, physic, liquor, liniment, salve, and cotton rags in strips.....	10
Changes of underclothing and shoes.....	8
Small axe, prospector's hammer, field glass, dynamite, and giant powder.....	15
Rope, wire, and strong line.....	13
Small coffee pot, riveted, frying pans, gold pan, cups, plates, and knives.....	5
Shotgun and rifle.....	24
	225

In addition, each had filled his pockets with little indispensables, such as pins, needles, thread, bits of string, fish hooks, a good strong pocket-knife, red handkerchiefs, in short, everything but money. Rex, however, had put into an inner pocket seven five-dollar bills, thinking they might be driven to the other coast and need money to get home. Unknown to Rex, Elias had put into his pack one small paper-covered volume of Carlyle's French Revolution, a small Bible, and a Shakespeare of the smallest size.

Mrs. Wayland had strongly objected to Rex making this trip. Indeed, she had shed not a few tears when he proposed it, and had she known of the crater Elias told of, over which it might be necessary to swing on a small rope, it is highly probable she would never have yielded and given her reluctant consent. Rex was so little inclined to talk of his exploits in mountain climbing that she had never heard of his adventures even after elk, and while she had

a vague idea that he had at times scaled lofty peaks and crept along the brink of tremendous precipices, she knew nothing of the particulars. Rex was not the lad to deceive his mother, however, and had she asked him about these matters he would in all probability have told her the whole truth. Knowing all they did of the treasure he expected to find, both she and Uncle Festus strongly objected to his going, but he was insistent, and finally won their consent.

Uncle Festus, with a crew of his men, rowed the two prospectors twelve miles across to Jackson's cove, from which place they took the short cut through "Burnt Valley." He also sent the men to carry their packs as far as Big River, which they reached some time before nightfall and where they encamped, the men turning back there and rowing home by moonlight.

During the first two days' march they found little or no snow, and although there was no trail worth mentioning, the old trail having become almost obliterated, they made fair progress, covering not less than twelve miles the first and ten the second day. The third, however, they began to strike snow, and before noon were obliged to travel along the sides of the mountains a considerable distance from the river to avoid deep drifts. It was about three o'clock on the afternoon of the third day that Elias paused in a climb along the steep mountain side and remarked: "I've a notion to go straight down here an' camp fer the night. Ahead is a cañon 'bout four miles long, an' I'm 'fraid we can't

git past it 'fore dark. If we can't, we may have ter sleep stan'in' up, fer there ain't a level place to camp anywhar."

"Oh, pshaw! Elias. The days are long now, and we can easily make four miles in the next four hours. I say go on. Is there a good camping place beyond?"

"Yes; a good place, an' that's why I'd like ter reach it, but I'm 'fraid."

"Oh! go on. I'll follow you."

Muttering to himself, Elias went on, but after an hour Rex could look back and see they had not made a mile, while it seemed he was never so tired in his life. He said nothing, but toiled along after his guide, who seemed straining every nerve of his big body to make speed. Suddenly, a black mass of clouds swept down upon them, and a blinding snow-storm rendered travel almost impossible. Once Elias stopped, turned square up the mountain side, and when Rex reached the place of turning, he saw that a huge lateral cañon yawned beside them. Into this Elias might easily have fallen had he not been carefully feeling his way, for the snow was coming down in such quantities as to obstruct the view except for a few feet around. At the head of this cañon stood Elias, leaning against a huge tree-trunk and panting like a tired dog. "Here's whar ye got to sleep," said he, between gasps.

"What! Here? Why, there isn't a level spot to lie down on, to say nothing about a fire. We surely can't stay here, Elias."

"Well, we *got* to, so that's all they is of it. Sling

yer pack against the foot o' that tree so 'twon't roll down."

Rex did as he was told, and Elias then began to kick the snow down against the packs. From a small cedar tree near at hand, he began to lop small branches or plumes, and these he cast down, Rex following his example, until they had a considerable quantity, all more or less mixed with the wet snow.

"Hurry now, an' git out the blankets 'fore ye git chilled. That's right. Now roll up Injun fashion, head an' all covered." Wet and weary as he was, Rex did so, and guided by Elias lay down, his feet against the packs. Elias next rolled up, and with a dexterous movement of one arm, threw the tent, folded four double completely over them. Shut out from the storm, despite their wet clothing, they soon grew warm.

"Sorry I can't give ye any supper, my boy, but as Shakespeare says, 'our cake's dough on both sides' fer to-night."

"He says something about, 'he that stands on slippery places,' don't he?"

"Fer sure. He makes Pandulph say in King John, 'He that stands on slippery places makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.' "

"Does he say anything about going to sleep with a hungry stomach?"

"The only thing I think on jest now is what Friar Laurence said to Romeo—'Adversity's sweet milk—philosophy—to comfort thee.' I guess that's what you'll have ter sup on to-night."

"Oh, well! We might be in a worse fix. I'm getting warm."

"Yes, an' you'll sleep. You're better off'n some kings to-night. You remember what King Henry said one wakeful night—'Not all those laid in bed majestical can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave.'"

"Yes; but you haven't quoted all of that. He goes on to say, 'Who with a body filled and with vacant mind gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread.' Now, I wish I was crammed even with some of that distressed bread you make. A cold dough-gad would go fine about now."

"Wall, if ye're goin' ter feel so 'bout it, I kin give ye a mighty good substitute. Whar's them raisins? Clear down in the pack, I bet."

"No, they ain't, Elias. They're right on top, where I put 'em."

"Wall, ef that's the case, s'pose I'll have ter stop yer hunger. I've allus heerd that a child couldn't sleep on an empty stummick. Lay still now, an' I'll git a handful an' poke 'em down where you kin reach 'em. Thar! chaw them well, an' it'll stop hunger better'n anything I know, 'cept reg'lar vittles." Rex did this, and to his surprise felt as if he had partaken of a light supper. He fell asleep before Elias had completed the adjustment of their covering, and despite their slanting bed, slept like a top for eight hours. When he awoke the dawn was just creeping into the valley, and in all directions snow was sliding down toward the river, which roared loudly from the rocky channel so far below.

"Hear the snow slide in the night?" inquired Elias.

"Never heard a thing."

"I shud 'a thought ye'd 'a heerd yerself snore. Blamed ef I don't think that snore o' yourn wuz what started the slide. Look a' there. Now don't ye wish ye'd 'a kep' on?"

Rex looked and grew pale, for out beyond the heavy timber in which they had been sleeping he could see a clear space, fully a half-mile wide. As there was no snow upon it, it was plain that it had gone down during the night. Starting well up toward the brow of the mountain, the entire face of the upper slope had moved down some two miles, to pile up in a huge mass at the entrance to the cañon. Above this dam, a lake of unknown depths had formed, and the water was setting back for miles up the valley, submerging the tallest tree-tops. It had now reached a level, where it could force its way across this jam, and it was this fall which had increased the roar.

"When that thing went, the hull dern airth shook. I cudn't even hear you snore, an' I thought at first it had waked ye up, but when the racket stopped I heerd yer reg'lar stroke agin. I tell ye, boy, it's lucky we didn't camp up in that valley. We might 'a got ketched by the water. See the bottom o' that slide? Wall, it's soapstun clay. Got wet up an' started, takin' a crust of airth from forty to two hundred foot deep, an' bigger'n all North Seattle. See how them ten-foot trees is twisted an' broke, like so many straws. I s'pose 'twas somethin' like

this Moses see when 'the Lord before him passed.' Wall, hustle inter yer pack straps now. We got ter git outen this 'fore the snow starts ter meltin' an' more slides go kitin' down. A high flat is what I'm lookin fer now. I'd like a few beans an' a cup o' coffee. Them raisins 'll sustain life, but I like 'em best in spotted pup. Ever eat spotted pup?"

"No; what is it?"

"Rice, with raisins in. It's great, I tell ye, with butter an' sugar on. Come 'long now." Their march for the next two hours was exceedingly difficult and dangerous, but they reached level ground above the cañon, and scraping off the snow, made a good camp and prepared a good breakfast, which they finished at 11 a. m. As they started on, the sun's heat was perceptible, and snowslides small and great were starting everywhere. Their course for the remainder of the day was through a wider but winding valley, and at times they might have been caught by snowslides had it not been for the width of the valley. They crossed the river on logs fourteen times before dark, and after climbing a steep ascent down which the river tumbled in cascades, came out into a broad mountain bottom, eight or nine miles long, as Elias said, and nearly two miles wide. Here among the huge tree trunks they pitched their tent, made a thick bed of fir and spruce limbs, and prepared to enjoy one long night's rest. Comforted by a good supper and dry clothes, Rex soon fell asleep, but Elias lay awake in trouble. "Don't like the look o' things," he muttered to himself, as, supporting his head on one hand, he lay staring into the fir-bark

fire. "Never see such signs o' snow at this season. Things is at least a month behind time. No doubt all this snow is rain down on the sound, but it's snow up here, an' there'll be more 'fore mornin' by the looks o' things. Wall, if it comes, let it. We're here first," and lying down, he was soon asleep.

Neither awoke until broad daylight, and when they did each stared dubiously at the other. There was five feet of fresh snow outside, and it was still snowing furiously. For a time their tent had slid the snow from its sides and peak, but now that, too, was covered, and on all sides of it snow was shoulder deep. The campfire place was buried under three feet of snow, and they must find kindlings and bark before they could start another fire.

CHAPTER XXXI

SNOWED IN—COMFORT IN A LOG HUT—“DO YOU SEE THE PASS?”

“ ‘Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer’—No; I’m dinged ef ’tis! We’re pris’ners, my boy. Did ye know it? Ef ’twas Feberary or earlier, I wudn’t give a picayune fer our chances o’ gettin’ out o’ here alive. As ’tis, we may lay here two days er two weeks—sartinly not longer, fer the spring chinookers air gettin’ mighty frequent.”

“Do you think there is any liability of our being held here two weeks?” inquired Rex, in dismay.
“Why, we could go back, couldn’t we?”

“Ef yer wanter see how fur yer kin go through this snow, an’ ’tain’t quit yit, by a long shot, jest waller out to that stub yonder with an axe an’ cut off some slivers. ’Tain’t more’n three hundred yard, but I’ll bet ye don’t get there in less’n fifteen minutes, an’ that yer all tired out when ye do.”

With a smile of derision, Rex took up the axe and started out, but to his surprise found he made little headway. This snow was damp and heavy beyond any he had ever seen before, yet lay so loose that he sank in it to his armpits, and could hardly flounder along. He was twenty minutes reaching the stub, and was then so tired he could hardly stand, but rather felt like lying down and giving up. “What

could I do with a pack on my back?" thought he. "I couldn't make a mile a day." Then, too, the warmth of his body in exercise had caused his clothing to absorb dampness, and he was as wet as if dipped in a river. "I'm wet through already, Elias," he called out.

"Yes; I persoom ye be. It's different *exercisin'* in snow from what 'tis layin' down in it with blankets an' cedar boughs round ye."

Rex soon had an armful of kindlings hewed off the dry stub, and started back, but he found that even this light load rendered his progress almost as difficult as before, although a path had been broken. Elias had been using the gold pan as a shovel, and now had a pit some eight feet deep shoveled out before the front door. In this he started a small fire, and taking the axe wallowed out to the nearest fir tree, from which he began hewing bark, while Rex hovered over the fire and shivered.

"Git a move on ye, boy, an' pack this bark over to the fire. What a dispensation o' Providence fir bark is! Jest think of a green bark six inches thick, er near it, that'll almost light from a match, an' that burns like coal! I tell ye, fir bark's saved many a man's life, when he's ketched in this way. See that fire blaze up, will ye? Snows fast 'nough ter put any ordinary fire out, but our'n seems burnin' all the better. Now we'll go while we're wet, cut a han'-speak an' pry off a waggin load o' that bark in 'bout ten minutes. Oh, we ain't a-goin' to freeze. We'll lay here, snug as a bug in a rug. I'll read an' you



SNOWED IN, IN THE MOUNTAIN CABIN.

kin larn to chaw terbacker ter pass away the time. Once when I was up in the Snoquelmie region, on the headwaters, away above them three hundred foot falls, I got ketched like this in a cabin, in the center of a little nateral medder like ye'll see over in these valleys beyond the pass we're makin' fer; an' there wan't a fir tree in four hundred yard er more. That snow kim on in the night, an' 'fore it quit 'twuz twelve foot deep—cl'ar up 'bove the eaves o' that shack. Wall, it turned round quite cold, but not cold enough ter freeze a crust, an' I had ter waller out an' pack that bark in. I'd work 'bout five hours ter git enough bark ter do my cookin'. The rest o' the time I laid rolled up in my blankets, readin' Plutarch's Lives, an' another book I had with me. I wuz in that cabin seventeen days, an' if I hedn't hed a purty good grub-stake with me, I'd 'a starved. As 'twuz, I et my little dog an' a rat I ketched in the cabin. Tell folks back east 'bout this, an' they'd think I wuz a first-class liar, wouldn't they? Say! it's snowed a foot sence we got up. I ain't sure but we'll have consid'able of a storm right here yet."

While Elias was cooking breakfast, Rex scraped all the snow off the tent, banking it up about the sides, and then both crawled inside and sat there in the heat, their wet clothes steaming, and ate like famished wolves. "This is the kind o' snow," declared Elias, "what kills off game in this region. Ye won't see so much as a deer up through here fer thirty mile er more. It's too fur from tide water fer 'em to git down in case of a sudden storm, an'

too fur from the pass ter allow 'em to go over ter the valleys in the interior, where snow never falls more'n a foot er two, an' then don't stay long. Queer 'bout them valleys. I expect it's the chinook winds an' the breezes from the Japan current combined makes 'em free from snow. Say! we got seven foot o' snow this minit. I'll say it fer yer comfort, we're liable ter git up ter-morrer mornin' an' find the snow half gone, with a rain movin' it fast. By Gum! I've made a discovery. Cur'ous I didn't see that afore. Right over there's a cedar ten or twelve foot through. We won't be bothered keepin' fire to-night. We'll burn that."

"Yes, but it's green," interposed Rex.

"An' so be you, if ye don't know that every cedar in all this sound region, 'bove eighteen inches through, is rotten at the heart an' full o' gum. Light a fire at the root an' it'll burn from twelve to forty-eight hours an' fall. That tree's good fer twenty four hours 'fore it falls, an' fer twenty-four after the stump an' trunk'll be a mass o' red-hot coals. We'll light that ter-night, specially if it leans away from us."

It did lean away, and at seven they started a fire between two of its great spur roots. For an hour or more it sputtered and burned slowly, when there was a pop, and out from its great trunk, fifty feet above, came a wreath of smoke. This increased within the next hour to a tongue of flame, and now up inside this enormous tree the flames were fiercely roaring, while from several other places higher up came smoke.

"That'll fall 'bout ter-morrer noon," remarked Elias, as he rolled up in his blanket, "an' it's mighty lucky 'tain't nearer the tent, or the heat'd drive us out. As 'tis, I bet you four bits you see bare ground all 'long between here and *it*." At two o'clock the next morning Rex was awakened by the heat. The entire tree was now burning like some huge blast-furnace, and all about, for several feet, the snow was thawed to the ground. The next morning, as Elias had prophesied, it was burning more fiercely than ever. The fall of snow had ceased, and a warm rain was fast lowering the great white mass. At 1:30 p. m., the great tree fell, breaking off seventy-five feet from the ground. The tall stub continued to burn steadily, however, and was still furnishing great heat at the time they retired. The next morning it was smoldering, being burned down to about ten or twelve feet from the ground. The weather had changed to freezing, and on top of the two or three feet of snow remaining heavy crust had formed.

"We'll up stakes an' outen this 'bout eight o'clock," remarked Elias. "Ought to make Camp Seven to-day if the cold holds." By eight or a little later they were started, and over the snow crust and comparatively level surface made rapid time. "I kalkerlate we're makin' three mile an hour. Keep this up six hours, with a half-hour fer a bite, an' we're at Camp Seven."

"Where and what is this Camp Seven, Elias?"

"Oh, jest a rough box o' logs, four foot high inside an' bout 6x8 foot on the ground. The Marple

boys who discovered this pass we're makin' fer helped me build it one August day away back in '87. Kalkeralated it fer a stoppin' place an' a storehouse fer picks, powder, an' so on. It's 'bout twelve mile up this third branch we're goin' to take, an' 'bout six mile this side o' the pass. It's down in among the heavy timber, an' that year thar wan't any snow there after July till September. Kinder queer 'bout this country. I've seen snow here in August, an', agin, I've gone through the pass on bare trail an' green grass as early as the 20th of April. No tellin' what 'll be. That's what makes it so dangerous. Here's the Third Branch now. Turn squar' to the west here. Jest 'bout eighteen mile to the skyline yonder, an' all the way up hill."

While talking they had been rounding an immense dome of solid rock, at the base of which they could hear the small river gurgling along, beneath the snow or through it, where the crust had broken or fallen in; for in many places this Third Branch, here a rapid running stream not more than six or eight feet wide, was entirely hidden. Such timber as they now walked through is rarely seen. The mountains rose from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high on either side of a broad bottom, and in this the trees averaged from six to ten feet in diameter and three hundred feet in height, while the ground was as free from under-brush as a park. Straight away before them, but slanting sharply upward, stretched the valley, all white with glittering snow above the tree line, and ending seemingly against the very sky in a V-shaped notch. Even there the forest did not entirely disap-

pear, for occasionally was to be seen a patch of pine or fir, which even at that distance they could judge to be stunted and small. While taking this view, they had clambered up to the foot of the south precipice, leaving their packs below. Along this great bare wall of rock their view was unobstructed.

"That leetle notch is the skyline of the pass," remarked Elias, "an' we may go over that to-morrer at noon, or we may never go over it. At any rate, we kin, I think, make Camp Seven by keepin' long to the left whar the sun don't strike an' whar the crust'll hold."

It was now 9:30 a. m., and they hurried on until noon, when they stopped long enough to eat a cold piece of dough-gad and drink a cup or two of hot coffee each. The traveling was now easy, though all the way up hill, and they made good progress, but became very tired. At 4:45, with a yell of exultation, Elias slid from under his pack and started on a run toward a knoll of snow.

"What is it, Elias?" called Rex, running after him.

"Camp Seven; what d'ye s'pose? Here she is, an' now less dig her out." Unknown to Rex the snow had increased in depth as they ascended, and they were now to find their camp under about ten feet of solid snow.

"May find a b'ar in winter quarters in that old camp," panted Elias, as he shoveled away with the gold pan. "Hello! I'm down to the door. Now look out!" and he stepped back from a hole in the logs, some two feet square. "Gimme a piece o' the

pitch pine," he requested, and Rex handed a splinter to him out of the small bundle in one of the packs. Elias lighted this, and going down into the hole head first, his hunting knife between his teeth, peered carefully inside. "It's all right! no b'ar here!" he called out, and Rex followed, to find him with a small fire started in one corner. The smoke from this soon filled the log box, and both scrambled out, sneezing, gasping and weeping. They dug a hole down through the snow to a corner of the cabin, where Elias declared a "hole had been cut a puppose fer that there gol darned smudge ter git out at." This was found and opened, the smoke did "git out," and the fire burned better. The interior of this box was floored with small branches and moss from the mountain maple, and they found it very comfortable. They soon had supper cooking, and found no difficulty in making coffee, although the beans were boiled for five hours without softening.

"'Fraid we'll hev to give it up," remarked Elias, ruefully. Altitude's too great. I hev cooked beans here, but it's a long job. Now another thing—from this on, ye mustn't drink any more water till it's b'iled, fer this snow water so cluss up ter the banks is sure ter give ye the mountain fever, in which case, I'd be obleeged ter pack ye out to the sound on my back."

Their small fire rendered them very comfortable that night, although it froze solidly outside, and at an early hour they left Camp Seven on a good hard crust, feeling quite fresh. Up, up, they journeyed, for nearly two hours, having made about four miles,

and nearly reached the last patch of timber, when through the crust went Elias to his armpits, and there in the bright warm sunlight he looked around with rueful face.

"It's no use, my boy. We can't make the pass ter day, an' we may not fer a week, 'less it grows colder. There's forty foot or more o' snow under us, an' I tell ye, we're in danger o' snowslides here." As he spoke there was an ominous rumble, seemingly from somewhere far beneath their feet, and the great snowfield above suddenly moved down toward the center of the valley, carrying several acres of snow and rolling over immense boulders as easily as a boy could roll a marble. Elias grew very pale, and Rex's teeth chattered from fear and cold.

CHAPTER XXXII

A PERILOUS MARCH—DOUBLE GRAVE IN THE SNOW—THE PASS AT LAST

"I didn't think the blamed thing 'ud start quite so quick," said Elias. "'Taint more'n nine o'clock, an' here is slides a-startin' in the meanest place in the hull darned mountains. Now we can't go back, an' we can't stay here. We got ter reach that patch o' timber up there a half-mile ahead, even if we go without our packs. There we're safe, fer that half-acre or more o' timber is on a little knoll 'bout fifty foot higher'n the rest o' this pass. Seems to be the nub of a rock what's clinched down in Chiny. Anyway, it never moves, no matter how much is slidin', an' it's safe. Kim on now; no givin' up," and he floundered along beneath his pack, sometimes crawling, sometimes wallowing, and sometimes out of sight altogether. Within an hour he had made a half of the distance, and looked back to see Rex tired out and lying helplessly in the deep snow.

"How ye makin' it back there, boy?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid," called out Rex, faintly.

"Oh! ye mustn't give up. Try it a ways without a pack."

"No; I'm coming up with you now—pack and all," and much to Elias' surprise Rex floundered to

within a few yards of him, when he collapsed again.

"That won't do, boy. Ye did that on yer nerve. Now rest awhile. Then pick up yer pack an' come slowly along. Be patient an' moderate, like an ole ox. Don't git fractious, like a fiery hoss, an' cork yerself."

Rex took this advice, and the two worked slowly along together. However, they were two hours making the next quarter of a mile to the timber, and twice saw small snowslides start from above the track they had made in coming, and sweep it out forever. Each slide carried five thousand tons or more of snow and rock, and had they been in the way they must have perished. On reaching the timber, they were surprised to find the crust hard, and they walked up the steep incline as if on asphalt.

"Why is this, Elias?"

"The shade o' these trees makes the difference. If it had ben cloudy to-day an' as cold as 'tis, we'd a gone over the pass by noon. Ye see, that sun this time o' year beats down terrible strong on them rocky walls, an' you notice 'bout all the snowslides starts from up against them walls. Now we may, unless we git started 'bout four o'clock in the morning, lay here fer a week; but I've got an idee it'll freeze ter-night—allus does up here after one o' these clear bright days, even in August, an' if it does, we'll go over the pass before seven o'clock. Wall! it's one now. Less have somethin' to eat." As he finished, he picked up his axe and attacked one of the stunted pines of the grove in which they



"DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A WHIRL OF FLAME?"

were standing. "That little cuss may 'a ben dead a thousand year," he grunted, as he endeavored in vain to get a large chip from it, "an' it's ben hardenin' all the time. Mighty near as hard as a stun." The tree was not more than ten inches in diameter, and ordinarily Elias could have felled one of its size in five minutes, but this one occupied him a quarter of an hour. Near it stood another, also dead, but not as hard, which Elias declared hadn't "ben dead more'n five hundred year." These two made kindling, and across them green trees, cut from the thick growth, were thrown, burning fiercely and with great heat on account of the pitch and resin in them. And now a singular event occurred. The fire had just begun to leap up and a pot of coffee was making, when flame shot in all directions above and around their heads; there was a roar as of some rushing wind, and the flame, having touched and blackened every tree in this big grove, was gone. They must have doubted their eyes and ears, but for the fact that a pall of black smoke floated up the pass toward the skyline.

"What in the world made that, Elias? Did you ever see such a whirl of flame in all your life? And so quick, too!"

"Yes, I've seen it. That was the gum, rawsin an' pitch what comes out o' these trees at this season. A leetle later they'd 'a burnt worse."

After felling a few more trees across the fire, Elias declared his intention of going to the skyline of the pass. Leaving their packs and taking only a gun, they started out, to find the snow already

forming a thin crust as the sun's rays grew more slanting. By traveling along the south wall in the shade, they could walk on this, and they made the mile and a half to the skyline before five o'clock. Here they had expected a grand view, and especially a view of the green valleys Elias had promised, but in this they were disappointed. Since starting out, a vast quantity of clouds and fog had rolled up all the main valleys from the north, east and west, and they could only look out across the sea of cloud, up through which snow-capped mountains, with here and there bare wind-swept rocks, reared their heads like islets and icebergs on a silent ocean.

"How still it is up here!" remarked Rex. As he spoke his voice had a hollow, far-away sound, and seemed carried from him by the circling winds which moaned about the bare rocky walls.

"Yes; an' what's more, it's goin' ter be darnation cold 'fore long. Let's climb down." The return was not difficult, and within forty-five minutes they had leaped, rolled and wallowed down to the patch of timber, where they found the fire burning furiously in a sort of well it had thawed for itself in the deep snow. They were disappointed that it had not thawed out a larger section, for it was not above twenty feet across, though now eight feet or more deep; and they determined to build a still larger fire that would thaw out a camping place. Elias swung the axe steadily, with expert, powerful blows, for an hour, while Rex dragged brush and logs to this well and tossed them in. By this time they had going a fire they were confident would last until morn-

ing, the heat of which was so great that they could not stand within fifteen feet of the brink of the well. They started another small fire for cooking, and after supper, as it was nearly dark, went over to the big fire to begin preparations for the night. To their chagrin, they found it was burning so fiercely that they could not trust themselves within the pit it had created. They had expected to find a large place thawed out, and so there was—a twelve or fourteen foot well, but it was not thirty feet wide, and its sides were ice down which trickled infinitesimal streams of water. To be sure, it was thawing, but not before midnight would the fire be low enough or the sides thawed out far enough for them to be able to camp in the pit, while at present the slant was such—the pit being basin-shaped—that a start from the brink would be pretty sure to land the venturer feet first in that glowing fire. To sleep upon the snow outside was to lose all advantage of the fire, and so they decided to cut a trench down one side of the pit that would enable them to lie with their feet to the fire, and some eight feet below the surface of the crust. It was eleven o'clock when they finished this task, so hard was the snow, which Elias declared had lain there since Columbus discovered America. One worked in the pit with an axe, cutting great blocks of the icy snow, which he threw up to the other, who in turn threw it back out of the way. The trench, or grave, as they called it, being finally completed, they threw icy brush into the bottom, rolled up in their blankets, and, pulling the tent over them, soon fell asleep. They were

very tired, and slept heavily, their feet and limbs being warm and comfortable, but at four o'clock in the morning Rex was awakened by a numb pain on the side of his face. He sat up, and by the dim light saw that Elias' ear, where his long hair did not cover it, was white. He at once awakened him.

"Why, the hull side o' yer face is froze, an' yer ear too," exclaimed Elias, as he sat up. "Ye see, that dasted fire got low an' the frost fell. I tell ye, we had a cold night fer the sound region, even if it is May. I kalkerlate thar must be forty degrees difference between here an' the sound. Now, down thar, even when we left, the fruit trees were through blossomin', an' thar ain't ben a trace o' frost down along the coast in a month. But then, that's 6,500 foot lower'n we are, an' fifty mile nearer tide water —water kept partly warm all winter by the Jap current. Clap some snow on that face, an' keep puttin' it on. Don't go nigh the fire, but put snow on an' gently rub it. 'Twont be any wusser'n a sunburn if ye do.'" Elias now applied snow to his own ear, and then hustled round preparing breakfast. He declared they must start by five o'clock, and that the crust was now in condition. Even up that extreme slant they could make the mile and a half in two hours. This they did, and at seven o'clock on the 14th day of May Rex looked out upon the grandest view of his life, a view that probably not more than twenty-five or thirty men now living have ever beheld, and one that is undoubtedly the fairest, wildest and most wonderful in all the northwest.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ON PISGAH'S LOFTY HEIGHT I STAND—A CANAAN AMONG SNOWPEAKS

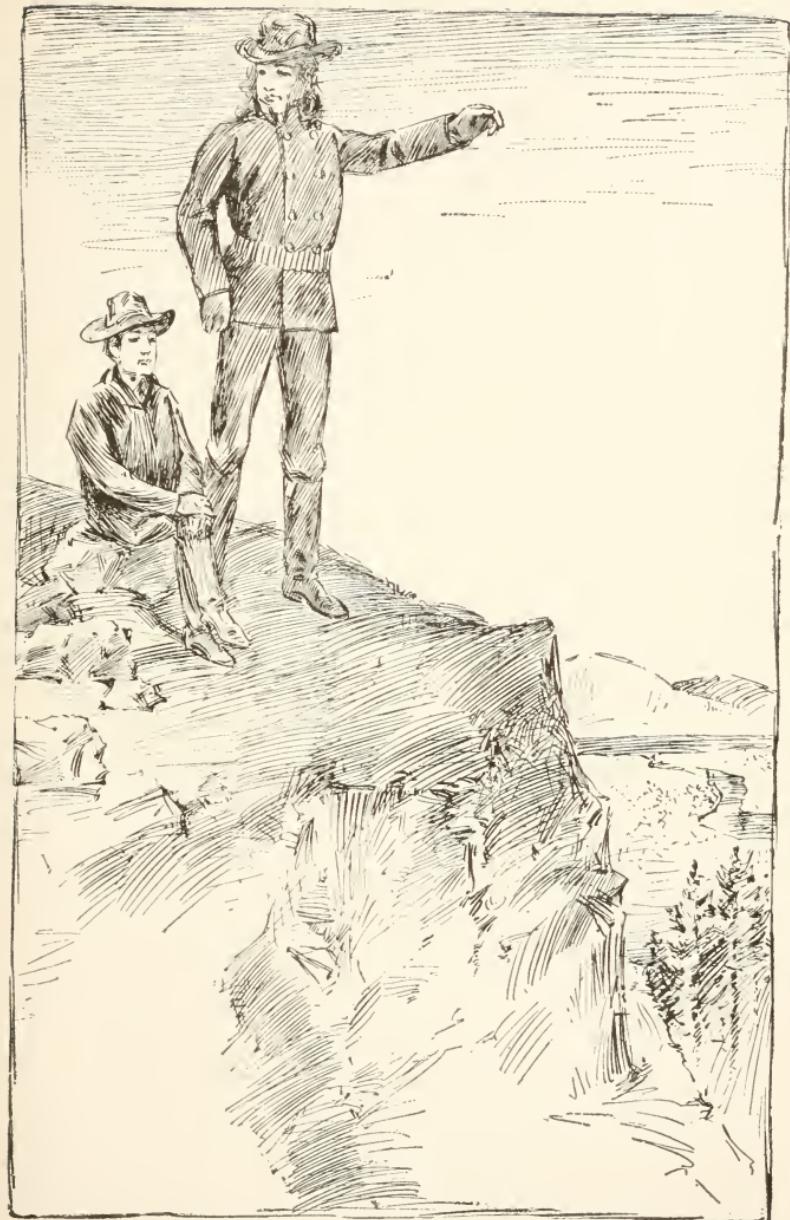
As Rex and Elias toiled up the slope that morning, the stars which had twinkled so brightly in the steel-like dome above slowly faded away, and pale beams of light shot across and changed that dome from steel to azure blue. As they neared the skyline, it too had changed from black to a blue, darker than the blue of its background. Finally, they could see over it—it was skyline no longer—and they now beheld a long, hog-backed ridge of snow, apparently close behind.

"Mount Olympus," panted Elias. "Seven mile due west from this notch, as the crow flies, as you'll see when we git up thar. Not less'n fifteen mile down through the valley on 'tother side and atween this notch an' *it*. Don't look *it*, does it? By gigner! we're a-goin' ter hev a blizzard right in the pass. Git yer bearin's an' keep climbin' or ye may git turned round. Lucky we're above any crevices or jump-offs. All we got ter do is ter keep wigglin' up."

Sure enough, a black cloud had swung around the south end of Mount Olympus, and was coming straight across the valley toward the pass, a graceful trail of whirling snow falling from it as it came. "That'll be rain in the valley twenty-five hundred

feet below this pass," was Elias' comment. All this time they were struggling up, and just before they reached the highest point of the pass the snow squall struck them. Damp from its journey across the warmer valley, only to freeze up in this pass, it was absolutely blinding, and the whirling wind which accompanied it almost took the breath away. They tramped along through it about ten minutes, and then stopped, for, as Elias declared, they had reached the pass, and would wait until the squall swept by, so as to get the view. Each looked at the other amused, for face and clothing were plastered with the snow, which was now thawing to water on flesh and turning to ice on hair, beard and garments. Elias, with his hoary locks, looked a veritable king of winter, as, standing with his hand protecting his eyes, he shouted: "Here comes the last of it! I see Olympus through it. There comes the green grass and the shinin' river away down there. See 'em?"

Rex looked down through the last faint fall of snow and rain, and seemingly at his feet, but miles away, beheld a treeless valley, green as emerald, and with bright waters flashing where a little river wound its way. To the south—he was looking west—were snow ridges and peaks. To the north Olympus ended in a frowning, rocky head, apparently three thousand feet sheer, and strangely similar to the profile of an African negro. One instant the fitful winds brought up to his ears the roar of waters leaping down innumerable green runs and swales that from the valley up slashed the white mantle of the mighty mountain. The next, this roar had died



IT WAS INDEED A PICTURE OF BEAUTY.

away, succeeded by softly soothing strains as if some vast æolian harp had been swept by the unseen breezes, which were now bending the graceful fir forests on the higher slopes. It was indeed a picture of beauty, and one on which a traveler, having tramped that awful solitude of snow, for seven weary days, could well feast his eyes—this vale of grass and flowers not four miles distant.

"Now turn and look back over the way we've come," cried Elias. Rex did turn, and as his eyes slowly took in the view, he gulped back a great sob, he knew not why, and could not by any effort control the flow of tears which ran fast down his cheeks.

To the east, stretching away and sharply downward, was the valley up which he had toiled eighteen weary miles. From where he stood, it looked like some vast roof gutter. Its bare bleak sides of almost perpendicular rock were wind-swept and snowless. Down this valley, the boisterous west wind was chasing the clouds composing the recent snow squall, and these, rolling, surging and tumbling, like sheep before a drover's dog, seemed in frantic haste to get ahead and through the narrow passage way. To the south, where the Third Branch joined the Big River, was a huge truncated cone of rock, two thousand feet or more in height, and even at that distance gigantic. The clouds surged up against the rocky ridge to the east of the main Big River, and then, buffeted by a north wind, swept round the huge cone, until the last had departed, leaving the valley lone and deserted. From his height Rex could look over the top of the ridge east

of Big River, the ridge that shows up from the sound on ordinary days, while Olympus and the interior peaks show only on exceedingly clear days. But this was now a very clear morning, and he could look out over the sound, even across the vast pall of clouds that hung low over it. Even as he looked, a quick strong north wind swept down, and that pall commenced to wrinkle and hunch up here and there, to be at last torn and thrown to one side as if snatched by some mighty unseen hand.

First, in the far north appeared Baker, a huge heap of snow and ice. Then, as the cloud banks moved rapidly southward, the sunny wall of the Cascades rapidly appeared and lengthened—a wall of pure white, except for somber dark slashes here and there, down which deep rivers were hurrying. As this wall lengthened and stretched away to the south, up out of the banks and fogs rose mighty Mount Rainier. First its crown; then a flash from its alabaster sides, as the sun kissed them; then a quicker, fiercer rent in the curtain, and like some magnificent marble column, the whole majestic mountain stood bare and brilliant, towering far above all its fellows. And now between this Cascade wall and the Olympic coast range lay the uncovered sound, stretching north and south in the glorious sunshine, more than a hundred miles. Kitsap peninsula, from four to nine miles wide and thirty miles long, looked like a dark finger laid out across the surface of a steel-blue plate. At the tip of this finger was an ocean steamer, a tiny moving speck, rounding Foul Weather Bluff, and creeping

on toward Seattle, which in the far distance looked like a bit of brown bunch grass, grown on the edge of the dark green carpet stretching out toward the feet of the Cascades. Lake Washington, with its twenty-seven miles of shining length, seemed a bit of mercury or molten metal from the main mass, and Lake Union like a still smaller piece. At his feet, between him and this sound region, lay the most wonderfully broken-up country he had ever seen or dreamed of. Its crags, crevasses, peaks, and gloomy valleys, filled him with awe. It was as if the Omnipotent hand had tossed the earth's crust skyward, letting it fall where it would. And all this brought tears. Views less grand have brought tears for many a strong man. This, the grandest of all, probably not one human eye a year has rested on since the world's creation. Rex realized this, and was thankful, even if his trip brought him no other reward. He looked long and then turned to Elias, who stood like a statue. Without removing his eyes from the scene before him, the giant began as one inspired:

"Do ye wonder I love the mountains? Do ye think, after seein' all this as we have this mornin', either one on us can ever believe there ain't no God? Why, boyee! hear His breath in the forests and among the crags about an' above us. Watch His sunshine spreadin' itself out across this reservoir, meltin' its snows an' sendin' 'em leapin' down to be distilled an' purified in the great ocean, an' in fogs an' vapors rolled up agin. See that ole eagle a sailin' away yonder? Well, I'd ruther be him

a-sailin' round over these knobs than ter be even an Astor or a Vanderbilt an' not know an' feel there was a God. I'd ruther be *myself*, an' drag these big feet round over these hills, where I allus feel as if there was a God, than ter be one o' them skeptics what sets in cities an' doubts everything. I'm allus happy when I'm up here, I am," and his big eyes grew as lustrous as those of a Moses on the heights of Pisgah. "But this standin' here won't do; ye're tired out, boy, an' so'm I. Kim on down now, an' we'll take a snooze on that green grass away below there that'll last all day an' all night too," and he lengthened his stride down the slope.

Within an hour they were down some three miles, even with the snow line, and were coming into green grass, which in the majestic forest through which they were now traveling grew rankly luxuriant, for there was no underbrush. They had seen tracks of deer, elk and bear in the snow coming down, and now they noticed a deer between the tree trunks, gazing at them in apparent surprise, but without fear. "Don't shoot!" whispered Elias. "We'll git one nearer camp. They're mighty thick round here. This is a great game country. Nobody gits in here, an' they're tame."

Rex refrained, and as they came out into the open, natural meadow below, saw that Elias was right. There were a score feeding in sight at that instant. Some of these trotted away to cover, but others showed no more alarm than might so many domestic cattle. Almost at the river's edge, in a sheltered spot behind a dense thicket, they pitched

camp on the green grass. Everywhere about on this grass, or rather underneath its matted surface, were limbs and small tree trunks. Dry as a bone and without bark, they can be found in any of these valleys, in places two miles from any adjacent forest. The only explanation that can be given is that heated lava has in time past run down, forming these natural meadows and carrying these branches on its bosom, but if so, why did not these branches burn? That they will burn and that they make most excellent fuel, Rex and Elias can attest, and, within an hour, they had gathered a large enough quantity to supply the small fire they needed for a week, and before this fire they lay down to sleep.

At 6 p. m., Rex awoke and found Elias with supper ready. They ate, rolled up again, and slept until the next morning. Elias had shot a young and tender fawn the night before, and on this they made a second meal. As they ate, Elias, nodding towards the southwest, remarked, "That crater's right over that way, 'bout fourteen or fifteen mile. We may not be able to git there fer a week, but we'll have a try at it to-day."

CHAPTER XXXIV[†]

"ROCK OF AGES," A "BOTTOMLESS PIT," AND OTHER UNCANNY WONDERS—REX DISAPPEARS

While preparing to leave camp, Rex was amazed to see three very large bear walk out from the forest and lumber across the grass plot in their awkward way, occasionally stopping to crop the green herbage as a cow might. "An' yet they tell me b'ar don't eat grass," laughed Elias. "Now, boy, you'll see a good many b'ar up in here, but ye don't want ter be poppin' at 'em with that single-shot buck ye carry" (Rex's rifle was a 40-82 Winchester), "fer jest's like as not, ye'll let inter a grizzly or a bald-face, an, then ye won't go back, unless I pack yer bones over the hills in a gunny sack. Now, them three out there is all mountain black. Ye might make 'em run if ye shot at 'em, an' ye might not. They might run for ye. Best way is to scare 'em like this"—and he drummed on the gold-pan, whereat the bears hurried into the forest. "You won't be able to pack any b'ar hide out o' here, but if ye want a pop at a b'ar jest fer fun, sometime 'fore we go home, I'll stan' by an' let ye kill a big un. If one charges ye an' I'm long with ole 'Kill-Duck,' ye'll see a hole blowed in a b'ar bigger'n yer hat."

Rex laughed, but said nothing as he assisted in slinging their packs up on a limb. "Kim on, now. Let's up stakes an' out o' this. As Mr. Shakespeare

beootifully says, 'The inaudible an' noiseless foot o' Time steals by us 'fore we can effect our plans.' An' it's so. Ole Time is gittin' thar with both feet."

They had taken only three days' provisions and their guns, and under this light pack they tramped smartly along, keeping the main elk trails, here as broad as a wagon road and in many places actually dusty, so quick was the ground to shed water at the base of peaks of volcanic formation. As they progressed, the valley grew rapidly narrower and very rough, the waters of the little river falling in the most beautiful cascades and waterfalls of varying height. Soon they entered another higher and wider valley. Here they found snow of slight depth, all the way down to the shore of a pretty little lake, lying like a jewel in the center of the valley.

"That lake's shaller," explained Elias, "an' is simply a widenin' out o' this little river, which I think is one o' the head streams o' the Dungeness what flows inter the straits 'bout eighty mile north. To-day 'll thaw all this snow off, an' you'll see green grass under it. It's seldom that snow lays in this valley or any o' these valleys, even in winter. See! a big band o' elk's ben through here to-day. They're makin' fer the cañon, layin' to the south, an' they went right up over this pass we're makin' fer now. We'll take their trail, fer they're better judges o' such matters 'an what we are. Hello! Thar they be, right ahead. See?"

Rex could hardly believe his eyes. There in two droves, led by less than half a dozen bulls, he counted eighty of the animals. The bulls had all



HE DISAPPEARED FROM ELIAS' WONDERING EYES.

shed their horns, but could be distinguished by their great size. One especially was larger than any ox Rex had ever seen. Elias informed him that three months later all the bulls would have horns of full size, though tender and "in the velvet," and that then would commence the "running season," when the bulls fought and were really dangerous, especially if molested. Now, however, they were like a drove of domestic cattle, and leisurely worked their way up through the snow toward the pass, the big bull leading and followed by detachments of from four to eight cows and calves, each led by a smaller bull. The trail they made was a broad one, and rendered travel easy, so that the pass was reached within two hours, and before them lay a long green valley, wooded only on its edges and with a large bright stream running through its center.

"In that stream an' in that lake back there is the all firedest great mountain trout ye ever see. Some on 'em long as my arm an' weighin' five an' six pound," said Elias. "Course, ye kin ketch bigger trout in the Ducquebush or Doseewallop, whar I've hooked Char an' Dolly Varden an' Rainbow as high as eighteen pound, but they ain't got the fight in 'em these fellers have. These fellers come four foot up out the water, the bright drops fallin' like a shower o' dimunds as they writhe in the air an' shake their ole flukes. They won't take the bait till 'long the first o' June, an' only 'bout four hours in the middle o' the day then, but fer three months or more they're hungry as wolves. D'ye see that ledge runnin' 'long thar, fer 'bout three mile southeast,

an' twice as fur northwest? Wall, ther's only one place ye kin climb that, an' up thar is whar we're goin'. May be so much snow on we can't make it, but right on top o' that ledge, inside the square tower ye see off to the left, is the crater. I ain't sure but we'd better go back ter-morrer, git our packs an' settle down in this valley. 'Tain't quite so warm as the one below, but it's nearer our 'yob,' as the Swedes say. Now, we'll go down diagonal, an' head fer that bare 'butment behind which is the crater."

As they went down through the forest where the large trees stood wide and grass grew thick, Rex thought he had never seen anything more beautiful, and wondered why these mountain valleys had not been settled. "They will be by stockmen," was Elias' answer, "for nothin' else would pay. Thar isn't a month in the year but frost falls here, an' ye couldn't raise even buckwheat er spuds. At present the cougar an' wolves would kill off cattle. Them varmints kill off more elk an' deer than men do, an' they don't know any game season either. Here's a pebble I want ye to look at. I call it 'Rock o' Ages,' 'cause it's cleft fer me."

Rex paused in amazement, for never in all his wanderings had he seen anything more singular. A rock at least one hundred and fifty feet high and as wide—it had originally been a huge sphere—lay there in the forest, where it had evidently fallen after some vast eruption, which had hurled it perhaps miles through space. It was now cleft exactly through the center as if from a blow of some mighty

sword, and lay there gaping asunder. There was not another rock or stone near it. A little distance beyond they came to what Elias called the Bottomless Pit.

This was a hole in the hillside about ten feet high and twenty-five wide. Its mouth was covered by sand as if water had sometime gushed forth, and far down the slope was a track through the forest, spreading fan-shape, in which stood dead trees. Elias was of the opinion that this hole was the mouth of some huge hot-water spring, which gushing forth had killed the trees before it. In the sand and on the soft bare soil outside were tracks of cougar and wolves, leading in and out, showing that dens were in there. It was a gloomy looking cavern, and Elias declared it took a drop some distance back in the mountain. To prove this, he searched about until he found a rock about the size of a butter tub, and this he rolled in. The surface was a sharp incline down, and the rock was soon lost to view. Then there was a crash, as if it had fallen fifty or sixty feet, soon after another, thirty seconds later a faint "tunk," and then a splash, the echoes of which came up like a voice through a tube.

"Jest whar that rock'll fetch up would be hard to say, but probably somers this side o' Chiny," said Elias, as they turned away.

They soon reached the greener and treeless portion of the valley, and across this beautiful meadow they strolled, looking up and down its six or eight miles of length and seeing no less than four bear at one time and from eighty to one hundred elk and

deer. As they neared the fringe of forest along the base of the five hundred foot ledge they were approaching, a huge black timber wolf whisked out of the shadow and into it again. Both saw him and other motions farther back, which Elias declared was a pack of wolves, lurking about to sally forth and attack some injured elk or deer, or some stray one that might wander away from the main herd. Elias also explained that these cowardly brutes seldom attack man unless very hungry, and then only when he is alone, and that they seldom attack elk in herds, as the elk or deer strike viciously with their fore feet, and in season prod with their "dog killers." "Of course," continued Elias, "if a hundred o' them fellers got together, an' wuz good an' hungry, they'd come out o' them woods now an' sail into you an' me or them elk. Hunger'll drive 'em to almost anything."

The great ledge or wall they were approaching seemed to exhibit all the colors of the rainbow. Rex had supposed this to be the reflection of the woods and green meadows at its base, but now he was surprised to find that these colors originated in a growth of delicate mosses, which, beginning about one hundred feet from the ground, spread all across the face of this great cliff, with an effect that can be better imagined than described. In one place, these mosses represented old gold, in another green, and another blue or pink. Again, they beautifully intermingled with such a variegation of color as no decorator could match. He tried throwing a stone to dislodge some of this close-growing fungus, but his

best efforts fell twenty feet short of the lowest mosses.

"Mebbe I kin help ye out," declared Elias, ranging himself under the cliff and pointing his big gun out across its face. As he fired, the buckshot tore along, and here and there floated down a patch of the delicate tracery thin as tissue and dry as the most ancient papyrus. Rex had never before seen anything so delicately beautiful, and begged Elias to shoot again and again until he had collected several fine specimens, which Elias assured him would forever retain their colors and peculiar odor.

The great wall, before reaching the crater block, turned more to the north and in such a way as to leave its base perpetually in shadow, or near it, and here they found immense quantities of snow. In places this snow lay in a huge bank one hundred feet in depth, and up over such a drift they must clamber to reach the diagonal trail leading above. Elias declared this snow never thawed in the warmest weather, and leading the way round a great buttress of rock, exclaimed while pointing, "See that stream o' water coming out that hole in the rock an' surrounded by that firewheel o' red moss? That stream allus flows, an' remin's me o' the rock Moses smote. See the steam rise up from the hole in the snow that water makes? I kalkerlate that water must be warmer'n the snow. Mebbe it's such a spring as they got down to Boise, Idaho. That one furnishes a million gallon a day, an' has force enough ter heat the hull darn town, carryin' hot

water to the top o' five-story buildin's. It's hot too —hotter, I s'pect, than this."

"Did you ever climb up over the snow to that stream, Elias?"

"No, I never, but I know it's warm, cause it's warm down near the bank o' the little river, even after it's punched that hole in the snow an' soaked along under the ground."

"I should think it would melt the snow, Elias."

"So 'twould, ef the snow fell thar reg'lar, but that snow comes by the ton, bein' swept by wind from all 'crosst the flat surface away 'bove. Why, I bet ther's days in winter when sixty er seventy feet falls off thar. Then the water is purtected by the wind an' falls steady, no less'n seventy-five feet."

"Let's go up there."

"No; less take a peek at the crater first. That'll take an hour."

"And this won't take fifteen minutes. I've got a theory and I want to see this stream first, Elias."

"All right, young feller. Go ahead, I'll foller!"

Rex scrambled up, Elias ten feet behind, and reaching the barrel-like hole in the snow crust, peered into its dark depths, from which mist slowly arose. Then he reached out to touch and test the water, when suddenly the crust gave way beneath him, and he disappeared from Elias' wondering eyes. Elias crawled up to the brink of the chasm and peered into its dark depths, but heard no sound, save that of falling water, striking on rocks far below. Then he grew very white, and, sick with horror, slowly crawled back down the slope.

CHAPTER XXXV

REX TUMBLES INTO AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY—PROSPECTING ABOUT THE CRATER

When Rex felt himself falling, he could do no more than make such resistance as a person naturally would make under such circumstances. Had he fallen through open space he must certainly have been killed. As it was, he went down with a great quantity of snow and slush, part of which went first, forming a cushion for him to alight on. On first striking, he rolled down a sharp incline thirty feet or more, and brought up on a bed of sand, with such force as to stun him. As he lay there, he could hear Elias call, but so dazed was he that he could not answer. Slowly his senses came back, and weak and dizzy he staggered to his feet. Far above was a circle of light, although it was very dark all about him, and down through this circle was still pouring the stream of water. It was now striking on a heap of snow and rapidly thawing a new place for itself. This he could make out by the faint light pouring down with the water from so far above, and as he looked he was quite sure he saw a bare rock under the snow. By this time he had collected his senses and strength enough to shout, and did shout most lustily. There was no answer, and catching up his gun, which lay near, he fired it into the darkness about him. The report was something so tremendous that it seemed

for a time as if he had cracked his ear drums, and he reeled about like a drunken man, his ears ringing until it seemed as if he should go mad. He sank down again, his eyes fixed on the circle of light above, when he was overjoyed to see first a large segment broken in, and later the outlines of Elias' bushy head peering over.

"Air ye alive, boyee? Any bones broke?"

"All right, Elias, only badly shaken up."

"Thank the good Lord yer alive. Hear my gun?"

"No; did you hear mine?"

"Yes, and I answered. Now, how'm I goin' to git you out?"

"Don't dance around on that crust, Elias, or you'll be in."

"All right; I sabe. Hollow shell, ain't it? I'll cave some in."

Elias withdrew, and worked for some time outside, when another huge section fell, letting in much light and fresh air. Rex, by this increased light, saw that he was in the mouth of a cavern some six or eight feet in diameter and extending back under the wall into the ledge, while before it was a cone of rock thirty feet or more high, which had by the cave-in been covered with snow, but which the warm water was washing clean again.

"The water *is* warm, Elias!" he shouted.

"Oh! darn the water!" called back Elias, as he sent another mass of crust and snow down into the pit. "Ef I had suthin' 'sides this ole tree limb I could do suthin'. Say, how much is it a-goin' ter take ter fill up that hole?"



THEY FIND AN OUTLET TO THE "BOTTOMLESS PIT."

"Three hundred tons, Elias. You can't fill it up. Throw me down a piece of pitch pine for a torch until I explore this hole in the hill a ways, and while I'm gone knot that rope and throw that down. When I come back I'll climb out."

"No, ye don't, young feller. I promist you shouldn't go inter no more danger than I could help. You kin out first on the rope."

"I won't do it, Elias. This is my hole, and I'm going to explore it."

"Wall, then, by gum, you'll explore it with matches, fer ye don't git no rope ner no pine fat till ye come up outer thar. Ye're under my orders, mister, an' I'm goin' ter keep my word, fer all o' yer dod dasted notions."

"All right, General," said Rex, laughing. "I'll come up first."

"Now, then!" said Elias, as he pulled him up over the edge of the pit, "the next hole you go to pruin' intew, I'll spank ye. Ye like to scart me ter death, you leetle cuss, you," and the big tears rolled down his pale cheeks, while his lips trembled with nervousness. His evident earnestness robbed Rex of all anger and touched him. The boy suggested to Elias that they go down together.

"No, we don't go down together, Mr. Rex Wayland. I'm goin' down first an' see if there's any danger. If they ain't, you kin come."

"Got a Shakespearean text for that?" laughed Rex.

Quick as a flash and extending his long arm in the air, Elias roared out in a heavy tragedy voice, "'Once more unto the breach, dear friends! Once

more!" " Then running back over the snow bank to a rock, he tied the long rope, and scrambling up, threw its end into the hole. There were seventy-five feet or more to spare, and he swung himself down, saying: "Git some pitchy pieces off'n that stub yonder an' throw in after me, an' don't ye dare to kim down till I say ye may."

Rex obeyed, and saw him light them, after slivering them with his knife. Then he peered into the pit only to see Elias disappear in the cavern running under the ledge. He was gone but a minute or two when he shouted up, "I can't see any harm in yer comin' down, pervised yer keerful."

Rex swung down, and the two entered the cavern, which seemed worn smooth on every side and was of uniform size—nearly eight feet in diameter, as far as they could see ahead. The bottom, like the sides, was of smooth rock, and over it flowed a thin sheet of water, which grew warmer as they proceeded. They could see that they were ascending slightly and that the cavern was growing warmer. As they progressed, it grew quite warm, and when they at last brought up before three or four huge logs, which, lying across, completely blocked up the passage, they found these very warm indeed, while from up above and at the bottom, hot water slowly oozed through.

"How fur air we from the base o' the ledge?" inquired Elias.

"About three hundred and fifty feet, I judge, Elias."

"Jest you pace it, while I hold the torch."

Rex did this, and announced at the entrance, "One hundred and thirty-seven long paces. That's nearly or quite four hundred feet, possibly four hundred and twenty-five."

"Then I'll bet yer a cookie, Mr. Tumblebug, you've struck an ole outlet to that there crater up above, an' an outlet which, if we kin open it, will drain 'er dry'rн a rag."

Rex let out a whoop of delight, and rolled on the sand in ecstasy, while Elias, wrinkling his big brows in deep thought, remarked: "Keep yer shirt on, till I crawl up overhead an' take measurements. Foller me." He swung up, hand over hand, and Rex followed. Half-way up the diagonal trail Elias shouted back to bring up the rope, and Rex also provided himself with several chips of pine. That climb was so nearly straight up that, coming as it did at the end of the rope exercise, it was nearly half an hour before Rex found himself at the summit of the ridge where Elias awaited him. There they sat and looked down on the lovely valley below, over which thin clouds were lazily floating, almost on a level with them.

"Well, now fer measurements!" said Elias, and he led the way back along the summit something like a quarter of a mile, Rex following. They were now on an extremely high plateau of about one thousand acres' space, and it seemed the chief center of all the mountain ranges in that vicinity, all other ridges radiating from it, like spokes from a hub. Not a blade of grass nor a shrub grew upon it. Bare and wind-swept, it was as desolate a place as could

well be imagined. Away to the west, tossing, fleecy clouds or ocean water, they could not tell which, came up against a vast wooded basin, slashed by rivers, ravines and gulches. To the south clouds hid everything, and to the east were yet higher mountains, snow-covered and jagged. Elias considered it very fortunate that this plateau was now free from clouds, and tramped smartly along until at a point nearly opposite the gushing water and the snow banks. Here he made a detour in to avoid a deep slanting crevasse, whence the rock Rex had found beneath the snow had fallen. At the farther side of this crevasse Rex stopped and watched his companion, who, sure of foot as a mountain sheep, walked steadily along a narrow causeway formed by the nearness of the crevasse to a deep pit on the other side. "Thar's yer crater, boyee. Ef ye ain't purty stiddy-headed, ye'd better coon it." Rex knew what this meant, and rather than run any risk, got down on all fours and crept along. The crater was indeed an uncanny place—a horrible hole in the earth, and as Rex surveyed it he saw on the farther side the little ledge to which Elias had swung himself in quest of the elk horns. He shuddered.

"Heavens, man! But you had nerve to swing out over that edge. Suppose you'd lost your hold?"

"I wuzn't thar fer that purpose, boyee. 'Sides, ef I had, thar wan't no one round ter laugh at me."

Rex could find no fitting words to frame an answer to such peculiar levity, and taking a chip from his pocket tossed it far out, to see it go whirling and fluttering down, down, until at last it lightly

touched the smooth water. As he leaned over he could feel a warm current of air against his face, and while the chip floated he asked Elias for the big drinking cup strapped to his waist. Tying this to a seven hundred and fifty foot fish-line, he let it down, and filling the cup, attempted to draw it up. In doing this he found that it was being carried by a current to some outlet of the lake, toward which the chip was now fast hastening. With a quick jerk, he loosened the cup, and brought it up over the brink, just as the chip disappeared. The water was nearly blood warm, and he was now sure the cavern was the old outlet of the lake. He threw in a handful of the chips, and crawling on his face to the outer edge of the ledge, peered over in order to watch the stream falling into the snow pit so far below. A minute or two later he was almost sure he saw the chips disappear. Elias, meanwhile, had been peering over into the lake, and at this instant he drew back, exclaiming, "See that!"

Rex hastened to look, but was only in time to see a rapidly enlarging ripple. "What was it, Elias?"

"A big bubble an' a puff o' steam. They's hot springs at the bottom o' that hole, an' I know it. Come on. Less climb down to the valley again."

"What are you going to do, Elias?"

"To-morrer I'm comin' over here with about five pound o' dynamite, an' I'm goin' ter put a shot in between them ole logs across that outlet. It'll stir things up some, an' I hope drain the lake."

"Good idea," assented Rex, as he clambered down. "Great fun when she lets loose, eh?"

"Bet yer bottom dollar," grunted Elias, as he toiled down the difficult trail.

Four hours from that time they were back at their first camp, tired and very hungry, and while one cooked supper, the other was packing up for their removal early the next morning. Rex slept little that night, but wondered and planned. Elias, after building a good fire, lay down and never once awoke or changed position until morning.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE CRATER DYNAMITED—A GRAND SIGHT—ELIAS BELIEVES REX CRAZY

It was eleven o'clock before Rex and Elias had completed their journey to the new camp. They chose a little cup-shaped depression on a knoll at the widest portion of the valley, and nearly opposite the cavern Rex had so curiously discovered. This knoll was about one hundred yards from the little river and across it from the cavern. It was about twenty feet higher than the remaining slope of the valley, that distance from the river, and about fifty feet above the river's surface, by which it must be understood that there was quite a sharp grade up from the river. It was two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards from the forest on its side of the valley, and there being only a fringe of large trees at the base of the cliff opposite the crater, there was practically no forest over there. The camp was about two hundred and seventy-five yards from the fringe of trees and three hundred yards from the entrance of the cavern. The depression on the knoll was natural, a ridge of earth and rock forming a natural breastwork all the way round the summit. From under the northeast base of this ridge a small stream of water bubbled up. One interior side of the ridge, the northwest, was perpendicular on the inside and four feet six inches

high, a soft rock cropping out there. Against this Elias purposed building a fire, and he declared that if they were to stay there any length of time they would build a cabin, too. "I never saw a better place for a camp," he declared. "Wood within three hundred yards, water at yer feet, an' everything convenient. Now then, we'll hang up our pack on that small tree over thar, an' then we'll eat a cold snack. Then we'll go over an' put a blast under that mess o' logs. I persoom we could punch a hole er cut one through them logs, so the water'd run through, but what we want is ter open it fer good. I hate to waste five pound o' dynamite, but I sha'n't put in no less'n that, an' I kalkerlate that orter stir things up some. We orter be able ter fix the blast 'fore one o'clock, an' while the water's runnin' out we kin eat some more."

"I'm fearful we won't eat much dinner if the water runs out all right," thought Rex, but he said nothing and followed Elias' directions as best he could. They had brought twenty-four one-third pound sticks of dynamite, and fifteen of these were carefully unrolled and laid out on a flat stone at one side. A torch of pitch was next prepared by splitting up small splinters and tying them together in a bunch with a stick in the center. An armful of wood for a fire was also thrown into the pit. Elias soon made a handle for the pick and that followed. With all their climbing in and out, the bank had so caved in that they might possibly have gone down without it, but to insure safety, the rope, knotted and secured as before, was thrown in. The dynamite was next



A HUMAN HEAD AND HAND.

carefully let down in a cloth. Then taking hold of the rope, Rex and Elias slid down outside of the waterfall. As they entered the cavern, Elias produced a candle from his pocket and, lighting it, found that it furnished plenty of light for travel. The log rampart or jam was just as they had left it. The scheme of building a fire they gave up, for even the smoke of the torch was insufferable in that hot hole.

"I'd give a good deal," said Elias, "to know jest how thick that jam is. Ye see, it may be the thickness o' these logs or it may be three times as thick. The measurements we've made above an' below show it can't be more'n ten foot thick unless there's a bank o' mud t'other side. I'd like to punch a hole through, but I dassent, 'cause the water'd spurt out an' drive us out o' here. A small hole wouldn't drain that lake in all summer. A big one, all of a sudden, is what we want. Jest build a little fire there back o' that run an' see what becomes o' the smoke. It may drive us out, but if it don't, I wanter heat the pick so's to burn a hole in the logs low down, to put in the charge o' dynamite."

"The mouth of the cavern is lower than this, isn't it, Elias?"

"Yes; I s'pose 'tis, but what of it?"

"Nothing, except that you can't get a draft out and you'll be strangled by your smoke. Did you ever try to make a stove-pipe draw when the chimne hole was lower than the first elbow?"

"Yes; by gum! I hev; an' 'twon't do it nohow. You're right. But what's your idee on this blastin' business?"

"I should dig a hole under that lower log as deep as I could—say two feet if possible. While that was being dug, I should go out and get a bushel or two of moist earth, such as would pack. Put the charge in the hole, dry dirt atop of that and then ram down moist earth and keep ramming until the hole is solidly full. Then get as big a piece of rock as possible and put it right over the hole and pile more against that. You must understand that several hundred tons of water is pressing against those logs on the other side, and tons of mud, rock and other materials are atop of them. You've got to get under the logs and take advantage of the resistance of the solid earth underneath, and then you must have the opening packed well enough to furnish resistance against a sidewise explosion, else you won't shatter the logs. I have no doubt if you were to explode three pounds of No. 1 dynamite right here in this cavern anywhere within four feet of those logs, you would shatter them somewhat, for the resistance on all sides of this little chamber would be enormous, but we mustn't run any risk. We won't be able to get in here again probably, even after the explosion of a pound of that stuff, but what we want is to insure a good job while we have an opportunity to work at it. Therefore, I say, take all possible pains."

"Yer right, boyee. But where an' when did ye learn so much of dynamitin'? Ye got more head'n an old miner."

"I never had much experience except on our blasts for logging roads, Elias, but while you were

asleep last night, I lay and thought this over many times. This is the result of my ponderings."

Elias looked his admiration. He went to work exactly as Rex had outlined, while Rex went back for moist earth. Being enthusiastic, Rex took off his hunting coat, filled the body with moist earth, and gathering up the skirts and sleeves, staggered in through the darkness with his heavy burden. Elias meanwhile was burrowing like a woodchuck and soon had a hole two feet in depth by the slant, and about six inches below the lower log. He had to dig to one side of the row and was gratified that the water did not fill the excavation. He had mainly dug through gravel and volcanic deposit, removing but a few stones, but had now struck a smooth rock apparently flat and of unknown thickness. This seemed a good base on which to place a big charge of dynamite, and on it he placed fifteen No. 1 candles and prepared his percussion cap with a fuse several feet in length, to permit plenty of time for getting out. "I'll bet 'twould hist a feller if he stood out at the mouth o' this cavern when the thing goes off."

"Scatter him in fragments you'd better say," replied Rex. "This cavern is going to act like a gun-barrel, being straight and backed up by that great body of water."

"S'pose it'll blow over that knoll we're encamped on out there?" enquired Elias, sarcastically. "No; but you'll see some snow fly and I wouldn't care to stand anywhere in line, for it may plaster the valley with ice and rock for five hundred yards out. You

see this cavern is higher than the rock that lies out there at its mouth, and as that's a little to one side anyway, there's going to be a big explosion and shower of rock and ice."

"Wall, there!" grunted Elias, "that's ez good a job ez I kin do. Now bid good-by to this hole, put yer truck in the pockets o' that coat o' yourn an' skin out."

Rex was not long in complying, and took everything with him as he went. Elias soon came to the mouth of the cavern to warn him to look out, went back again and again came out, this time running. He scrambled up out of the hole with a little assistance from the rope, and running down the slope, started for the camp knoll, which having reached, he sat down panting.

"That snow is going to shut off the out-shoot, Elias. How long will it be before she goes off?"

"Not more'n——" Elias was interrupted by a jar beneath them which seemed to shake the entire valley and the big ledge they sat facing. This was followed almost immediately by a puff, which threw the heavy crust about the snow pit from before the cavern, sending a blast of air clear across the little river and almost blowing their hats off from their heads. For an instant they sat listening to the echoes as they went rolling along. Except for these there was silence for the space of fifteen seconds, when there came a gurgling, roaring rush of water, bearing all before it. Out through that great snow-bank rushed the contents of the lake. Once after

starting there was a momentary cessation of the flow, but it was only momentary, for an instant after it gushed forth again, this time bringing out pieces of tree trunks and gnarled limbs and sweeping down three of the trees that stood in its path. The sight was quite thrilling, and demonstrated more fully than they had expected the great quantity of water pent up within the crater. A great hole was washed out of the bank of the little river opposite the crater, and this formed a whirlpool a few yards below the knoll.

"Hello! 'The rock Moses smote' has quit business," exclaimed Rex. "I'd like to be up overhead where I could see that water settle. Must be like pulling the stopple out of the bottom of a bath-tub."

"I dunno much 'bout bath-tubs. I ginnerally bathe in the sound when I git so I have to," said Elias, "but I do know that if ye wuz up overhead ye wouldn't see much. See that vapor risin' up there? Wall, that's caused by the cool air strikin' the wet, warm sides o' the crater. Till it cools off an' dries off down in there, it'll steam like an ole teakettle."

As they talked, the flow continued and the water so madly tearing out seemed warmer. It was fast meeting the sides of the great snow slope, and this, falling in, added to the mass of vapor which was arising from all along the river bed. Thus matters continued for thirty minutes or more, when it was noticeable that the flow was slackening and the river lowering. Within ten minutes the flow had slack-

ened by half and soon there was but a small rill where before there had been more than an ordinary river. In fact, no one knows or can realize the amount of water which by pressure can be forced through a six or eight foot tube, unless he understands mathematical rules and sits down with pencil and paper to figure it out.

As the flow settled down to a rill of a depth of six inches, which while quite warm was not by any means scalding hot or near it, Elias declared his intention of entering the cavern, and they started in together. A draft of air was now sucking through from the outside, and they knew the lake must be lowered to the level of this new outlet. A light shone ahead, but as they feared gaps or crevices made by the action of the water, they carried a torch, which the draft of air nearly extinguished. However, they found the path was much as it had been, except that more water was flowing through. As they walked in through the enormous snowbank at the entrance, they laughed at one another for thinking they might have tunnelled through it. "'Twould have been a week's job," was Elias' opinion, and Rex agreed with him.

As they finally came to the inner end of the outlet and peered out over the old lake bed and up the precipitous walls, they could but stand in awe, for such a pit neither had ever before seen. Yellow and slimy and steaming where the sun struck in, no more peculiar effect could be imagined. The bottom was a mass of mud and slime trending toward the outlet just opened, and appeared safe enough and

not uncomfortably warm to feet or hands. This mud was plastered everywhere, and all about was a sulphurous smell that showed it to be strongly impregnated with sulphurates of some sort. Elias looked in vain for the elk horns and concluded that these must have been swept out with other debris in the flood following the explosion. Meanwhile Rex was looking for something—he hardly knew what—but something he felt sure could never have been swept out by water. He was ashamed to tell Elias what he really hoped to find, yet he wanted to look for it, and so said: "Elias, I want to look about in here a bit. You run along down the river. You may find those horns."

"All right," returned Elias, and he had turned to go when there was an eruption right before their feet, and all about them water and mud flew up to a considerable height. They ran for the outlet at the top of their speed and glancing back saw a score of bubbles and steam jets, in among which was the semblance of a *human head* and *hand*. As they stood gazing in terror, there was another eruption, this time more violent, and to the surface came the remainder of the human figure and close beside it another, smaller and with long moss or hair streaming from its head. The falling water washed much of the slime from these two figures, and for an instant they lay there in full view. Elias grew very pale, but Rex flushed as if with pleasure and laughed—a trick he had when surprised and overjoyed. Hearing him, Elias looked quickly around, and seeing him smiling, aye, even laughing at such

a terrible sight, hesitated not a second, but caught him up as he might a bag of meal, and in spite of Rex's struggles, ran swiftly with him out through the passage, never setting him down until he had him safe at camp.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A LUCKY DAY BRINGS BOTH TREASURE AND ELK HORNS— ELIAS DISPLAYS HORSE-SENSE

As Elias finally set Rex on his feet, the latter literally boiled over. Never was there a madder little man facing a big one. Rex was not given to profanity, but on this occasion he began to give expression to some rather strong expletives, when the honest giant again took hold of him and began soothing him as a mother might a spunky child.

"Thar! Thar! Good boy! Nice day. Goin' ter storm to-morrow, mebbe. We'll go out an' kill a b'ar this arternoon, arter I've cooked some dinner, won't we?"

"Why, Elias! You confounded fool! Let go o' me! What ails you? If I was big enough I'd duck you into that river out there. Do you know what you're about? What do you mean by packing me over here in that style? Do you think I'm a child or crazy? I swear, I believe you're crazy!"

"Never mind! Never mind! Nobody's crazy. Set still now, an' I'll cook the boy some dinner. Let's tell some huntin' stories. Elias won't let him go in there agin. No he won't. Rex shall stay here, 'long o' me. Nobody sha'n't hurt him."

Rex saw it all now, and began to laugh. "Elias, I verily believe you think my head was turned because I was so pleased when those two dead people

came up there. Now, honest Injun, do you think I'm crazy?"

Elias looked silly, and tears came into his great, kind eyes. "Why, boyee! I did think so fer a fact. But you talk all right now. Why, how could you laugh at such a sight as that?"

"Go on with your dinner, Elias, and I'll tell you. You may not know it, but I'm up here after richer game than elk horns, which, by the way, I hope we'll get. I see I've got to trust you, and I know I can. So I'll tell you everything if you'll promise to stand by me." Of course, Elias, seeing his mistake, promised, and Rex told him all the long story, except the probable size of the treasure. That he thought best to keep to himself. When he had ended he further said: "And now, Elias. I hope to get something out of this for my mother, Uncle Festus and myself. If it turns out as well as I hope and we find those chests and get them home, I'll give you a thousand dollars for this month's work."

"No, ye won't, boyee. I wouldn't accept of it. 'Twould be robbin' ye. I kin see you've ben workin' this lead fer two or three year, an' do ye s'pose jist as ye git to the main deposit I'm a-goin' to hold ye up fer the lion's share? No, siree! I ain't built so bristles grow on my back. I'll stan' by ye, an' when we're through, ef you pan out as good color as ye hope, I want them horns an' three dollars a day—not a durned ounce more. But sure's ye live, boy, I reckoned ye wuz crazy when ye grinned an' ha-ha'd as ye did in there a while ago.

Think of it, will ye! Two fellers standin' at the door o' hades, which in its bilin's tosses up two victims, and one o' them fellers turns to t'other an' chuckles as if he'd jest seen a ravishin'ly beootiful sight. Did Dante grin under such sarcumstances, an' if he had, wouldn't his pard ben justified in thinkin' as poor, deceived Othello thought—"On horror's head, horrors accumulate"? Wall, I guess he would. But we won't say anythin' more 'bout my mistake. We'll eat an' then we'll go back in there. We ain't got more'n three hours more o' daylight left."

They managed to eat a pretty good dinner despite their excitement, and immediately after it, repaired to the crater, where they found things about as they had left them. By careful examination they ascertained within the next twenty-four hours that the hot springs were but three in number, and that each spouted at regular intervals. One spring, the largest and the one that had frightened them so, spouted every ninety-three minutes. The other two flowed slowly all the time, but spouted every forty minutes or near it, and apparently together. The spouting of the larger varied in force and was preceded by a convulsion and bubbling. Two of these springs, the large one and one of the smaller, were close together, and it was probably the spouting of the small, followed by the larger, which they first saw. Only once after did they ever see the human figures which were in the very center of the springs and which Rex believed to be the bodies of Andres and Isabella. It then looked as if the two were in

some manner fastened together, and as if some heavy weight held them down; but all this Rex and Elias could only conjecture, as they dared not go nearer. It was found that from these three springs all the water that was in the pit had come, and that the remainder of the bottom, which was fairly level, was hardening and drying out, or would do so if the mud at the entrance to the outlet was kept back so as to give the water exit.

"I kalkerlate," said Elias, as on the forenoon of the second day they were digging around in the hope of finding the chests, "that this lake was years in formin'. First the mud gethered round that outlet there. Then the water slowly riz—probably an inch a day er less—all the time runnin' out that passage yonder. Finally it floated them logs we found, which mebbe laid on some higher portion o' the little flat, an' they finally got jammed across. That may 'a ben 'fore Julius Cæsar's time, for probably the lake wuz jest as we found it when Sealth an' his ancestors first kin up here. They went up that trail we clim' up, drivin' the victims afore 'em. Then they pushed 'em an' rolled the chists over in. The bodies bein' lighter'n the chists, went out furder. They didn't, ner couldn't 'a fell inter the big spring thar at first, fer the reason that if they had, the meat 'ud 'a ben cooked off their bones an' we wouldn't seen anythin' but skeletons. No; they laid thar in that water, weights fast to 'em, fer mebbe twenty year, mebbe forty, but all the time gradually workin' toward them springs. Durin' that time they petrified. From what I kin see of

this bottom, if they'd fell in close to the wall, they'd never got inter the springs at all, fer as you kin see, the nearest one's at least twenty-five foot away from the wall. But bein' light, they went out furder—prob'bly ten foot furder'n the chists. If the chists went out anywhar twenty-five foot from that wall, you'll never find 'em, fur they're small an' heavy an' no bilin' mud ever'd throw 'em up. They're down in the bowels of this mountain summers. However, if they was heavy an' went down close to the wall, there's where they air. I'm goin' up above. I got an idee."

He toiled up the trail, Rex following after, and soon stood before the rock to which he had fastened his rope on the day he swung over after the elk horns. It was a peculiarly shaped stone, Rex now noticed. He had never looked at it closely before, for it was on the side of the crater across from where he had made his closest observations. It may have been placed in position by Indians, though how Rex could not see, for it would weigh at least ten tons. It was close to the brink of the crater, in fact, hung over. Its inner top surface was slanted down so as to form a slide and any object rolled down this slant would gain such momentum as to shoot well out, especially if light. On the back of this block were two steps, or notches, that might be used as steps. These did not appear to have been cut, but to have been naturally formed. The first was about two feet above the level of the plateau and a foot into the rock. In stair parlance, two feet of rise and one of tread. The second was nearer three feet of rise

and less tread—about eight inches. The third, which rose to the top of the rock, was about two feet. The rock, which was about seven feet high, was some six feet wide on top, and would have been twelve backward and forward, but for the sharp slant which occupied about eighteen feet of it. To illustrate this, Elias went to camp and got all the blankets and clothing he could scare up, and of these made a round bundle about sixty pounds in weight and nearly the size of a human body. He bound it round tightly with straps and strings and set it rolling. As he had expected, it went well out, so far out, in fact, that Rex hastened down to secure it, fearful of an eruption of the springs. As he was reaching for the bundle Elias shouted a warning and sent down a boulder as large as he could lift. This struck fifteen or twenty feet inside the other, and, climbing down, Elias declared there was where he proposed to delve for the chests. Stripping naked as the day he was born, and gold-pan in hand, the long-haired giant looked odd enough delving in that warm muck. The heat of the muck was greater as he went down, and if ever a man sweated from every pore it was Elias. He found very little to obstruct his operations, and was soon down six or eight feet. Every few minutes he would pause for a rest and a breath of fresh air. At such times he would expound his theory about the sacrifices; which was, to say the least, good reasoning.

"Ye see, boyee, them elk horns was throwed off that rock up there, an' ownin' to their prongs er somethin' else, went sidewise an' ketched on that

little scrub-pine ledge up above there. It's a wonder to me that some priest didn't let some feller down to start 'em on, but either because they didn't dare interfere with what had happened or 'cause they hadn't no rope to let a feller down, they let 'em hang; but you bet when they made this big potlatch you say the Spaniard expected, they didn't take no chances. They took good care to send both the Spaniards an' the treasure as near where the breath of the Thunderbird bubbled up as they could. I know suthin' about these things, an' I know they have a cur'ous belief about springs an' pools. They won't drink out of a spring of any size what bubbles up from the bottom, even to this day. I've seen 'em refuse. I see ole Ludlow Jane drive a hull band o' Siwash away from a spring out along shore between Whiskey Spit and Port Ludlow one day. She declared jest 'cause the spring bubbled up from the bottom it had Tamahnawis in it. Now, Seattle an' the rest, they kalkerlated to throw this potlatch as near into the mouth of the Thunderbird as they could. If the chists was light enough or if the Injuns had strength enough, they're clear out there fifteen or twenty foot beyond where I'm diggin', but I'm kalkerlatin' on their bein' heavy, and from here in to'rds the wall is where I'm goin' to dig."

And he did dig. He went down first some eight feet, making an excavation almost like a well. Then he began to work out toward the wall, where the muck was harder and less salvy. He was bending over to work his pan under an unusually large lift, when his knee struck some pointed object, and with

an exclamation of pain he settled back, making a wry face. Rex looked to see what it was he had bumped against, and saw in the muck the shape of a chest corner. Greatly excited, he scrambled in over Elias, shoved his hands into the mud, and began feeling about. Then he looked up with staring eyes and a very white face, and exclaimed, "Elias, here's one of 'em, sure's you're born." Elias forgot all about his knee as he delved and wallowed in the mud, and an instant later shouted, "Yes! an' they's two there. I feel another."

Rex was now even more excited than Elias, and forgetting his clothes and the mud, clawed frantically about, getting down on his knees and knocking the skin and flesh off his fingers and hands in his attempt to excavate. Finally he had one of the chests unearthed and rolled out, but he could not lift it to save his life. Elias was just putting one out on solid ground and he now took this one from Rex and placed it beside the first. Then both fell to digging again, and within seven feet of the others, only nearer the surface, they found a third. Three were all they expected to find, but they kept on digging until the shadows warned them the afternoon was wearing away. The task of carrying out the chests fell to Elias, for Rex could not lift even one.

"They probably had some feller with more beef'n brains, like me, fer instance, what acted as pack-horse fer the Hy as Tyee or Hy as Kill-'em-quick, or they'd never got these up into these mountains; an' even with two such fellers, I don't see how they

done it." While Elias was bringing out the other two chests, Rex cleaned off the first and examined it. Beyond three circular headless bolt ends on each of two sides and a close shut joint running around the chest about one inch below its top, he could see no possible opening, and press as best he could on these bolt ends he could not budge them. The chests were identical in every respect. Each was an exact cube with a sixteen-inch face. They had no handles, no hinges, no joints aside from the one mentioned, and were as nearly smooth as it was possible to make them. While Rex was cleaning off the last one, Elias sat and pondered, asking a question now and then.

"Do ye know how them kim open, boyee?"

"No, Elias; I don't. Guess that's what puzzled the Indians."

"That's what I guess, but I got an idee."

"What is it?"

"The feller what originally owned them chists had a big pair o' clamps or pinchers, with three points on a side, made to fit against them bolt heads. When he wanted to open a chist he jest clapped 'em on an' pinched till he shot in the bolts. Them bolts is held out by a powerful spring in the cover, an' on the under side o' the bolts is a latch or projection. Them springs keep that latch pushed out under a rim runnin' round inside the upper edge o' the box. I'll bet ye couldn't open any o' them chists with a jimmy. Nothin' but a cole chisel will do it, an' thar ain't any this side o' the coast. Fer a fact, ef I was goin' fer a cole chisel, I'd git three er four

an' a sledge. Ye've got yer treasure, boy, but neither you ner I kin pack it, an' we can't open things up either."

"You've got some dynamite left, Elias."

"Yes, an' ye can fool with it if ye want ter, an' perhaps blow yer treasure all over this valley. Do ye want to run any risks on \$5,000 wuth o' stuff? I don't. If I was a-goin' ter do anything, I'd try an' shoot off a corner o' one of them boxes with a rifle, but it's my judgment ye'd shoot all yer ammunition away without doin' more'n to batter it a leetle. I don't see any other way than ter go down to the sound an' git chisels an' a sledge. I kin make the trip, packin' only one blanket an' enough grub ter last me one way in three or four days, an' come back in 'bout five. When I come I'll bring help."

"What'll I do while you're gone, Elias?"

"Lay round an' keep watch o' things. You'll have plenty o' grub an' you kin rest up."

"But, Elias, I don't like to see you start out alone."

"Sho! Don't let that worry ye. I've ben out en in here more'n once. 'Sides, we got ter hev help ter pack this stuff out."

"Who'll you bring?"

"Is yer Uncle Festus stubbed enough fer the climb? The snow'll be down consid'able, an' he won't hev no great pack, 'cept goin' back."

"Yes; Uncle Festus'd stand it all right and enjoy it too, but we three can never carry one hundred pounds or more apiece. You'd better bring two

more. Peroux and Perry are good mountaineers, and safe men in every way."

"All right. I'll git them. Jest lay down an' rest yerself a bit now, an' I'll cook a little an' git ready fer the trip. 'Tain't more'n four o'clock, an' I'll have supper in an hour. If I git time ter-morrer, I'll help ye build a log shack here. Might as well hev a house ter live in while I'm gone. All I got ter do ter-morrer, anyway, is ter cook up some grub. I don't propose ter do any cookin' this trip."

"I'm not so very tired, Elias. If there's nothing I can help you about, I think I'll go along down the river and see if I can find where the elk horns lodged. We haven't hunted for them much since we got on track of these chests."

Slinging his rifle over his shoulder, Rex started down the river, his eyes fixed on every sand bar and searching every eddy. He had gone a half-mile or more when he was attracted by one of those peculiar madroña trees, so often seen in the mountains, and called by mountaineers, "checkerberry trees." They shed their bark each spring, commencing near the coast as early as February and farther inland about March 15th, after which time their ghastly yellow limbs, red as blood close to the freshly peeling bark, stand out, a startling sight on many a lonely point or knoll. This one stood on a rocky point, where the river swept round to the south, and its sweeping limbs almost touched the swift current. In fact, two of them did touch it, and swayed backward and forward—or was that something else? He stopped and rubbed his eyes. Were those elk

horns? "That's what they are, sure's you're born," muttered Rex. "But what monsters! I wouldn't believe my eyes, if I hadn't heard the story Elias tells. No, I should think it some optical delusion. Now to get them."

He attempted to wade out in the water, but found it too deep. The horns, while sweeping down before the flood, had caught their crotch exactly over a strong limb where it swept the higher water, and now hung down, their tips nearly two feet in the swift current. Rex planned a little, and finally managed to throw a small rope about them, and fetching the ends back tied them to the trunk of the tree. Then he climbed up and with his hunting knife cut the limb so that the weight of the horns broke it off. Having hauled the horns out of the water, an easy task, as they swung around against the bank, he put his shoulders under them and started for camp, the tips trailing along behind like the poles of a wickiup when fastened to a cayuse. Elias, from the knoll, saw him coming, and a more pleased fellow never lived. He ran to meet him, capering about like a child, and taking the huge antlers, which all the time seemed to Rex to be something more than elk horns, the horns of a mammoth at least, bore them to camp with beaming face. There they set up the horns, and measured them. They measured from one tip to another by way of the crown piece sixteen feet eight inches, and being rather straight, when set on end, six feet eight and one-half inches from the ground to the crotch. They would weigh, Rex judged, about seventy-five

pounds, and were beautifully polished. They were, in fact, much the finest specimens either Rex or Elias had ever seen, being about one and a half times as large and, though slender, magnificently proportioned.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A BOY, A MAN AND A BALD-FACE BEAR—BRUIN SUSTAINS THE REPUTATION OF HIS TRIBE

"I think you'd better slip down the valley this evenin' an' knock over a fawn," said Elias, as they sat eating. "If I had time, I'd make some pimmikin to take with me. That's the stuff, but I ain't got time."

"What's 'pimmikin,' Elias? I've heard of that stuff, but I don't believe I know what it is."

"No; I don't believe ye do. Few does. Used ter be quite common out in this region when I first kin out, but it ain't used much now, in these days when expeditions is started out from cities where ye kin buy all sorts o' condensed fodder. Pimmikin's made this a-way: You take either lean buffalo, deer, elk or antelope meat, an' cut it into thin strips an' cure 'em by partially cookin', dryin' in the sun or even by freezin' of 'em. The best way is ter put 'em on a wooden grate before a slow fire. When quite dry, take 'em an' pound 'em inter small pieces or powder—the finer the better. Of course, ye kin bale 'em right up in the strip, but that's simply jerked meat. That ain't pimmikin', an' 'tain't noways near as good fer var'ous reasons. Well, when ye've thoroughly pulverized yer meat, ye wanter make a bag fer it. Any hide of a clean animal will do, though deer or elk is best. Make a bag of it with the hair

outside. Take yer pulverized meat an' mix with it purty near as much melted taller or fat as there is meat, an' while it's all warm, put it inter the bag, packin' all in well, an' sew it up. When it's cooled an' hardened it's ready to store or pack. It'll keep fer years if well made. I've eat it up north when 'twas forty year old, an' 'twas good. It'll work or ferment if ye make yer bag too big. Never put more'n a hundred pound in one bag if ye kin help it. A long slim bag's best. Ye eat it uncooked, an' without salt. Ye kin mix it with flour an' boil it in water an' hev the best dish in the meat-pie line ye ever tasted. Ye kin add berries er dried fruit ter it when it's bilin' an' then ye hev what's called sweet pimmikin, which, I tell ye, is good. Pimmikin's great stuff, an' I don't know how this country'd ever ben discovered without it. A bag o' it three foot long an' less'n a foot in diameter will keep four men a month, an' they'll tramp on it better'n any grub I know on. It's old-fashioned, but I don't know any other grub a man kin carry twenty-five pound of an' make it keep him a month. Them hardy Scotchmen what work fer the Hudson's Bay Company allus swear by it, an' I've ben told by the old-timers that Astor used ter make all his men carry from ten to fifteen pound sewed round in their buckskin coats, to be used only when everything else gin out. It was him that introduced the raisin trick inter this northwest, an' I think now, ef I was a-goin' out a thousand mile inter the Athabasca region or any other cold country, I'd hev a rubber belt o' raisins or pimmikin on me. As condensed



"SO I STARTLED YOU, DID I, OLD CHAP?"

grub, pimmikin comes first an' raisins next, in my jedgment."

It is needless, perhaps, to add that Elias had reference to the well-known food, pemmican, once widely used in the northwest.

It was six o'clock before Rex and Elias finished their repast, but, as there were still two hours of daylight, Rex strapped on his knife and cartridge belt, and, taking his rifle, started down the valley in quest of a fawn. He was nearly two miles from camp when he secured a yearling, and having hung it up and drawn it, was soon on his way toward camp. There was about seventy pounds of the meat, including the hide, which he used as a pack sack, and he calculated that over the smooth grass of the valley he could make his way to camp in forty minutes. However, he found fast marching even under such a comparatively light pack impossible, and it was not until 7:30 that he finally rounded the last bend in the river and came within a quarter of a mile and in plain view of the camp. Over on the southwest side, close to the ledge and in the fringe of forest, it had been dark some time, and now that darkness was beginning to settle down over all the valley, except on the higher portions of the northeast side, he was thinking of crossing the river, in order to gain this higher ground where the light was stronger. As he stumbled along through the semi-darkness he could not help noting how much brighter it was some three hundred yards east, and on the extreme eastern height the sun still shone. In fact, he could see a pair of mountain black bear

coming down from the northeastern ridge for a feed, and as they stood for an instant on the height to survey with wondering eyes Elias' camp fire, their sleek sides shone in the rays of the setting sun like a glass bottle. He looked in vain for a shallow crossing. There was none to be found until he came nearly opposite the camp. He regretted now that he had not crossed below, especially as he now saw four bears feeding in the swales on the opposite side, a half-mile or more away, where they were so busily nosing about after grass roots, skunk cabbage, etc., he was sure he could easily steal upon them.

Immediately ahead of him was a narrow but very soft lateral swale—a swale starting up behind the fringe of forest, close to the great snow-banks along the western ledge. Had he been without a burden he might have crossed easily down near the river, but under the circumstances, it was necessary to make a detour. It was very gloomy up in the fringe of forest where he proposed crossing, and so deep and thick were the moss and grass growth that he made no sound as he stepped forward. He finally reached a spot where he could cross this swale, and was making his way up its bottom, to avoid the slight bluff on the other side, when, as he rounded a small, thick clump of spruce, which pushed out from among the larger growth, he was startled nearly out of his wits by a hoarse, deep growl not twenty yards from him. At the same moment, from the sward, what he had at first supposed to be a long, low clump of brush reared up on end and

stood there eight or ten feet high. Dark as it was (Rex's eyesight seemed to be phenomenally strong just then), he saw that he was confronted by a bear, the largest he had ever seen, either in captivity or elsewhere. Coming up the slope without a noise, and the thick spruce growth having shut off all scent, he had been enabled to walk up and take this giant of the bear species completely by surprise.

During the thirty seconds they stood there facing each other, Rex noted the ghastly white mask of the animal, and from what he had heard knew that he was now facing that most dreaded of all the bear kind, a bald-face, and from its size, he judged it to be a male. The bear had stood motionless, but from the savage growl he kept rolling up from deep down in his interior, Rex knew that the animal had been scared enough to render him fighting mad, and he felt that he was in for it and could not escape without a scrimmage. From the bear's actions he felt certain that a movement toward retreat would be the signal for a charge. In the face of this fearful danger he was, to his own surprise, as cool as he ever was in his life, and it was with a perfectly steady voice that he began bantering the bear in the hope of throwing him off his guard, perhaps driving him away.

"And so I startled you, did I, old chap? Well, you've no need to get so mad about it. Now watch me slide out of this pack—jumped a little then, didn't you? Growl if you want to, but keep your distance. Just you come toward me on those hind legs and I'll drill you one for luck, if it's the last

thing I ever do. Head up there! Face front! Don't you come down on all fours at me, or I'll put a ball through the whole length of you. That's right! Keep quiet now! I'm going to make more noise." Rex had been gradually raising his voice, and now he called out loud enough for Elias at the camp, less than five hundred yards away, to hear: "Elias! Oh, Elias! Come quick, and bring the gun!"

At this the bear came down on all fours, and thinking him about to charge, Rex was on the point of shooting, when the bear seemed to think better of it, and backed off a few feet, exposing the side of his great head. Rex stood still a full minute, and then did a very foolish thing. The temptation was too strong, and he risked a shot at the butt of the bear's ear. Even as he pulled the trigger he knew that he had shot too high, but he saw the bear go down, and stooping low, to avoid his own smoke, he ran for a tree, thirty feet or more away, throwing out his shell as he did so. As he reached the tree, he turned to see the bear charging straight at him, and with every hair erect. He dodged around the tree, and before the bear could check his rush and make a turn, the boy caught him with a second shot somewhere in the lower jaw and back toward the throat. Rex was small, very agile and perfectly cool, else he must at this instant have been killed, for, although the bear went down again, he rolled to the very spot where Rex had stood, and with blows of paws and tearing of teeth made roots and grass fly in all directions. Meanwhile, Rex was running backward and, seeing an opportunity, shot again. Just as he pulled

the trigger his foot caught in the crotch of a low bush, and he went down, his bullet flying high and doing the bear no harm. Half stunned by his heavy fall, he lay motionless for a second or two, a delay which proved well nigh fatal to him. He came to his senses just in time to see the bear rushing upon him, blood dripping from its open jaws. Hardly knowing what he did, the boy rose partly up, and even as he felt the hot breath of the big brute blowing in his face, jammed his rifle barrel with all his strength between the open jaws. As the weapon was wrested from him, he pulled the trigger again, but the gun failed to go off. Another gun did go off, however, for Elias was now close at hand, and, yelling like a Comanche Indian, he poured a big charge of heavy buckshot into the side of the bear's neck at short range. Although the creature went down like a log, Elias gave him the other barrel in the region of the heart, and backing off threw his shells and slipped two more in their places.

"Don't tear that bear hide any more; he's got enough," called out Rex, and then he seemed going off into a faint, for the semi-darkness now became blackness, with sparks of fire flashing through it. However, he did not faint, and by the time Elias got around to him was on his hands and knees, endeavoring to rise. "Where's my gun, Elias? Did he spoil it?"

"No, he didn't spoil it. He kin near spoilin' you, though. Hello! Did ye hear that splash?"

"Yes, I did, Elias, and I believe there was another bear in here with this one."

"Nonsense! Thar wan't a pair on 'em, or she'd 'a joined in the fight."

"Yes, there was. I saw her, or some object I took to be a bear, sneaking around behind me just before I fell. Come on!" And he ran for the river. "See how wet it is on the gravel there. She went out right below the camp. There! See her? There she goes; right through that glade up back of the camp."

Elias looked just in time to see a large animal rush across the opening and disappear. Plunging into the river, which was here shallow, he went across, examined the ground and called out, "By jing! you're right! She's a whale, too, judgin' from her track, but we don't wanter foller her to-night." As he came back he continued: "Say, boy! Do you know what that is you've kilt?"

"What it was *you* killed, you'd better say, Mr. Elias. It was your old shotgun that did the business. I'd been all chewed up but for you."

Elias chuckled. "No, you're wrong. He might 'a killed you but for me; but he'd 'a died sure, fer you got him that second shot through the juglar. That first shot went out the top of his head an' any other animal but this feller would 'a kerflummixed. However, it's jest as you say. He'd 'a chawed an' clawed an' bit the gizzard outen ye 'fore he'd a shuffled off, if I hadn't blowed a cat hole inter his heart case. But say! What ever put it inter yer head to holler to me? I never knowed a youngster ner nobody else ter do that afore. If ye hadn't, though, you'd 'a ben a goner, fer I didn't git here a millionth of a second too soon."

Rex laughed. "I don't know what made me do it, Elias, neither do I know what made me talk to the bear, but I did," and he proceeded to tell Elias what he had said. "But, Elias, what made him attack me? I hadn't hurt him. Was it because I scared him?"

"That was it, boyee. I think if ye'd 'a backed slowly off even then he'd 'a let ye go; but ye stood yer ground, an' he knew from the way ye acted that ye'd drill him if he turned tail an' run. Bears know a heap an' they think quick."

The two now proceeded to examine the bear by the light of a torch, which Elias improvised from some cedar splinters, and as they did so, Elias muttered: "If it don't beat the dickens. Here he is agin. Luck! Jest luck! Men in this country hunt all their lives an' never git a crack at anything like this, yet this little rooster comes up here an' 'fore his feet gits toughened, kills the biggest cougar 'long shore, an' now he's laid out a ball-face."

"What's that you're saying, Elias? I didn't hear."

"Oh, nothin' much. I was jest thinkin' out loud. But say, ye know we got to git that hide outen these hills if we don't git anythin' else, fer they's lots an' lots o' people what don't believe they's any ball-face in here. Fer a fact, it's reg'lar talk over in Seattle. I guess some fellers 'll be bug-eyed when they see this. Ain't he a whale? He'll go one thousand four hundred sure. That hide, if 'twas mine, couldn't be bought. See that mouth an' them teeth. Thunder! How purty he is!"

"Yes; but, Elias, you killed him."

"The Old Boy I did! Say, didn't I tell ye he'd 'a died from that second or third shot o' yourn? Yer first shot might 'a done it in time. Yer second shot struck the very seat o' life if it'd ben a hoss or any other ordinary critter. I only hurried matters; so don't let me hear any more o' that, but jest take hold an' help skin this feller. You're gittin' lazy as well as contrary. You'll be claimin' I found them chists yet, an' wantin' me to share with ye." Thus Elias ran on, working like a good fellow all the time, and as Rex was not as handy and, in fact, in the way, he decided to busy himself starting a fire, both for warmth and light. It was as much as both could do to roll the great carcass about so as to get the hide off it, and it was not until nine o'clock that, with the head and hide on a stretcher between them, they toiled up to camp. Elias could have carried it alone had they taken time to bind it up with cords, but in its present shape it was so slippery and heavy no man could gather it up in his arms. As they were in haste and had but a short distance to go, they made a sort of stretcher, piled up the skull and hide on it, and thus carried this splendid trophy to camp. Then they felt the need of another supper. This eaten, they replenished the fire and beneath the wonderfully bright stars lay down to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXIX

ELIAS DEPARTS AND REX IS HUNTED BY WOLVES— A HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCE

At a very early hour Elias awoke Rex and bade him prepare breakfast, while he felled some trees to give him an appetite, as he claimed. Going to a clump of cedar averaging about ten inches in diameter, he soon felled a dozen and on his return to camp found breakfast ready. Immediately after breakfast he began cutting the trees into six and eight foot lengths, selecting only such as were seven inches in diameter at the top. Elias was able to carry any of these logs to camp on his shoulder, but Rex found few he could lift. By nine o'clock the logs were all on the ground and then the notching and placing commenced, the giant and his helper pushing this work forward with all possible speed. At noon the pen was three feet high and a door-post had been set two feet from the corner, into which logs six feet in length were roughly mortised. Against the corner opposite the door-post was set a spruce with projecting limbs which were put through under each log as it was laid on, and brought back over on top to be held by the next above. This spruce made a good door-jamb. At three o'clock the walls of the house were up about six feet and Elias had felled a cedar two feet six inches through for shakes. Shakes, or what would be called

enormous unshaven shingles in the east, are very common in the Puget Sound region, where entire houses and barns are built out of them. So straight of grain is the cedar and so easily split that shakes almost equal to the best of boards and of any thickness desired are readily obtained. For instance, for the roof Elias split them one-half inch thick and almost as smooth as if planed. The center shake, which was eight inches thick to avoid the rotten heart so sure to be found in cedars of any size, was two feet six inches in width, and being split down to the proper size and set up on end against the jamb mentioned, made an excellent door. The roofing of this cabin or shack was finished just before dark, and, as Elias declared, "it would shed water till the cows kim home."

The cabin had been built against the ledge, and a hollow alder log set some four feet above the fire on the edge of the ledge made an excellent chimney, and owing to the coal-like character of their fir-bark fuel, was hardly liable to catch fire. Rex felt more secure in such a camp and was thankful enough that it was completed, when on the following morning Elias left him for his journey to the coast. He sat in the doorway in the gray light of the early morning and watched the stalwart fellow, as without other pack than a quantity of cooked meat, some cooked beans in a tin can, some very strong coffee in a bottle, some camp bread and a quantity of flour mixed with baking powder, all wrapped in his blanket, he made his way up the trail to the pass leading from the valley. On reaching the sky-line, Elias turned,



HE TOOK A QUICK SIGHT AND FIRED.

looked long and earnestly back at the cabin, and then, with a wave of his long arm, shouldered his big gun, took a step or two, disappeared and Rex was alone.

How still it seemed! The sun had not yet come up, but was tingeing the tops of the tallest peaks round about with a roseate hue. Away down the valley a small herd of elk, just coming out of the woods, huddled and gazed curiously at the smoke curling up from the rude chimney on the knoll. In two swales or runs on the side of the mountains first touched by the sun were bear—two in one and one in another—all busy digging and picking their morning feed. A meat bird or two, that pest of the mountains, fluttered in through the open doorway and boldly picked at the remains of the morning meal.

One of these birds gravely selected a case-knife and started out of the door with it, but dropped it, dodged, and flew perhaps fifteen inches as Rex shied a stone at it. Then it stopped, looked at him with first one beady eye and then with the other, and as it rolled its head, chirped. Rex knocked it off its feet with a piece of bark, and as it fluttered away, looking back as if surprised, he sat and watched the daylight creep into the lower and darker portions of the valley's solitude. With the sun came up a slight wind which moaned dismally about the crags and peaks above.

"I wonder if I shall ever get out of here alive," thought the boy, a feeling of such loneliness as he had not anticipated oppressing him. "Well, this won't do. I've got to occupy myself in some way,"

he remarked aloud, and started at the sound of his own voice. "Great Scott! But isn't it lonely! I wonder how a man can strike out here alone and live for months as such fellows as Elias do?"

His first task was to put things in order about the camp and wash some beans to cook for his dinner. It generally took five hours to cook beans up there, and as he wished to eat at noon, it was necessary to commence preparations now. Next he took up his rifle and the axe Elias had left, and started toward the bear swale across the river to cut spruce brush for the bed which they had not had time to make the day before. While thus engaged, a herd of seventy-five or eighty elk came into the valley by the pass through which Elias had departed, and in an orderly manner marched down toward the southeast. About two hundred yards opposite the camp they paused and stared at this strange structure, the like of which they had never seen before. In all probability none of them had ever seen a human being, unless they had happened to see Elias as he went out. As they stood still gazing curiously, Rex wished most heartily for a kodak that he might preserve this remarkable sight for the inspection of his friends, who, living in cities, were inclined to the belief that there is no big game left in the United States.

All day Rex worked about the cabin or in its vicinity, and thus passed the hours. Elias had stretched the bear hide, rubbed it with salt and alum, and in the warm sun and dry air it was drying fast. Rex spent much time fleshing this. As the

daylight began to fade outside, he put up his door, pinned it fast, and throwing a quantity of bark on the fire, sat down in the light it afforded to read a book Elias had left. The light was poor, but he managed to read until sleepy, and then, rolling up in his blankets, slept soundly until morning on the fresh spruce bed. During that day he made several torches for evening use, but did not go far from camp. He shot a grouse just in the edge of the woods, where it had been hooting all the morning. It was the first brown grouse he had seen since coming into the mountains, and was a cock of the largest size. These fine birds are to the pheasant or partridge tribe what the turkey is to the fowl tribe. That is to say, they are very much larger than pheasants generally. The males have warts on the neck similar to those on the neck of the turkey cock, and the meat is of the choicest flavor imaginable. In the higher mountains of the Olympic peninsula they are generally pure white, and are in many respects similar to the ptarmigan of the Arctic regions, with which they are popularly confounded. Rex made a stew of this fellow, cooking him slowly about three hours, and about forty minutes before he judged him done, he put in a tea-cupful of rice. This, becoming flavored by the meat, was most delicious, and as he ate his fill and lay back sighing with satisfaction, he only wished Elias had been there to enjoy the feast with him.

Thus the days dragged along until four had elapsed since Elias' departure, and Rex retired to rest that fourth night resolved to so far break his

promise as to go out for a deer or young elk on the following morning. After the bear-killing episode Elias had made him promise that he would not go out for big game while he was away, and this promise he had kept until his desire for fresh venison caused him to reason that Elias surely could have no objections to his going out a little distance for a deer or young elk.

"If I meet any bear I'll walk right along and not molest them," he thought. He had determined to start in the early morning, as at that hour the deer were more active; so just as the eastern sky began to lighten, he crept down the valley toward a herd of what he believed to be black-tailed deer. He had gone to all this trouble to satisfy his sportsman-like instinct and not because it was necessary. He well knew that he might have shot one from his cabin door during the day as they passed along, but he preferred to stalk them. It seemed more like hunting.

By the time it was broad daylight he had gone more than a mile from camp, and was within two hundred yards of his game, stealing forward guardedly, every nerve tingling with excitement. Suddenly, without warning, the whole herd stampeded toward the pass, were up the slope and over it before Rex could account for their strange behavior.

"That's queer!" he muttered. "Wonder what frightened 'em so?" As he thus soliloquized, a long-drawn, shrill cry arose from the western divide, suggesting the sound of a tug whistle. "Can't be possible," he mused. "Puget Sound is fifty miles

or more due east as the eagle flies, the Pacific is nearly as far west, while the straits are eighty miles north. And yet"—“Woo-o-oo!” came again the long-drawn note. He paused and listened, but not a sound now came to his ears, except the rush of the waters through the valley and the moan of the wind about the crags so far above.

“It’s queer how these sounds are swept about through these passes by the winds. Now, who would believe I could hear a steamer whistle this distance inland? Why, I must be in the very center of this Olympic Peninsula, and this valley is shut in by high mountains at that; yet that sound came as clear and distinct as—Hello! There it goes again! By thunder! That’s no steamer whistle! That’s a chorus of big wolves. I’ve heard wolves before, but I never heard so heavy a chorus as that. Great Scott! They’re coming through this valley!” As he thus spoke half under his breath, there was a sharp “wow-ow!” on one ridge, a shriller yell from the opposite ridge and answering calls from all along down the valley. Thrice were these sharp calls repeated and answered, while at the same time, from under the cloud banks the morning breezes were rolling up, came sounds of falling gravel, slate and rocks. As the last note of the third call died away, to the left sounded a hoarser, more powerful yell. In truth it was a howl of such volume and so resonant that a Mount Etna lion might well have listened with envy. As it rolled up, it was joined by a score of imitators, some fairly rivaling it, and the grand chorus was one that any novice would be

very apt to set down as the hoarse note of a distant steamboat whistle. It had hardly died away when the yelping commenced again, this time much nearer. Adown the mountain sides and over the ledges, slate, stone and gravel were everywhere rattling, showing that wolves were coming from all directions and that in haste; and when the next grand chorus was raised it was so unearthly, so blood-curdling and so close by that Rex felt a sensation he had never before experienced—the cold chills were rushing upward just back of his ears, and it seemed as if his hair stood straight out behind, if not upward.

There was not a small tree within a half-mile. There was not, in fact, a tree of any kind within five hundred yards. The nearest trees were too large to climb even if he had dared make for the edge of that gloomy wood. He stood irresolute, heartily wishing himself back in his snug camp. But the yells were from that direction too, and he knew that danger lay up the valley. He must stand his ground and shoot fast. It was the only way to check them if they attacked him. Perhaps they would not. In this hope he found short solace, however, for even as he entertained it two huge black fellows, larger than any St. Bernard or mastiff he had ever seen, only more lithe and slim, bounded out from the deep shadow of the woods to the northeast and came across the green grass straight toward him. How they did come! It seemed as if they were running a race and he the goal. They came on until he could see their flapping red tongues, the gleam of their cruel white teeth, the

flash of their great eyes, when whisk! and with a turn that seemed to fairly snap their tails, they whirled and ran for the shadow of the woods again. These were followed by three more that came yet nearer. All that had come forward were black, but now he noticed some half-a-dozen gray fellows squatted along the edge of the woods. For an instant it had been comparatively quiet, but now came the "wow-ow! wow-ow!" again, and then the hair-raising chorus in which all seemed to join; those on the edge of the forest elevating their noses to the sky and howling until their entire bodies, even at that distance, could be seen to quiver.

"There may not be more than fifty of them, but judging from the racket there ought to be a million," thought Rex. He passed his finger along his cartridge belt and counted forty-three of his 40.82 cartridges. "These with nine in my gun make fifty-two," he muttered. "Gentlemen, if you come nearer I shall open up and I think I can pump a few of you into wolf-heaven before you reach me." It now seemed apparent that a large pack had set out on a hunt for deer or elk, moving in company as they generally do; but the deer, hearing them, had fled the valley, and the wolves, smelling other live prey and being gathered in number sufficient to render them unusually bold, had surrounded Rex. He now remembered to have heard Elias tell how these huge wild dogs would surround a mountain valley, by howls frighten the deer or elk into the open center, and then descending, attack, slaughter and feast upon them. These had been their tactics

this morning, but the deer escaping, the boy himself was left to face the unwelcome visitors. All this passed through his mind swift as thought. Meanwhile the wolves were making sallies or howling in chorus, and each sally was nearer their intended victim.

At this instant, coming directly at him, were a pair of large blacks and a slim gray of larger frame than any he had yet seen. They came to within seventy-five yards, Rex with tightly gripped gun, standing like a statue, when—whisk! and they were about again, racing to the cover of the woods. Rex was ever a quick rifle-shot, as many bird-hunters are, and now, every faculty inspired by desperation, he drew up, took a quick sight and fired. The gray was hit in the hips and forged ahead of his mates, rolling over and over like a coiled clock-spring. His black companions running beside him looked over their shoulders, uttered a peculiar, wolfish cry, and made straight at him. They had smelled his blood and were bent on cannibalism. They reached him and pounced upon him, but had hardly torn the first mouthful of hairy hide, when out from the woods all along came the entire pack like a swarm of flies, their object the three wolves struggling on the green sward one hundred and twenty-five yards distant. To say that Rex was excited would be to draw it mildly. He was fairly terrified. Scarcely knowing what he did, he pumped his remaining eight shots into the advancing pack in as many seconds, and, with frantic haste, shoved nine more cartridges into the hot gun. As the

smoke cleared away an awful sight presented itself and he stood spellbound, watching it with a terrible fascination. His shots had wounded or killed a half-dozen wolves at least, and these were now being devoured by the remaining two hundred or more of their fellows. The din of snarls, yells, gnashing, snapping teeth and tearing flesh and sinew was something awful, but it was over within five minutes, and as swiftly as they had come, only more quietly, the pack sneaked back to the forest, and under its cover away up the valley.

Trembling and shivering as with an ague chill, Rex finally gathered courage to go over to the scene of the slaughter. A paw or an ear here and there, bunches of hair, both black and gray, a section of vertebræ, blood and viscera smeared over all the grass—these were the sights he beheld, and sick with horror he started on a run toward his camp. A cup of coffee restored him somewhat, but he did not for hours recover his nerve; and that night awoke at intervals with a start to fall again into troubled slumber. He did not care to go out hunting again, and for forty-eight hours not a deer appeared in the valley. The third morning on arising, however, he saw a herd working down the valley, and as they filed past his cabin door he shot a yearling. Some of this meat he ate; but the greater portion he used up in an attempt to make Elias' "pimmikin." He had a large quantity of fat on hand which he had secured some time before Elias left from two "whistling pigs" shot near the crater. As these are very peculiar animals, rarely

found anywhere outside the Olympic region, a description of them may not be out of place.

Properly speaking, a "whistling pig" is not a pig but a marmot of the mountains. Ranging in weight from twelve to sixty pounds, they are found only above the snow-line and never among trees. They have a pointed nose like a rat and a head much like a woodchuck. The teeth are of the rodentia order. At all ages and sizes they are very fat, their rotund bellies actually dragging on the ground as they waddle about on their short legs. Grayish-white in color, very keen of eye and constantly on the alert, they are rarely seen by the mountain-climber until heard. He is toiling up, perhaps to gain an elevated position from which to shoot at a herd of elk, when from just above a snow-bank is a quick movement, and clear and shrill sounds the whistle of these creatures. It is an ear-piercing note, and always heeded by the elk as a warning that a foe is near. After the elk has galloped away, the hunter, with more or less profanity, crawls up nearer the holes of this colony, and lies down in the snow. Perhaps he lies there an hour; perhaps but five minutes, when out of a hole in the snow waddles the whistler and looks about. The rifle cracks and he tumbles over, for he is easy to kill. His flesh is tasteless and as good as lard, for he seems two-thirds fat. With some of this Rex mixed his pounded deer-meat, and had some prime pemmican as a result. He had just finished bagging it in deer skin and had sat down to rest from his labors, when from the top of the ridge over which Elias had disappeared nine days before a

report sounded, and almost immediately four men stood in view, waving arms in which were guns. Rex, forgetting even his rifle, ran rapidly across the valley, shouting at every other jump. Elias was ahead, and he picked the boy clear from the ground as he embraced him. The reception of moist-eyed Uncle Festus and smiling Peroux and Perry was scarcely less fervent, and soon all were seated in the crowded little cabin, eating Rex's "sweet pimmikin" and drinking his coffee.

CHAPTER XL

AND NOW FOR THE COAST—A TRIP THAT TRIES MEN'S SOULS

"I brought the cole chisels," mumbled Elias, with his mouth full.

"Yes; tell me more about mother," was Rex's reply as for the fourth or fifth time some member of the party was obliged to tell the eager lad how Mrs. Wayland had first become nearly frantic when Elias appeared without Rex; had later recovered her composure and listened with white face to the story of the recovery of the treasure; and had still later wept to think of her boy alone in the mountains.

"I tell ye," wound up Elias, impressively, "that little woman is a mother wuth havin'. She's glad to think we found what we went after, but she'd sooner lose it all than to know that this boy o' hern is to lose an inch squar' o' his precious hide or a meal o' vittles. Why, she made me promise the last thing that I'd see he was covered up warm nights an' didn't git his feet wet comin' home," and Elias laughed at her simplicity. Then there was a general laugh, at which Rex for an instant looked shamefaced, but swift as the fleeting clouds above this passed, and he bravely declared:

"That's all right, gentlemen. There's where I'm in luck. The only regret I have for this trip is the

pain and anxiety my absence has caused that simple-minded little mother of mine. If we get this treasure out, as I'm certain we shall, she will never have to yield the first place, so far as my affections and her worldly comforts are concerned, to any living woman. If good living and loving care can make a woman happy, she shall have them."

"Never take any great thought 'bout the good livin', my boy," said Uncle Festus, gravely. "I don't know much about wimmin, but I know jest enough to know that if them they love do their best an' show 'em that they love an' value 'em, they kin stand 'most any hardship an' be happy as the day is long. Ain't I seen that delikit little woomern a-bucklin' to it 'round camp, hustlin', contrivin', an' usin' every endeavor ter make a good showin' so't I'd think her boy was airnin' all I paid him? She's jest like all good wimmen, only more so. She lives an' her sun rises an' sets in her boy. I bet she was jest as good to her man when she had him. It's partly her nater, and partly the trainin' she's gin herself. You fellers think you've done a heroic thing comin' up in here, an' so ye hev, but ye ain't strained yer narvous anatomy half as much as that little woomern did when she bid her boy good-by and settled down to be brave while he was gone. There she's ben, day after day, cheerful as she could be under the sarcumstances, an' a durn sight churfeller 'n what any one o' us fellers 'ud 'a ben. One night I heerd her in her room a-prayin'. The subjec's too sacred ter be talked about by me. I dunno's I've any call to tell on it, but I went out



GETTING THE TREASURE OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

on the dock an' set there an' looked over at these yere mountains, layin' all broken, an' cruel, an' cold in the moonlight, an' I kicked myself fer lettin' ye go. Yes I did, an' if ye hadn't 'a come soon, ye'd 'a seen one ole feller up in here after ye. I had a mother once, an' I didn't vally her as I'd orter; though she was of a leetle sharper mettle an' coarser grain than this little woomern; but from where she is to-night she knows I'm sorry I wasn't a better son, an' that I'll never miss the chance o' urgin' other boys to do better'n what I did."

This homily had its influence on Uncle Festus' hearers, and for a time all sat in sober thought. The idea then and there came to Rex that he had much to thank God for. Chiefest of all was his mother and her love. Next, his probable power to make her happy, and he resolved anew to do all in that direction that lay in his power. His thoughts now naturally drifted to the treasure, and he arose from his meal to ask Elias for the chisels. These were produced and so was a sledge-hammer, and with Rex holding the chisel and Elias swinging the sledge, the work of opening the nearest chest was commenced.

The brass was very hard and the work of cutting off the first corner was slow and tedious. The chisel had been started about four inches down from the top and the aim was to work off a corner about four inches in from the point all round; but so tough were the bands of brass and iron underneath and such was the thickness of the chest, it seemed as if the hole would be much smaller. At last the chisel had been

forced in deep enough on one side to slip through a little and something soft was touched.

"It's soft," said Elias, looking up with big, round eyes as he worked the chisel, "but all the same it's hard—harder than a sack o' flour would be, anyway."

"Probably a bag o' dust," remarked Uncle Festus.

Elias commenced cutting again. Soon he had the chisel so set that he could drive it straight against the edge of the turned up corner and now, all excitement, he swung his sledge mightily, soon had the corner cut clear off, and picking up the chest shook it, when out dropped a small elk-skin bag of dust which was followed by several bricks of pure gold, about as long as a man's finger and three-fourths of an inch square. These continued to rattle out until there were nearly two hundred of them on the ground, as well as several small sacks of dust. Some of these sacks contained small nuggets as well as dust. One of these bags finally stuck in the opening in the corner, and being larger than the rest, would not drop out. "No use," grunted Elias after a prolonged shake. "Got to cut the led off'n that chist." This he soon did by putting the chisel to the edge of a thin section and driving it around. It was then ascertained that Elias' conjecture regarding the inside bars and springs was correct. A pair of pinchers such as he mentioned would have opened the chest by the unaided effort of any strong man; yet this simple device had never occurred to the savages, who would not have known enough to make the pinchers had they been aware of their use. It

would seem that the pair used by Perez went to the bottom with the wreck.

All the party would have liked to preserve the chests, and Elias and Rex were inclined to wait until a man could go to the coast with measurements and have a pair of pinchers or clamps made, but Uncle Festus vetoed this scheme on the spot, saying: "Boys, we've had enough climbin' back an' forth over these cliffs an' wallerin' through this slidin' snow. Napoleon's crossin' of the Splügen, such as Sanders' Fourth Reader uster tell about, ain't in it. What's an old brass chist or two? Cut them leds off! Git outen here! Who knows what may foller us up here? We may have the hull Siwash gang round our ears now. Suppose they knew yer doin's up here? There'd be murder afoot, I tell ye, an' a claim afore Governor Rogers an' President McKinley an' the Lord only knows who else. Ye'd find white men back of 'em, too. The best way is to git this treasure outen these boxes an' pack it home. Destroy the original packages, too, or at least bury 'em, an' be durn quick about it."

This sensible advice was heeded, and the lids of the other chests were soon off and their contents added to the heap in the corner of the cabin. There were five hundred and twenty-nine of the bars or pigs of gold, and sixty-three much larger pigs of silver of the same shape. It was calculated that the gold bars would weigh about five ounces each, and were worth not less than \$85 apiece. The silver bars, though more than twice as large, were worth only about \$15 each. In addition there was nearly

one-hundred pounds of gold dust in sacks, and about ninety pounds of silver Spanish coin in other sacks, mixed with which was fifty or sixty pounds of gold coin. After a rough estimate, they decided that the treasure entire was worth from \$85,000 to \$90,000, and would weigh over five hundred pounds avoirdupois. The other property they must transport to the sound could not by any means be narrowed down to less than two hundred and seventy-five pounds. There was the bear-skin, which, though partially cured, would not weigh less than fifty pounds. The elk horns Uncle Festus judged would weigh seventy-five pounds. Their blankets, tools, provisions, etc., at least one hundred and fifty, making two hundred and seventy-five, which, added to the five hundred and twenty-five pounds of treasure, made eight hundred pounds, or nearly half a ton for five men.

"It's quite plain we don't want any more stuff to pack outen here," remarked Uncle Festus, grimly.

"I'm good fer two hundred pounds outen here, an' I'll pack fifteen or twenty pounds o' gold in my pockets beside if you'll gin it to me," grinned Elias.

"I can carry one hundred and seventy-five pounds or even more of that metal," remarked Peroux in his soft voice, "and make the coast in three and a half days, too," he added.

"Put me down for one hundred and seventy-five pounds on an occasion like this," chimed in Perry.

Uncle Festus sat, pencil in hand, and after some figuring looked at Rex and asked: "Can you do one hundred pound if I do one hundred and fifty?"

"Yes, or one hundred and twenty-five pounds,

Uncle, but what's the use of all this labor? I have a scheme. With these tools at hand here we can make a sledge that will weigh less than one hundred pounds, that will carry the whole pack. It's not bulky. We have wire, some nails, plenty of rope, and can make the sledge in half a day. We'll make the bottom of it of cedar plank, two and one-half inches thick and two feet or more wide. A sledge eight feet or less long will carry all that pack, for it is far from bulky. We'll bevel the nose of the plank, shoe it each side and in the middle with poles of a natural crook, and put gunwales on the top of the same kind; strong cross-pieces will keep it from splitting or spreading, and these on top at intervals will keep stuff from sliding off. We can make up our five packs, straps and all, put them on this sledge, and from it run the big inch rope with two cross-bars and a pair of straps ahead for those pretty little shoulders of Elias. We'll have a pair of ropes, one at each rear corner, and down grade two of us on each rope can keep it from scooting onto Elias. Up out of this treeless valley, over into the next, and the next and clear to the top of the big pass, we will have nothing but clear sailing. Down from the pass we will be able to make twenty or twenty-five miles without packing. That means forty miles of the journey. Then we will have thirty to forty miles of such rough climbing along the cañons of the Big River that I think it will be best to pack, but by that time we will have our grub reduced, be near enough home to throw away or cache every extra pound possible; and I am sure we can reach the

sound within a week—that is, if the snow has gone down as fast as you fellows report."

This plan struck all as a good one, and Perry and Uncle Festus, who were very handy with tools of any kind, soon had the plank out, while Elias was hunting for natural crooks. In twenty-four hours the sledge was finished and all was ready for the start. Rex had calculated on a grand hunt when the others came, but he was now too anxious to get home to think of that. The others, while tempted, realized the magnitude of the task before them, dreaded a change of weather, which might bring an impassable snow at any season, and so, early on the morning of May 29th they set out. They made good time over the smooth grass of the valleys, and by a little care got over the first two passes without a carry. They took the mutilated chests as far as the Bottomless Pit and threw them in in order to hide all traces of their find. The sledge stood the wear well, becoming smooth and sliding more easily than at the start. At every stop that was made they smeared the runners liberally with marmot grease. That night they encamped at the foot of the ridge which the grand pass cuts over opposite Mount Olympus, and were not particularly fagged, though they had come from fifteen to eighteen miles.

The next morning at ten o'clock they had reached the pass, but were more nearly worn out by their five hours' work than they had been by their fourteen hours of the day before. However, they were cheered by the thought that while they had now great dangers to encounter, they would not have as

hard pulling for the next few hours, and might be able to reach Camp Seven by that night. It was cloudy when they went through the pass. So much so that they could not see the sound country. Indeed, the clouds were driving through the pass like thick fog, and at one time they feared they must camp down in the deep snow and await a clear day. However, the crust being hard and there being no slides, they toiled carefully down. At noon they were some three miles from the sky line, as nearly as they could judge, although they could not see on account of the clouds above, which had rolled up yet thicker. Every man was on his mettle now, and with extreme care they worked their way down over the crust through that rocky defile.

On every hand strange mosses, rocks, and pieces of quartz and float tempted them, but they set their faces resolutely forward and toiled on, well knowing that to tarry was to run the risk of a snow-slide that might bury them and their treasure for years, if not forever from sight. They found far less snow than was to be seen a month before, and at seven o'clock, when tired and fagged out they reached Camp Seven, they found only about four feet of snow in the vicinity. That night they slept soundly, "all cuddled together like a passle o' pups," as Uncle Festus said, in that log box. The next morning the skies were yet overcast as if threatening snow, but none fell, and during that third day they made nine or ten miles over even that rough country; encamping at night some distance above the junction of the Third Branch.

The fourth day was the worst of all, and one never to be forgotten by any of them. They packed and drew the sledge by turns, doubling their trail across the face of precipices and over logs spanning that roaring, angry river, which now, swelled by the spring thaws, was really terrible. In a hundred places that day a slip of the foot would have meant instant death to one or two men and the loss of from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars of treasure. The fifth day brought them below the snow line and within fifteen miles of tide water, but with the original sledge and a successor worn out, and every man in such condition that packing was almost out of the question. Elias reduced the weight of his pack at this point very materially by consenting to leave the elk horns for a second trip, and all reduced their burden of treasure by dividing up with him. The reduction of food and the leaving of the elk horns reduced the weight of the packs to an aggregate of about six hundred and fifty pounds, and that afternoon at four o'clock Rex hung up his bear-hide in a compact bundle, bringing the weight down to about six hundred pounds. At dark that night they reached the foot of the last mountain and encamped on the Big River where it bursts out of its curved cañon, five miles from the coast at Jackson's cove.

It was not until three o'clock the next afternoon, however, that they reached the beach and encamped beside the little run near the abandoned school-house, built there in the days of the "boom." They were now completely worn out, with dark circles

under glassy eyes and faces of a pasty hue, showing even through the grime of travel. Strange to relate, Uncle Festus and Perry stood the trip best of all in appearance, and the old man really had the strength to back up his looks. Elias was as nearly dead as a man can be and still move, and at intervals, as he staggered along the trail, he silently wept like a grieved but shamefaced child. It is, indeed, strange how men will act under such a strain. Some will whimper and whine from the first, but stand hardship longer than those who mutely and bravely bear the trials, to collapse in a heap when endurance is finally broken. Rex was of the latter stamp, and was helpless, or nearly so, when they reached the beach. But when it is remembered that he was but nineteen years of age, weighed only one hundred and forty pounds and had packed for days over that awful trail nearly his own weight, this can hardly be wondered at.

It is four miles up along shore to Brinnon, but Uncle Festus and Perry went up together to hire a big boat there for the journey across. They returned at nine p.m., and were allowed to sleep until five o'clock the next morning, although Elias, Rex and Peroux, who had slept all the evening before, arose at two o'clock, cooked breakfast and loaded the boat for the trip of twelve miles across.

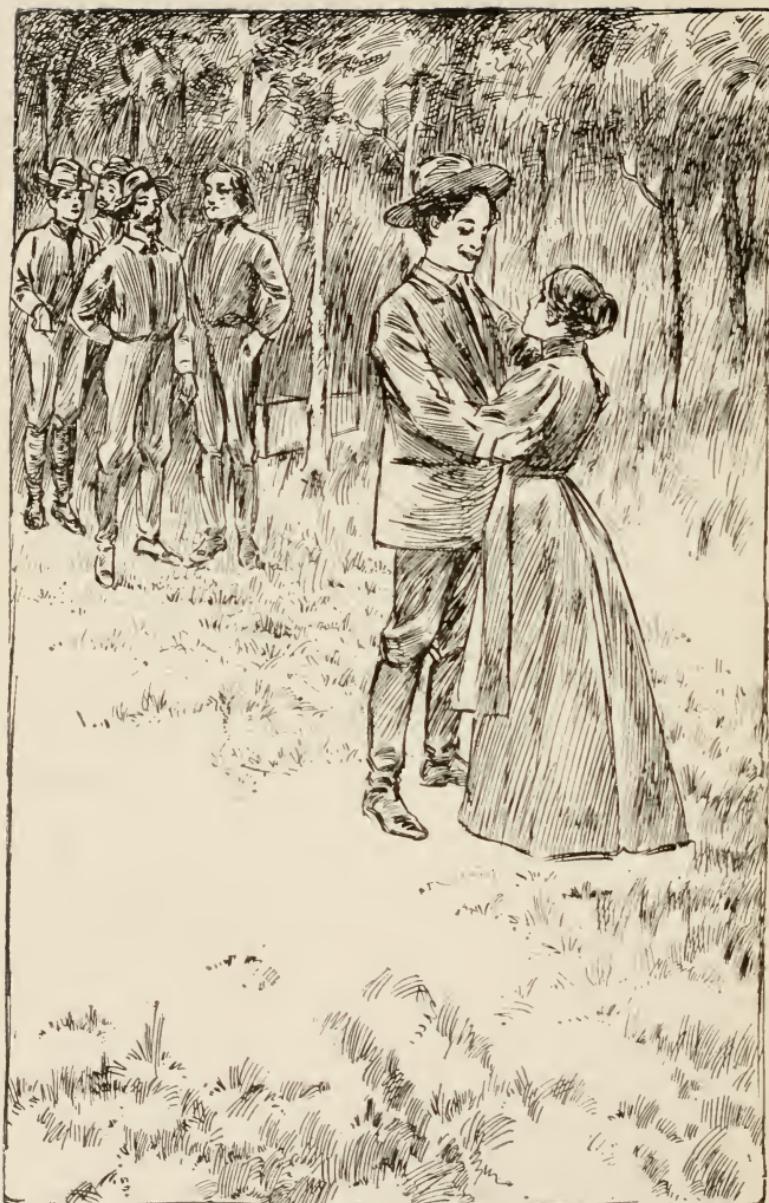
CHAPTER XLI

A MOTHER'S ANXIETY—HOME AT LAST—DIVISION OF THE SPANISH TREASURE

It was about eight o'clock in the morning and Mrs. Wayland, worn out by sleepless nights and anxiety, felt that she could contain herself no longer if she remained in the camp. She determined to go out to the headland at the north entrance of the bay and look across that wide stretch of water. Following the beach and hurrying along, with weak limbs and aching heart, she had nearly reached the point, when her fortitude forsook her and she felt as if she must turn back. What if she should look out around that point and see four men in a boat rowing across with the body of a fifth? How could she bear such a sight? In her morbid condition she now saw the mangled remains of her son and suffered worse pangs from her imagination there and then than a more phlegmatic temperament would have suffered facing the cruel reality. She sank down beside a log that the waves had thrown up, and, not daring to go to the point and look out, prayed for strength and faith. Even as she prayed, the sound of rowlocks fell on her ears, and looking out she beheld a boat rounding the point not five hundred feet away, with Rex, her precious, manly son, standing straight up, pushing lustily at an oar and looking eagerly across the

water toward the camp. Even at that distance she could see love shining in his eyes. The excess of joy was too great. She could not at first move, but felt that she must. With one long indrawing breath which sounded like a sob, she sprang to her feet and ran toward the beach. They did not see her. She must scream or they would not stop. She did call faintly, and with this last effort of consciousness, fell limply into the water. When she came to herself again, it was to find strong but wet arms about her and kisses and tears showering on her face. For an instant she sobbed, but then, with a sudden straightening of her nervy little frame, exclaimed: "Well! Well! What a fool I am making of myself before all these men! Rex, put me into that boat. Come right across to camp now and I'll have something ready for you men to eat in just a few minutes."

She settled herself down in the boat quite primly, but as she looked up and beheld the fond eyes of her son, noted the dark circles under them, the haggard cheeks and thin hands, she commenced sobbing again, and in a breath had him in her arms. At this second outburst Uncle Festus broke down too and began drying his eyes on his shirt sleeve, forgetting to row. Perry was blowing his nose vigorously and shoving his oar edgewise through the water. Big Elias, the tears streaming from both eyes, was rowing lustily and turning the boat round and round in a circle without seeming to know it. Peroux, his square jaw set like a vise, showed no tears, but his lips trembled and he looked as if he must break down soon.



MRS. WAYLAND MEETS THE TREASURE BEARERS.

"Durned if I don't feel like huggin' ye myself," almost blubbered big Elias, whereat all laughed and Mrs. Wayland, understanding him, even while blushing furiously reached over and planted a bird-like, motherly little kiss on his cheek. He looked as if he were going to faint for a second, and then his face grew very red and he rowed more furiously than ever. Peroux and Uncle Festus on the opposite side were convulsed with laughter; but seeing that he was annoyed by this, they caught his strokes and the boat was soon at the raft. Their arrival created but little stir, the men being all away in the woods at work, and within a few minutes Rex had every brick, sack and nugget in the big safe. Then calling all into the office, he began:

"Uncle Festus, may I settle with these men?" Uncle Festus nodded, and Rex asked: "Elias, when did we start out? How many days has it been since we left here?"

Elias not answering quickly, Uncle Festus answered for him: "Thirty-nine."

"All right. Five times thirty-nine are one hundred and ninety-five. That's one hundred and ninety-five ounces of gold you're to have."

Elias' jaw fell wide open, and as he slowly drew it into speaking shape again he blurted out: "Do you know that one hundred and ninety-five ounces o' gold is wuth more'n \$3,000? I won't take it."

"Yes, you will take it. You're going to take it if I have to pack it out to that boat of yours myself. More than that, you and all of you have my everlasting gratitude. Peroux and Perry, you've been

out thirteen days, I believe. Five times thirteen are sixty-five. Will sixty-five ounces each be satisfactory to you?"

Both protested that sixty-five ounces was too much for less than half a month's work, but Rex was firm, and when Elias' \$3,150 had been weighed out they took nearly \$1,100 each. The only return Rex exacted was secrecy, and three happy men departed the next morning as well as three who would not spread idle stories. Rex and Uncle Festus now began weighing up their treasure and found that there was left 4,380 ounces of gold, worth at that time \$16.10 per ounce, and 2,743 ounces of silver, worth fifty-nine cents an ounce. This brought the value of their find, after deducting all expenses, to \$72,136.37.

"Of that I want you to take one-half, Uncle Festus," said Rex, as soon as they had ceased figuring. The old man shook his head and laughed.

"Ye ain't got any hired hand to deal with this time, my boy. I'll take jest what I darn please, an' I won't take any more." Rex opened his moutin to expostulate and began telling the old man how much he had done for them, winding up with: "Why, you went into business just to give mother and me a livelihood." The old man cut him short and went on: "Yes; I did partly fer that, but by your management an' her'n, it all turned inter big profit. I won't take any half, I tell ye, so ye may as well save yer wind, but if you an' she'lli take one third each, I'll take t'other third an' go right over to Seattle ter-morrow an' have Seuaw-

Frank Lewis draw me a will what'll give ye my hull estate when I die, fer I swar, it begins ter look as if I'd hev an estate."

"If we'll agree to such a division, will you agree to always make your home with us and be uncle to both?"

"Yes; I'll be uncle to both on ye all the rest o' my days, pervidin' *you*, my boy, will quit this camp an' go back to school so I won't be ashamed on ye."

"He will," promised Mrs. Wayland, decisively.

"Ye see, if I got ter be uncle to anybody, I'd ruther be related to a lawyer, a doctor or a minister," continued Uncle Festus in mock apology.

"Well, it's a bargain, Uncle. I'll have a try at Washington University this fall, and if I've brains enough I'll make you both proud of me yet."

"We're that now," said Mrs. Wayland in a low voice, and through her tears of happiness shone a mother love more precious than gold or silver.

THE END



